



MUSICK.

Although the Cannon, and the Churlish Drum-
Have strooke the Quire mute, and the Organs Dumb:
Yet Musicks Art with Ayre and String, and Voyce
Makes glad the Sad, and Sorrow to Reioyce.



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The Treasury of Musick:
CONTAINING
AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES
To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED
By M^r **HENRY LAWES**, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private MUSICK:
And other Excellent MASTERS.

In Three Books.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *William Godbid* for *John Playford*, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the *Temple*, near the Church Dore. 1669.

TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as live Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty foure choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Coppies, and dayly attending the oversight of the Presse, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with those Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very fond) opinion, That Musick cannot as truly be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Musickall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testifie my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I receiv'd most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endeavor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage; which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Courteous Sirs,
 Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the Folia from 52 to 62 are mistaken by the Printer; As for other Errata's in the Musick (whereof all Books have some) they are so very few, small and inconsiderable, that I hope I shall need onely to crave the Judicious to mend with their Pen.

A Catalogue of Musick Books sold by John Playford at his Shop in the Temple.

Books for Vocal Musick.

1. *Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.*
2. *Orlando Gibon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.*
3. *Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.*
4. *Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1639.*
5. *Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo-Lute: Printed 1657.*
6. *Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chappel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.*
7. *Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Wilson, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reprinted with large Additions 1659.*
8. *Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes,*
{
First Book fol. Printed 1653.
viz. his Second Book fol. Printed 1655.
{
Third Book fol. Printed 1658.
9. *Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.*
10. *A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.*
11. *An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocall and Instrumentall, with Instructions for the Violin, by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.*
12. *The Art of Descant, or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson, printed 1655.*

Books for Instrumental Musick.

1. *Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantacies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.*
2. *Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor; Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others: Printed 1656.*
3. *Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.*
4. *Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: printed 1656.*
5. *A Book of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.*
6. *The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and choise Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance, very useful to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaied on the Treble Violin: printed 1657.*

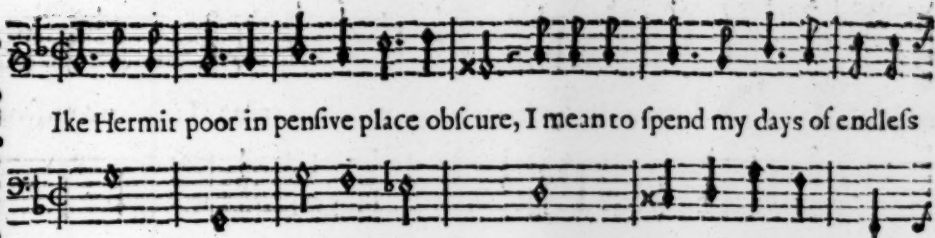
All sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Inke to prick Musick.

Musick Books shortly to come forth.

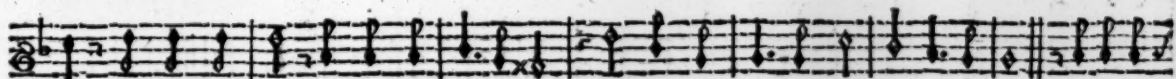
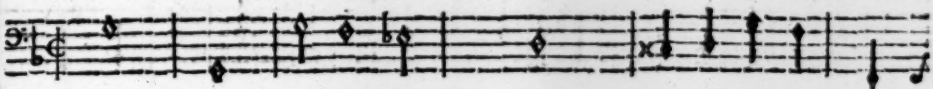
A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entituled, *The Violist*, or an Introduction to play Division to a Ground, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the *Viol*, as also the Rudiments of Composition by a Method more short and easie then hath been heretofore delivered. Written by the most Knowing Master of that Instrument, *Mr. Christopher Simpson*.

Also a Book for the *Virginals*, containing variety of new and choice Lessons, also Toys, and Jigs, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

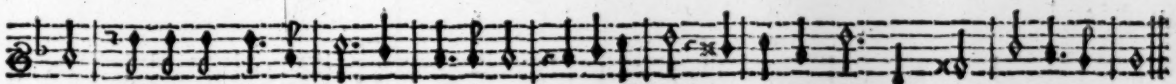
A Lovers Melancholy Repose.



Ike Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless



doubt, to wail such woes as *time* cannot recure, where none but *love* shal ever find me out. And at my



gates, and at my gates *despair* shal linger still, to let in *death*, to let in *death* when *love* and *fortune* wil.



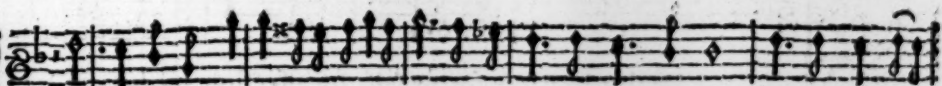
Mr. Nich. Lancarò.

A Gowne of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay,
And at my gates, &c.

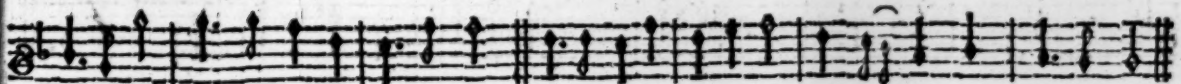
My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears taln from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve, whch from my heart arise,
And at my gates,

Loves ingratitude.

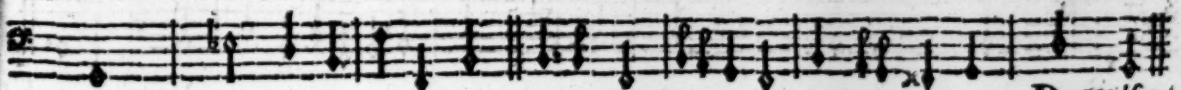
words by Shakespeare



Ake, O take those *lips* a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those *eyes* that



break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my *kisses* bring again seals of love though seals in vain.

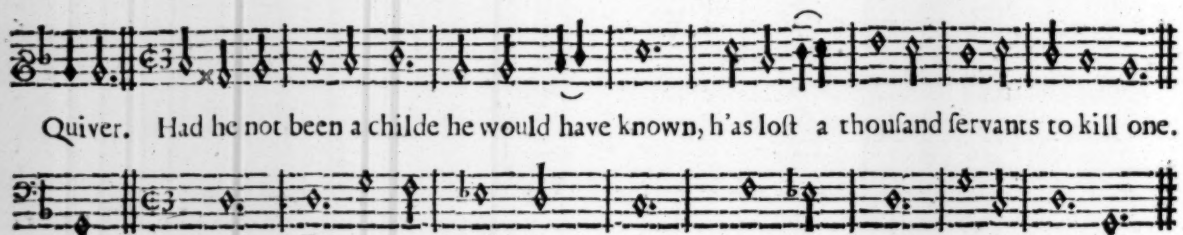
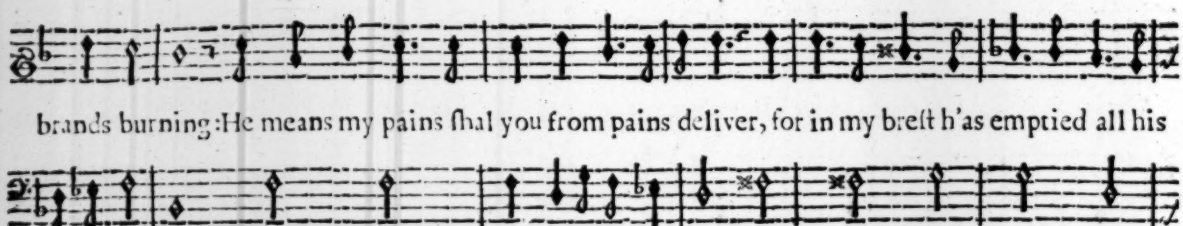
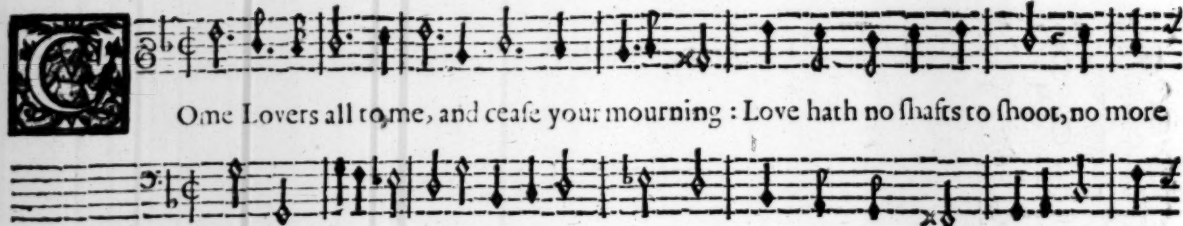


Dr. Wilson.

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome bears;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those Icy Chaines by thee.

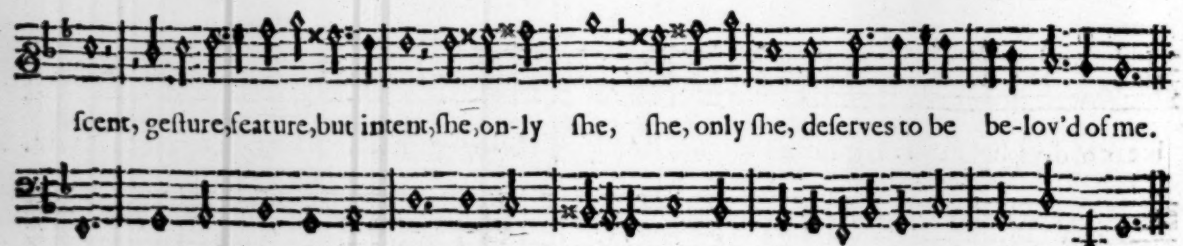
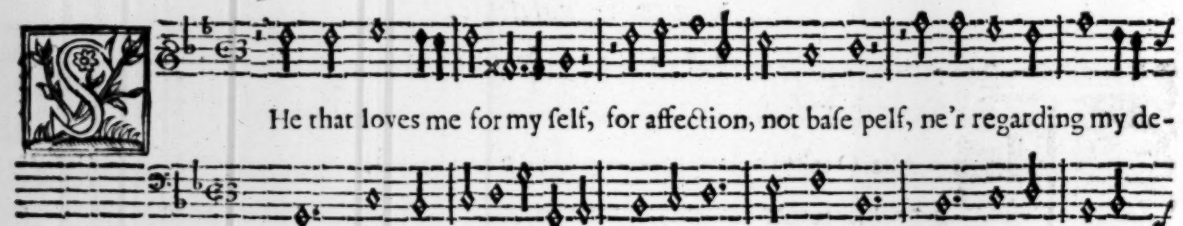
P. B. 56.

Cupid's weak Artillery.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

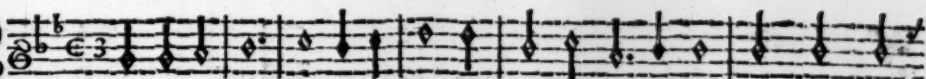
Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.



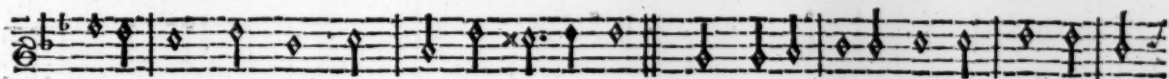
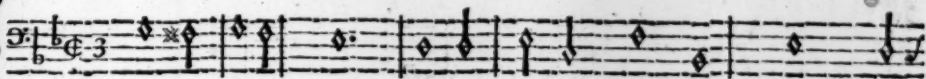
Mr. William Web.

She that loves me for no end,
But because I am her friend;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd it sacred fire;
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

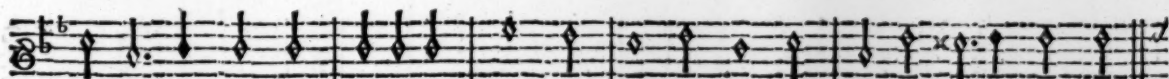
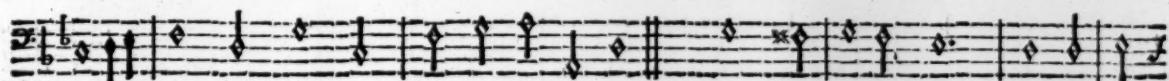
She that loves me with resolve
Ne're to alter till dissolve;
Slighting all things, that stern fare
May hereafter seem to threat:
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.

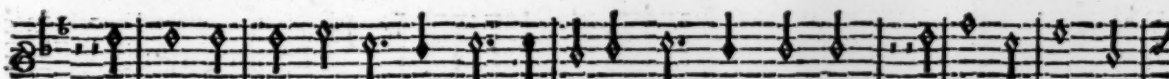
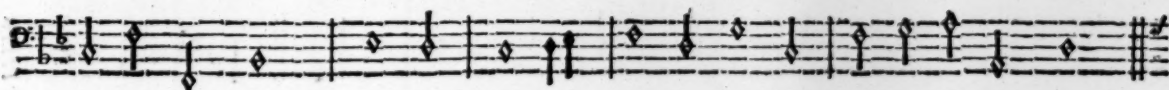
Bout the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at odds; and whose the



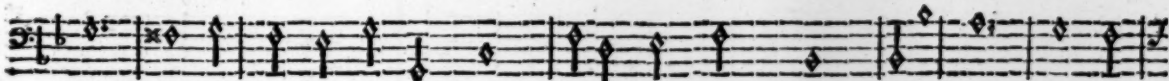
pretty prize should be, they vow'd to ask the gods: which *Venus* hearing thither came, and for



their boldness stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of Mirtle whipt them:

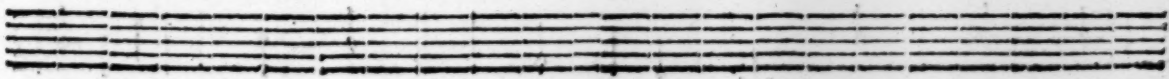
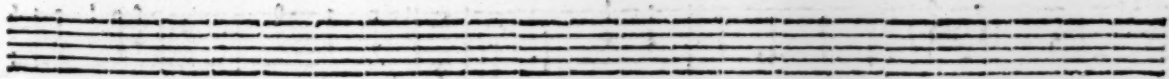


which done, to still their wanton cries, and quiet grown sh'ad seen them, she kist and dry'd their



dove-like eyes, and gave the Bag between them.

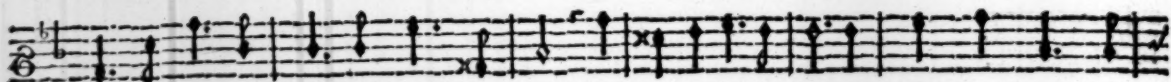
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



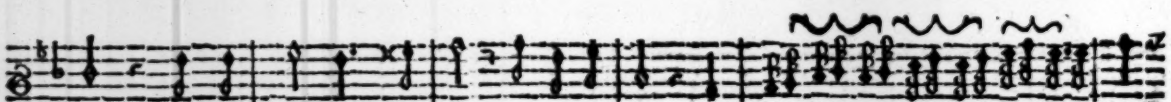
Ake my *Adonis*, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy



looks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles? a---las, in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them



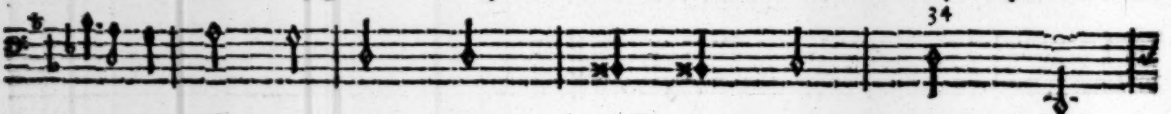
all; yet death's not deadly in that face death in those looks it self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I



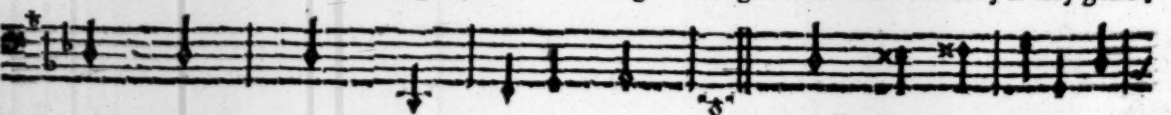
fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when thundring Jove



tore the best Mistle in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smell, & from my temples untoucht

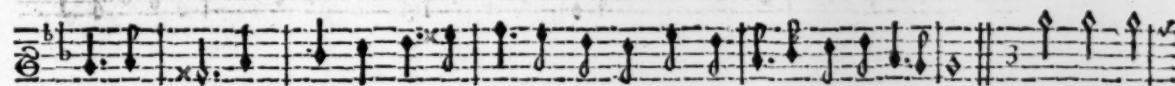


fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?

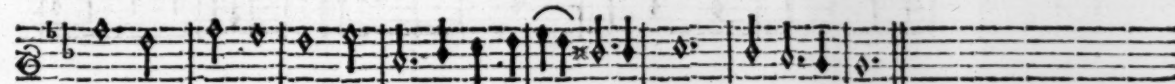




Venus in *Venus* there is none: in vain a goddess now am I, only to grieve and not to die: but I will

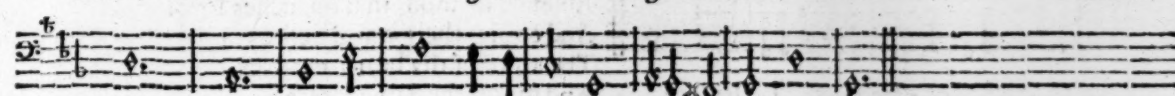


love my grief, make tears my tears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the



fates shan't rob me of whilst I a goddess am to grieve and not to die.

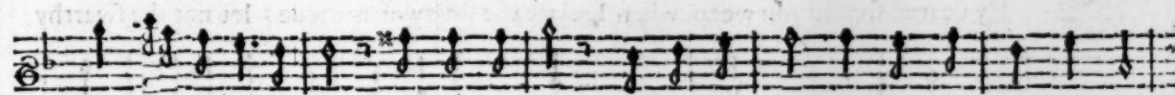
Dr. Colman.



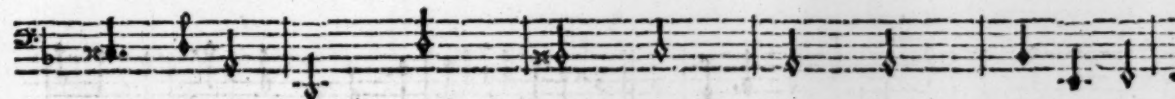
To his Love Answering No.



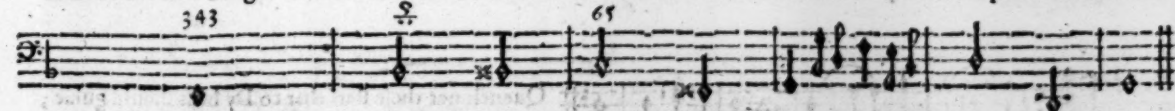
Tay, stay, O stay, that heart, I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by her whose parts divine;



words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose on--ly No, sent from her lips most pure,

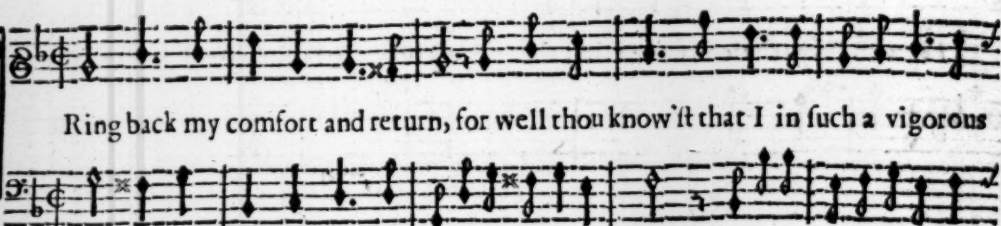


makes it thus range from me, woe's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.



O hold it fast, I come yet let it fly,
I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy;
Perhaps she may relent, and with one yea
Give us a second life, treble our bliss;
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd mine eyes:
Since thou art lost, sees thee her sacrifice.

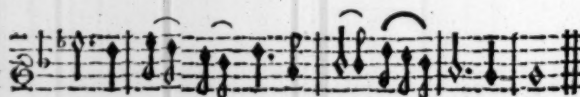
Dr. Colman.

On his Loves Absence.

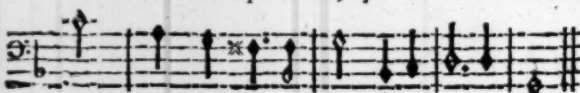
Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'it that I in such a vigorous



passion burn, that missing thee I dye : return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-



store to those sequestred joys I had before.



Absence in most, that quenches love,

And cooles their warm desire ;

The ardor of my heat improves,

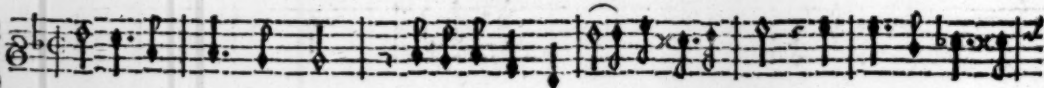
And makes the flame aspire :

The maxim therefore I deny,

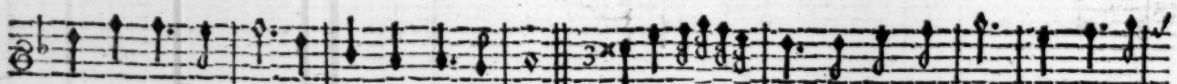
And term it though a tyranny,

The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

Mr. Edward Colman.

Beauty clouded with grief.

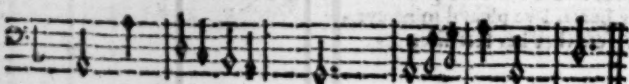
Hy dearest should you weep, when I relate the sto-ry of my woe ? let not the swarthy



mist of my black fate o'recast thy beauty so : For each rich pearl lost on that score adds to mis-



chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more.



Quench not those stars that to Dy blifs should guide ;

O stay that precious teare !

Nor let those drops upon my deluge tyde

To drown thy beauty there,

That cloud of sorrow makes it night,

You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

Mr. Edward Colman.

On *Loves Artillery.*

O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiver, where remains no

voyd place for an-other dart ; and a--lls that conquest gains small-prayse, that on-ly brings a-

way a tame and un-resisting prey : behold a noble Foe all arm'd, desires thy weak Ar-til-le-ry,

that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebell Beauty conqu'ring thee ; if thou dar'st e-quill

combate try, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

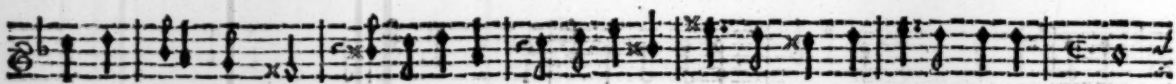
Mr. Jeremy Savile.

On the Vicissitudes of Love.

E that will not love, must be my Scholar, and learn this of me, there be in



love as many fears as the Summer corn hath ears; sighs, and sobs, and troubles more than the



sand that makes the shoar: Now an Ague, then a Fever, both tormenting Lovers e-ver. Wouldst



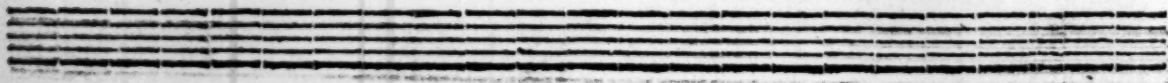
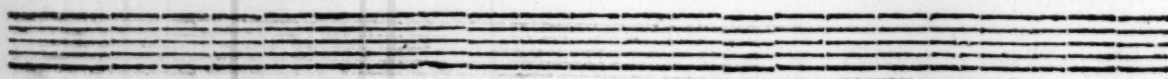
thou know besides all these, how hard a Woman 'tis to please? how high she's priz'd whose worth's

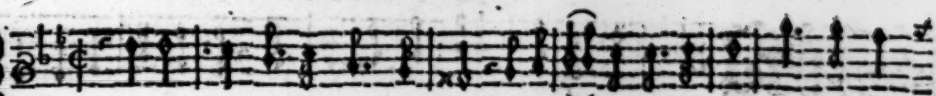


but small? little thou'lt love, or nought at all.

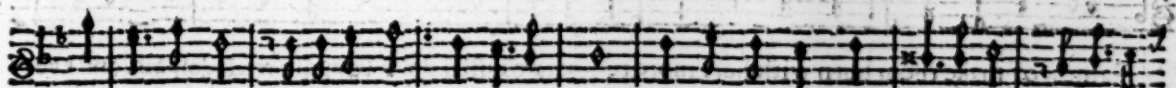
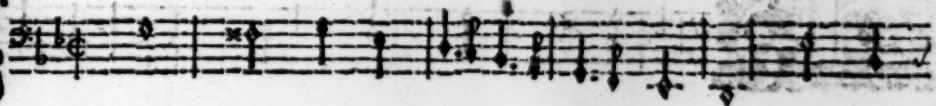


Mr. William Lawes.

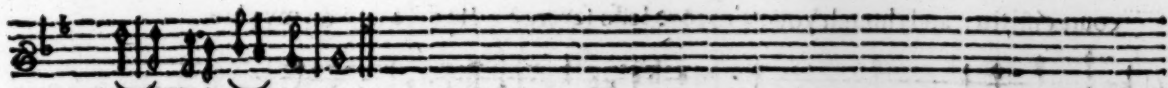


A false designe to be cruel.

N vain fair *Chloris*, you designe, to be cruel, to be kind; for we know

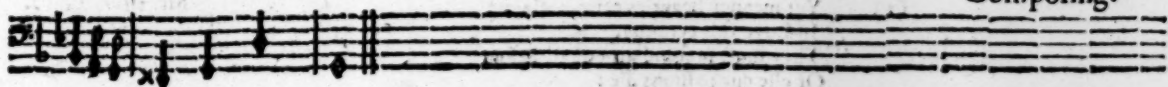


with all your arts, you never hold but willing hearts, men are too wise grown to expire with broken



shafts, and painted fire.

The Lady *Deerings*
Composing.



II.

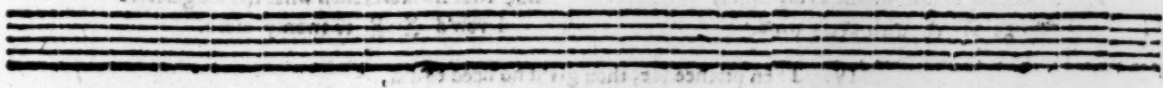
And if among a thousand Swains
Some one of Love, or Fate complains;
And all the stars in heav'n desie,
With *Clara's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:
'Tis not their love the Youth would chuse,
But the glory to refuse.

III.

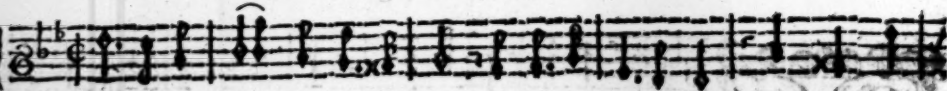
Then wisely make your prize of those
Want wit, or courage to oppose;
But tempt me not that can discover
What will redeem the fondest Lover:
And flie the list, lest it appear
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

IV.

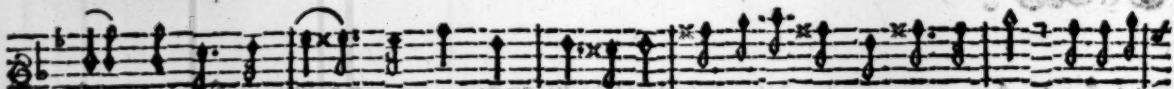
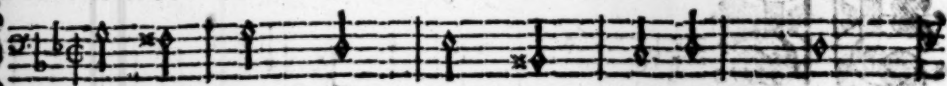
So the rude wave securely shocks
The yeelding Bark, but the stiff rocks
If it attempt, how soon again
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike its weakness, and its pride.



D

Constancy in Love.

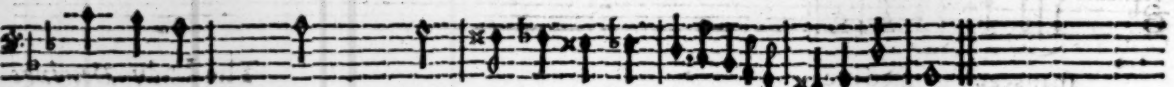
Is not ith' pow'r of all thy scorn or un-relent'g hate, to quench my



flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate: still do I struggle with despair, and ever

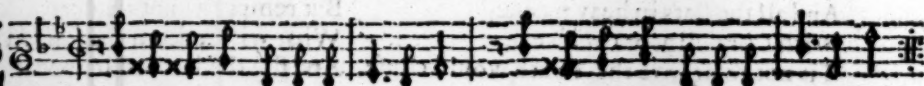


court disdain; and though you ne'r prove lesse severe, He dote up--on my pain.

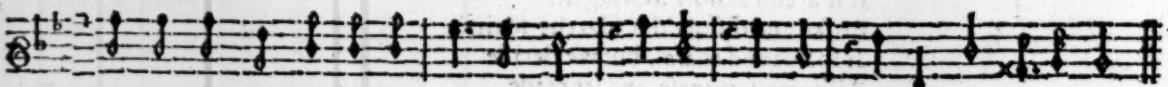
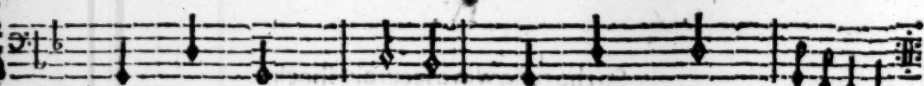


- (3) Yet meaner beauties cannot claime
In Love this tyranny,
They must pretend an equal flame,
Or else our passions die:
You faire *Clarinda* you alone
Are priz'd at such a rate,
To have a Vorary of one
Whom you do reprobate.

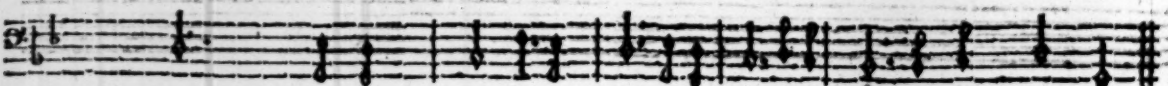
Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Inconstancy.

Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot:



Although my tongue betray my heart ere night, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.



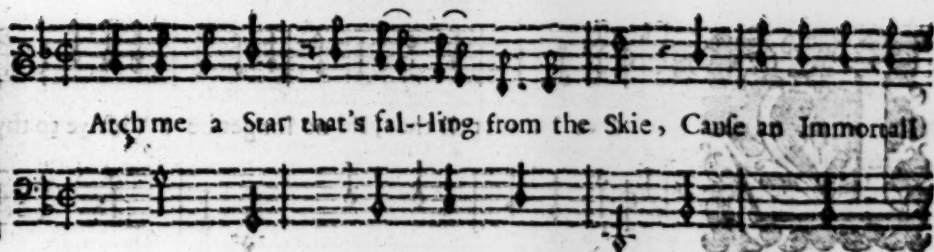
- II. Sometime I burn, and straight to Ice I turn,
There's nothing so unconstant as my mind,
I change ♀ with every wind.

- III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
But 'twas no more, then what not long before
I vow'd ♀ to twenty more.

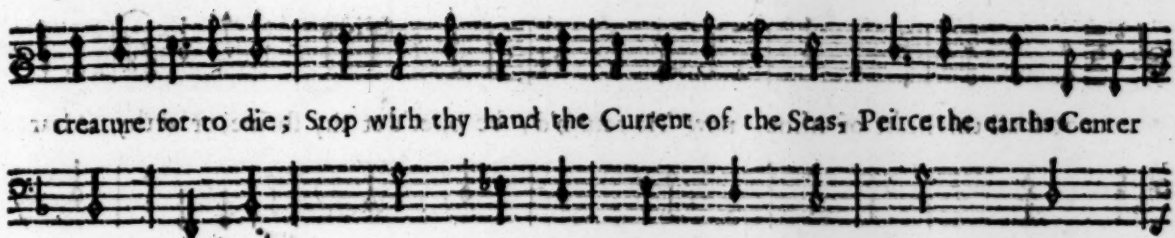
- IV. Then prethee see, thou giv'st no heed to me;
For when I cannot keep my word a day,
What hope ♀ hadst thou to stay.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

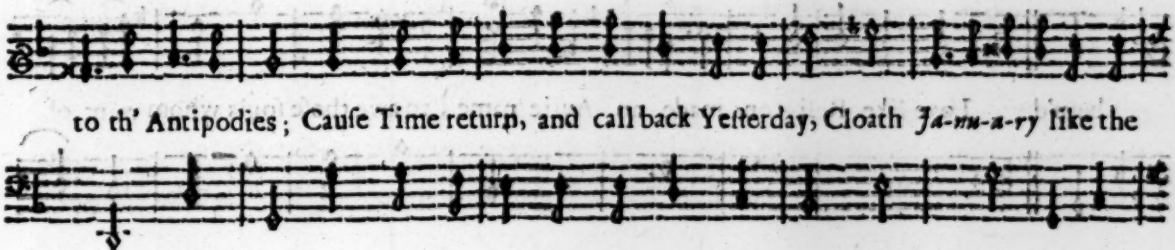
On Women's Inconstancy.



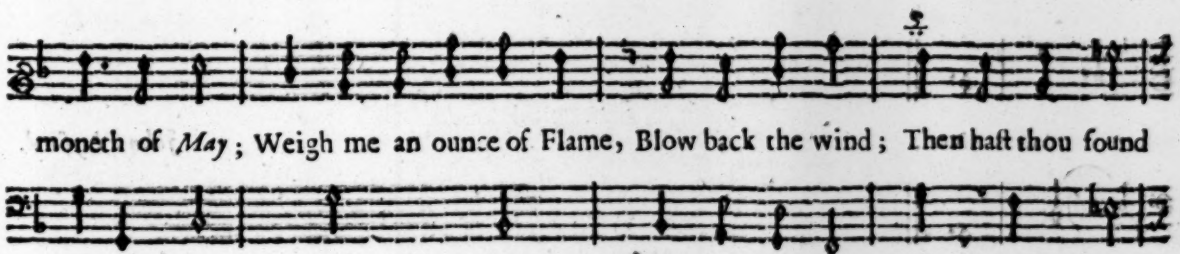
Atch me a Star that's fal-ling from the Skie, Cause an Immorall



creature for to die; Stop with thy hand the Current of the Seas; Peirce the earths Center

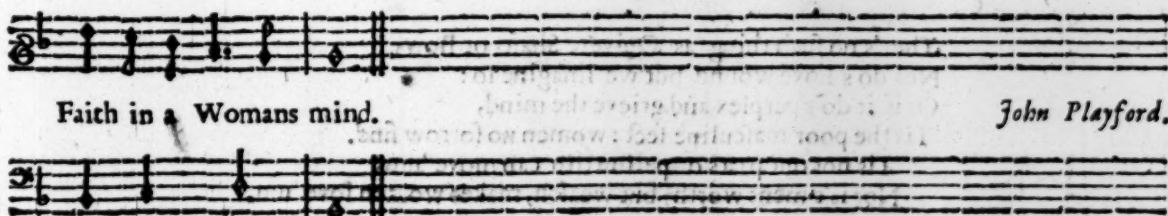


to th' Antipodies; Cause Time return, and call back Yesterday, Cloath Ja-nu-a-ry like the



moneth of May; Weigh me an ounce of Flame, Blow back the wind; Then hast thou found

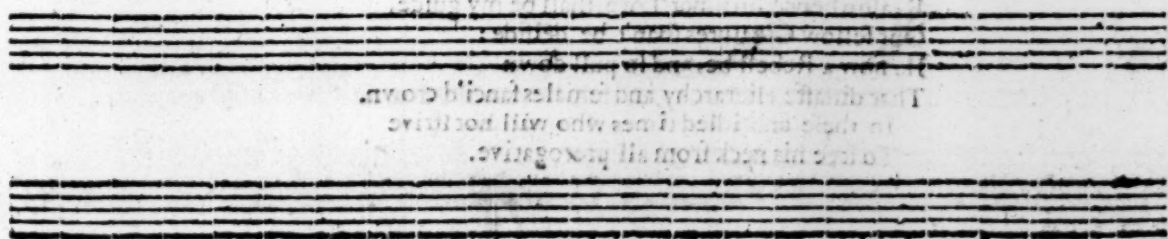
.II



Faith in a Womans mind.

John Playford.

.III



A Resolution not to Love.

Ove I must tell thee, Ile no longer be a Victive to thy beardless Deitie;

nor shall this heart of mine, now 'tis return'd, be offer'd at thy shrine, or at thy Altar

burn'd. Love like Religions made an Ayrie name, to awe those souls whom want of

wit makes tame.

John Playford.

II.

Ther's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
Nor do's Love wound, but we Imagine so:
Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,
'Tis the poor masculine leet: women no sorrow find.
'Tis not our parts or person that can move 'um,
Nor is 'e mens worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

III.

Reason henceforth, not Love, shall be my guide,
Our fellow Creatures shan't be deifide:
Ile now a Rebell be, and so pull down
That distaffe Hierarchy and females fanci'd crown.
In these unbridled times who will not strive
To free his neck from all prerogative.

A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.

S I walk'd forth one Summers day, to view the Medows green and gay,

a pleasant Bower I espide standing fast by a river side; and in't a Maiden I heard cry,

Alas! Alas! ther's none e're lov'd as I.

Mr. Robert Johnson.

II.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk;
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-mans Thumb*, an Hearb all blew,
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

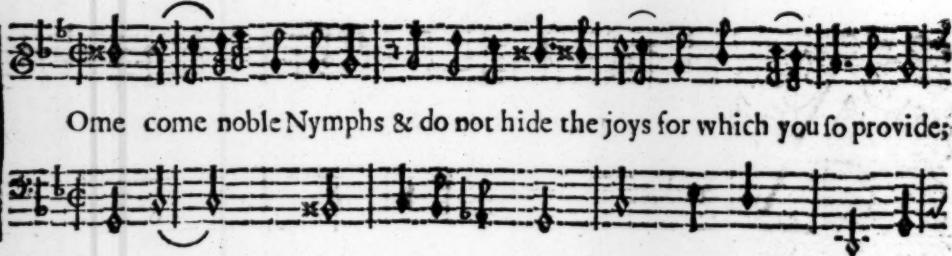
III.

The Flowers of the sweetest fents
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands
She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

IV.

When she had fill'd her Apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed
The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:
Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.



Ome come noble Nymphs & do not hide the joys for which you so provide;



If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home a-gen. Your dressings do confess



by what we see, so curious parts of *Pallas*; and *Aracknes* Arts, that you could mean no less.



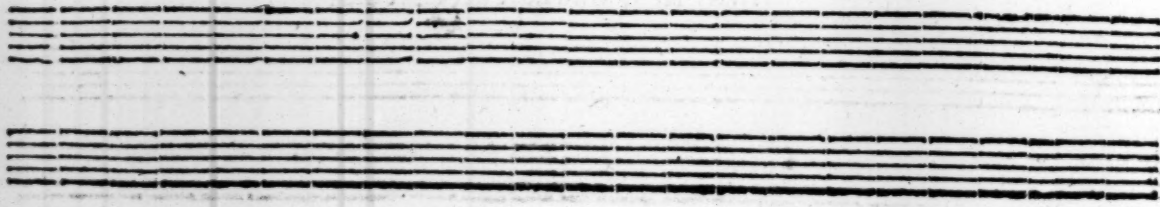
II.

Mr. William Webb.

Why do you were the Silk-worms toyls?
 Or glory in the Shel-fish spoils?
 Or strive to shew the grains of Ore
 That you have gathered long before?
 Whereof to make a Stock
 To graff the greener Emrauld on,
 Or any better water'd Srone,
 Or Ruby of the Rock.

III.

Why do you smell of Amber-greece,
 Whereof was formed *Neptunes* Neece,
 The Queen of Love? unless you can
 Like Sea-born-*Venus*, love a man?
 Try, put your selves unto't:
 Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;
 Ambrosian-hands, and Silver-feet,
 Do promise you will do't.



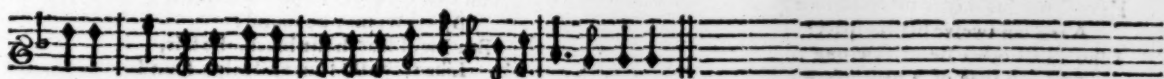
An Italian Ayre.



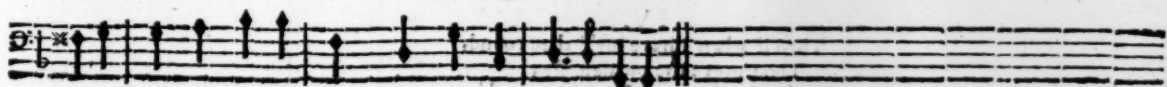
Ug-gi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieti amari empia d'una cagion de-pi-an-ti,



Che non gia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidela ogni core e' ha ni horrore, fuggi, fuggi,

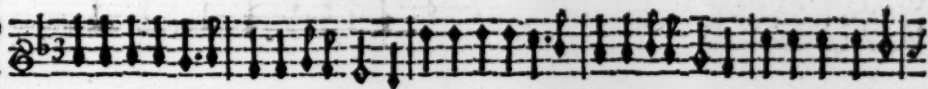


fuggi, che chiti mira perche vivi pe-ange e sos pira.



*Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace fera
Frede in fernal empia ma gera
Che se bene hai di donna l'aspetto
Di furia un core nascendi nel petto
Tutta danno tutti inganno
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ogn un che t'ama
Il tuo ben piange, e il tuo mal brama.*

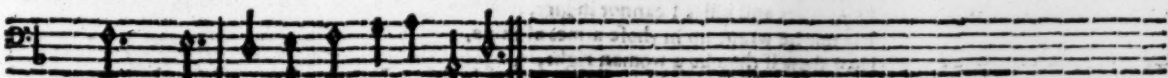
A French Ayre.

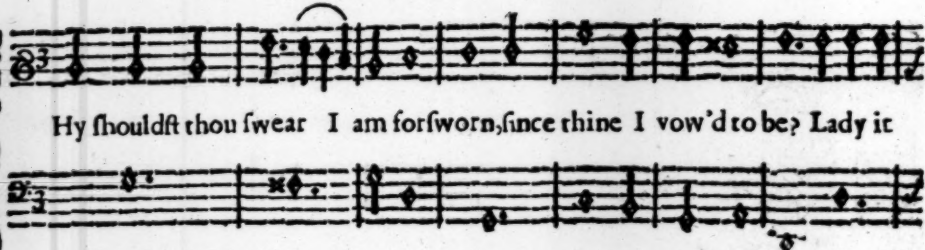


Mor merere, che d' amor merere, amor merere che d' amor merere; amor me fuge,

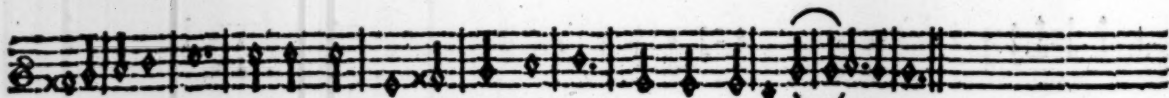


amor me struge, non pos a pue, non pos a pue.

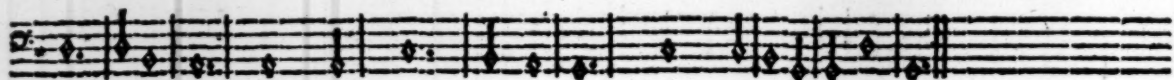


Loves Scrutiny.

Hy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be? Lady it



is already morn, it was last night I swore to thee, this fond impos-si-bi-li-tie. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*



I I.

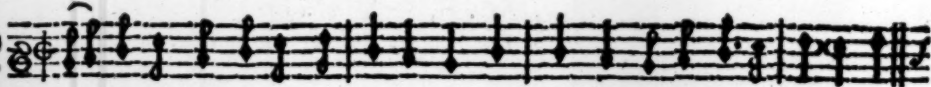
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space?
I should all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new imbrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

I I I.

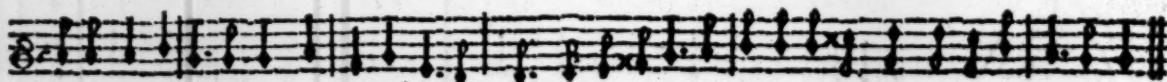
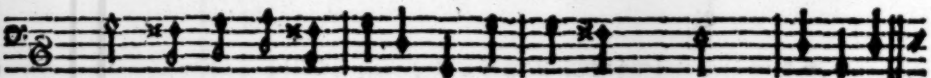
Not that all Joyes in thy brown hair
By others may be found:
But I will search the black, the fair,
Like skillfull Mineralists that sound
For treasurers in unplow'd ground.

I V.

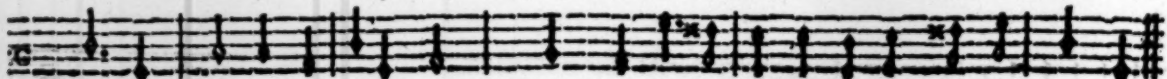
Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
Thou prove the pleasant she,
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with varietie.

No Beauty without Love.

Hou art not fayre for all thy red and white, for all those Rosie or-na-ments in thee.
Hou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor fair, nor sweet unlesse thou pity mee.



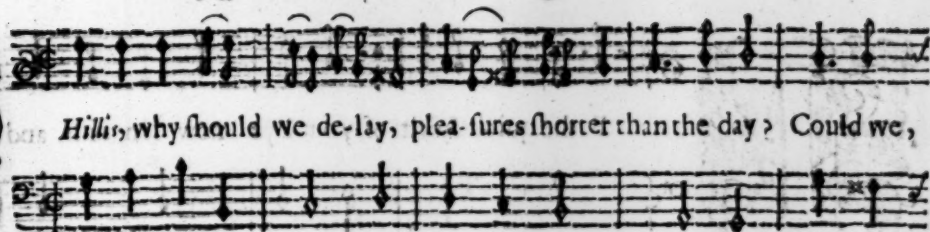
I will not, ♪ smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove that Beauty is no Beauty without Love, no Beauty without Love.



I I.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot indure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.
Now shew if thou be a woman right,
Imbrace, and kisse, and love me in dispice.

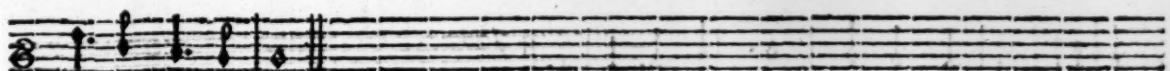
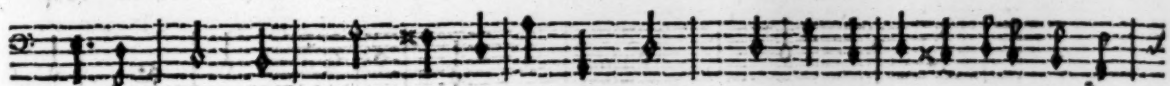
Mr. Nich. Lanmere.

Delays in Love breeds Danger.

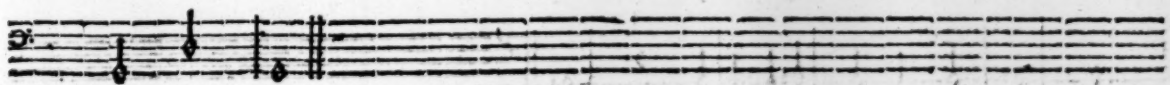
Phillis, why should we de-lay, plea-sures shorter than the day? Could we,



which we never can, stretch our lives beyond three span, Beauty like a Shadow flies, and our



Youth before us dyes.



II.

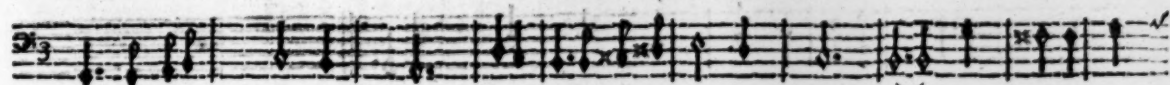
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings than time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hare.

III.

Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire;
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

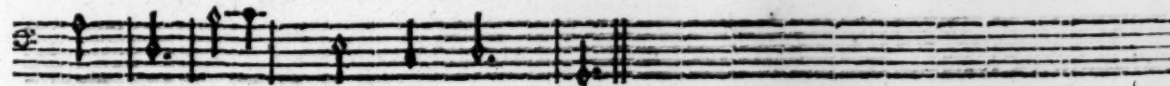


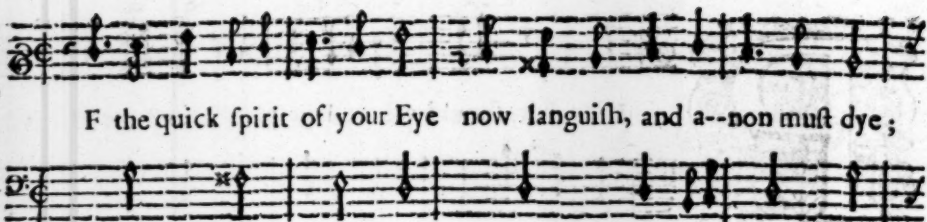
Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-after do, for the joy we now



may prove, take ad-vice of present love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

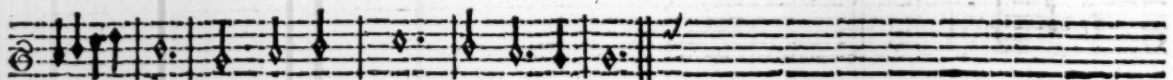
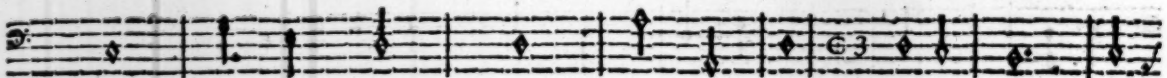


On Calia's Coyneſſe.

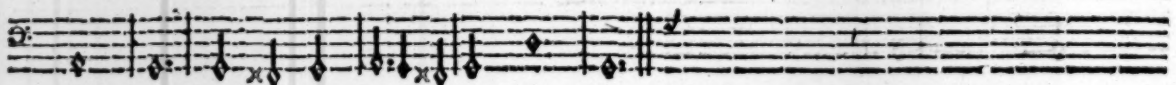
F the quick ſpirit of your Eye now languish, and a--non muſt dye;



If every ſweet and every grace muſt flye from that for-ſa-ken face: Then *Calia* let us reap



our joys, e're time ſuch good--ly fruit deſtroys.



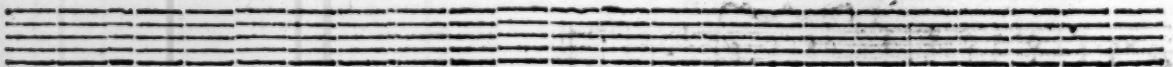
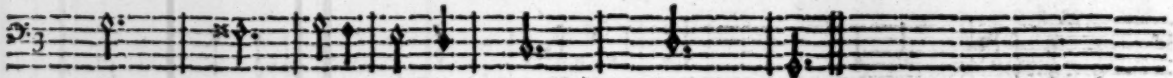
II.

Or if that Golden Fleece muſt grow, for ever free from aged Snow;
If thoſe bright Suns muſt know no ſhade, nor your freſh Beauty ever fade;
Then *Calia* feare not to beſtow,
What ſill being gather'd, Will muſt grow.



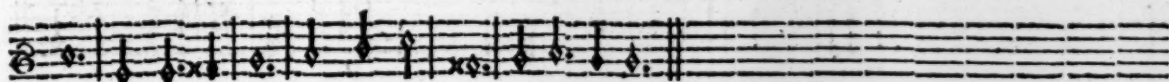
Thus either Time his ſickle brings in vain, or elſe in vain his wings.

Mr. *Henry Lawes*.



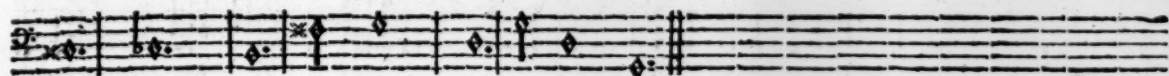
Lowes sweet Repose.

Midst the Mirtles as I walk, Love and my Sighs thus enter talk; Tell me said



I, in deep distress, where I may find my Shepherds.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



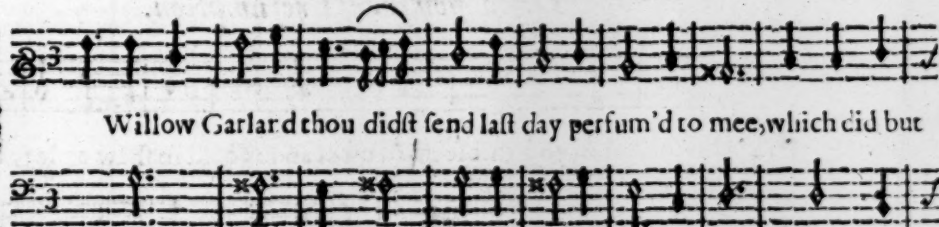
Then Fool (said Love) know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is,
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

In that inamell'd Fancy by
There shalt thou find her curious Eye;
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud
There wave the streams of her blood.

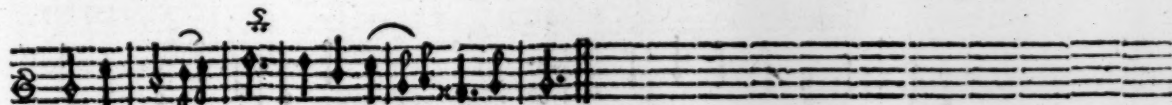
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon,
And went and pluckt them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a suddain all was gone.

At which I stop; said Love, these bee
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
For as these Flowers thy joy must dye,
Even in the turn'ng of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do those Flowers when knit together.

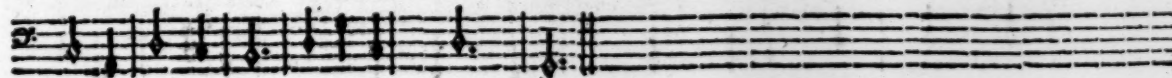
A Willow Garland sent for a Newyeers-gift.

Willow Garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to mee, which did but



only this portend, I was for--look of thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

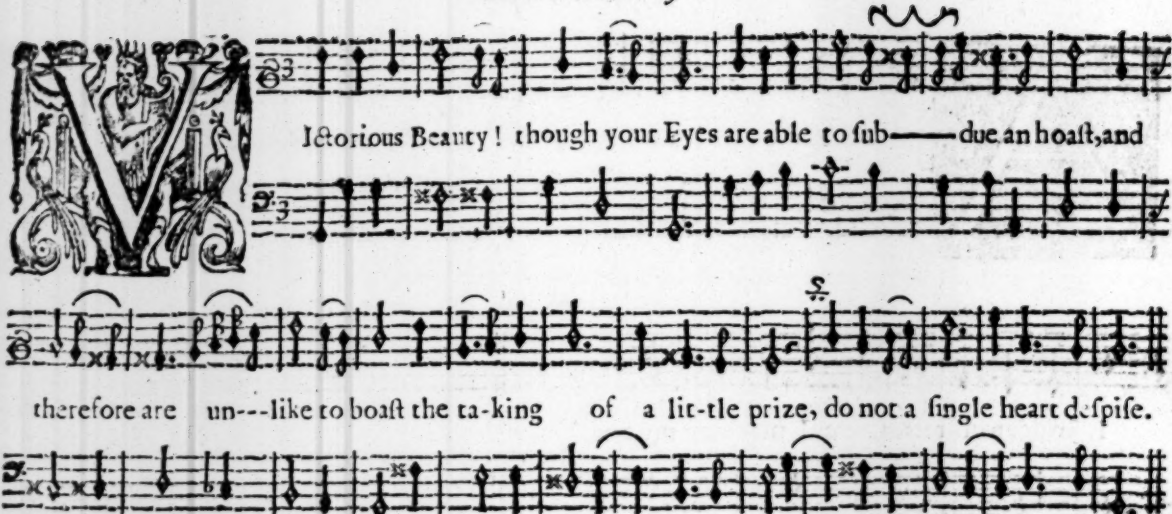


II.

Since that it is, I'll tell the what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree.

III.

As Beasts unto the Altar go
With Garlands, so I
Will with my Willow wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly die.

Loves Victory.

Ictorious Beauty! though your Eyes are able to sub—due an hoast, and

therefore are un—like to boast the ta-king of a lit-tle prize, do not a single heart despise.

Mr. William Webb.

II.

I came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love I durst have sworn
That as that privy coat was worn,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Thereby I might have scap'd unharm'd.

IV.

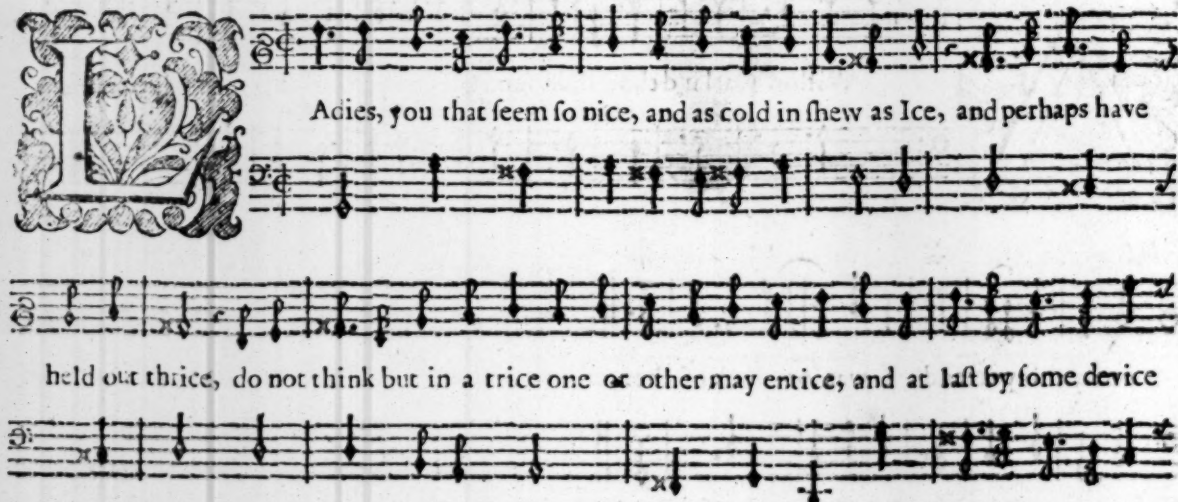
But neither steel nor stony brasse
Are proofs against those looks of thine,
Nor can a beauty lesse divine,
By any heart be long posselt,
Where you intend an interell.

III.

The Conqueit in regard of me,
Alas is small! but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it divulg'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

V.

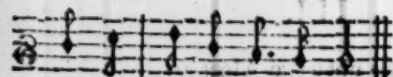
And such a one as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay;
Though you have stole my heart away;
If all your servants prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

Diswasion from Presumption.

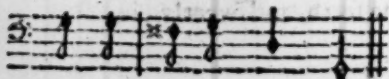
Acies, you that seem so nice, and as cold in shew as Ice, and perhaps have

held out thrice, do not think but in a trice one or other may entice, and at last by some device

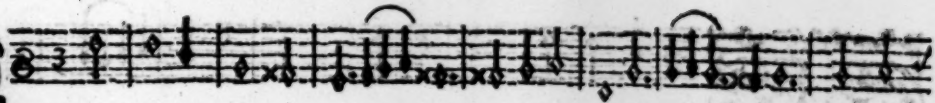
Mr. Henry Lawes.



set your honours at a price.



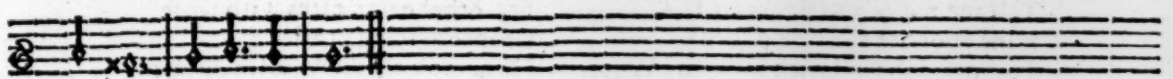
You whose smooth and dainty skin,
Rosie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win;
Yet insult not, sparks within,
Slowly burn ere flames begin,
And presumption still hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

The Careless Lovers Resolution.

ET longing Lovers fit and pine, and the forsaken Willow wear, Love that

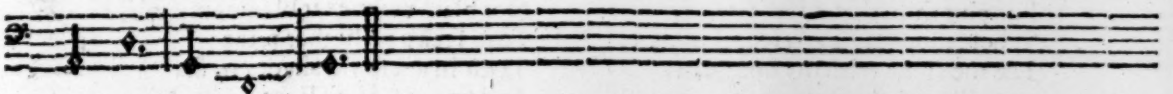


not blast this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing fear: He never love till I enjoy, or lose



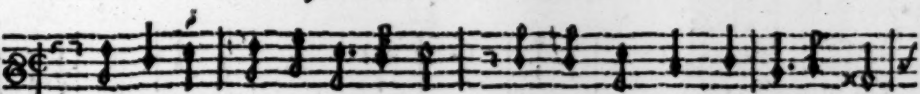
my time on her that's coy.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

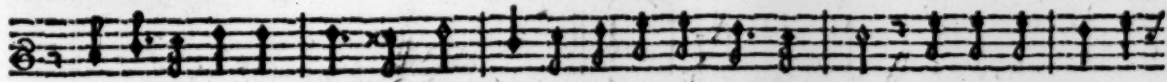


If Ladies call us to the field,
And all their Colours there display,
Alasse! they needs must to us yield,
Since we are better arm'd than they;
'Tis folly then to beg or whine
For us that are born Masculine.

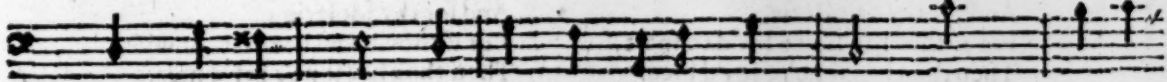
Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
And you may overcome with ease,
Your enemy fights with a Bow
That cannot wound, unless you please;
And he that pines because shee's coy,
Wants wit, or courage, women say.

Disdain.

Ake heed fair *Chloris*, how you tame (with your disdain) *Amintor's* flame.

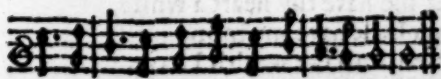


A noble heart, when once despis'd, swells unto such a height of pride, 'twil rather burst than



II.

III.



deign to be a worshipper of crueltye.

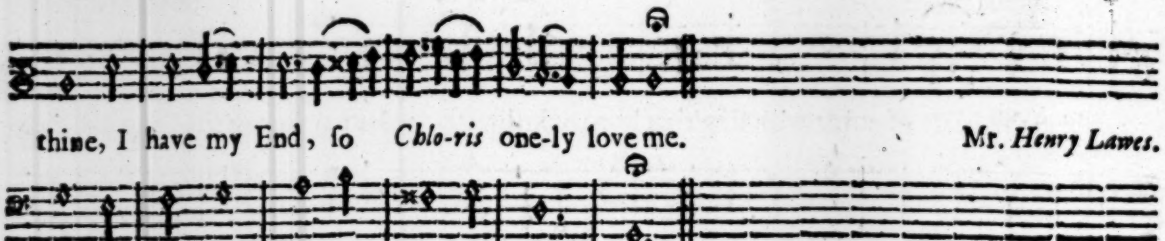
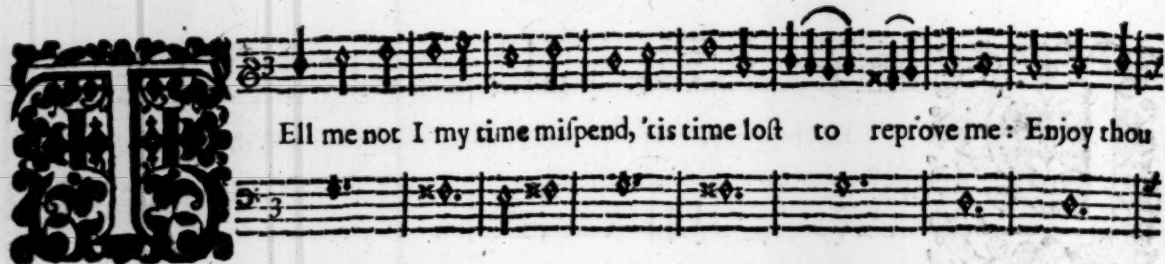


You may use common shepherds so,
My flames at last to storms will grow,
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,
Will blast all I have magnifi'd;
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

O do not for a flock of sheep,
A golden showre when as you sleep;
Or for the tales ambition tells,
Forake the house where honor dwels.
In *Damons* palace you'l ne'r shine
So bright as in these armes of mine.

G

Mr. Henry Lawes.

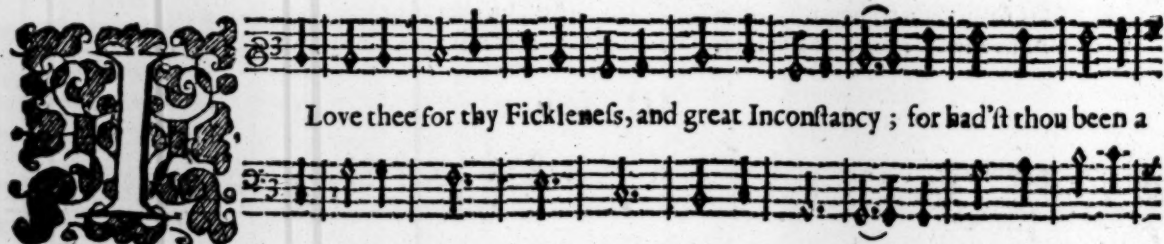
Loves Fruition.

Tell me not others flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me
That more abound with Milk, and Wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.

Try other easier cares with these
Unappertaining Stories;
He never feels the Worlds disease,
That cares not for her Glories.

For pity thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lies wide of mine;
Let me alone with my one heart,
And I'll ne'r envy thine.

Nor blame whoever blames my wit,
That seek's no higher prize
Then in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

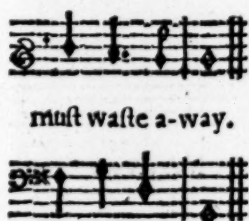
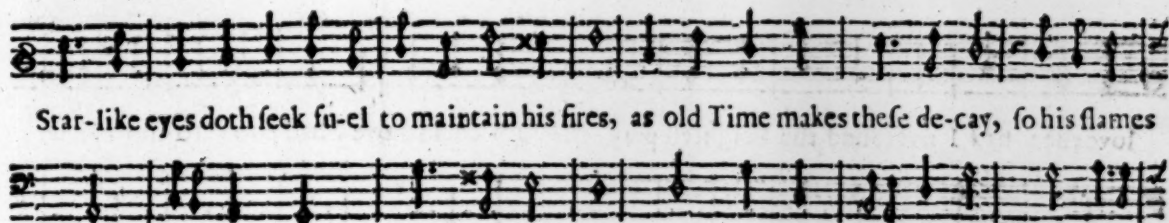
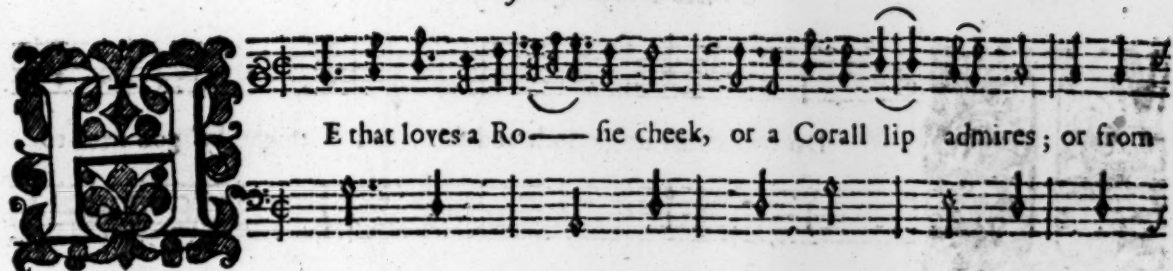
Loves Drollery.

I love thee for thy Wantoness,
And for thy Drollerie;
For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

I love thee for thy Uglyness,
And for thy foolerie;
For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

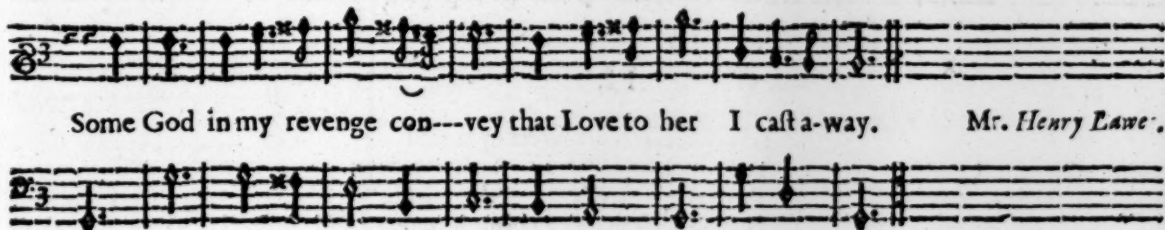
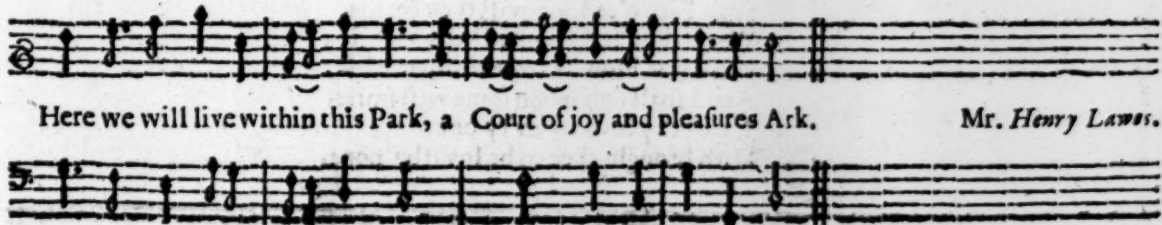
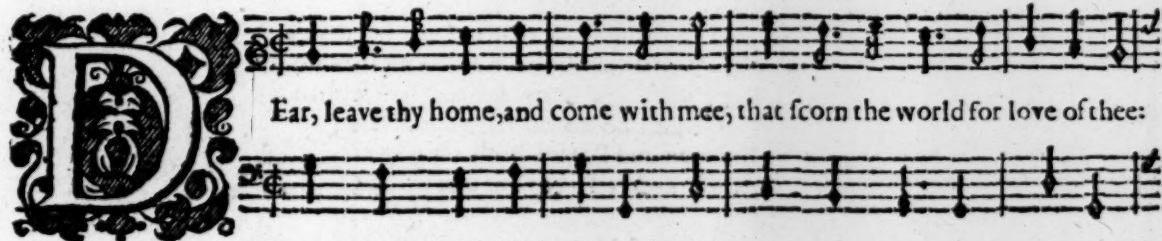
I love thee for thy poverty,
And for thy want of Coyne;
For if thou had'st been worth a Groat,
Then thou had'st ne'r been mine.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my mony;
Ile part with all the wealth I have,
To enjoy a Lass so Bonny.

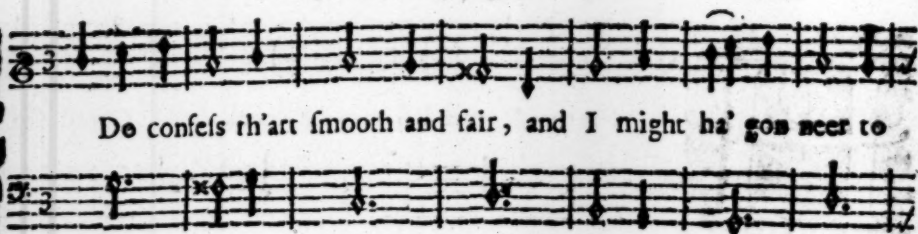
Disdain returned.

I I.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equall love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely Cheeks, or Lips or Eyes.

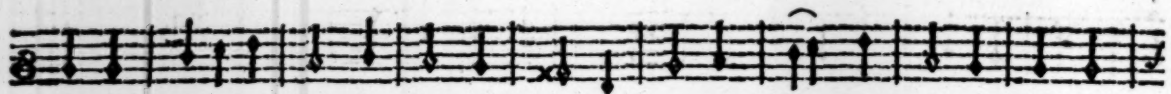
III.
Calia, now no tears can win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn:
I have learn'd those Arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.

*Loves Content.*

5



De confess th'art smooth and fair, and I might ha' gon neer to

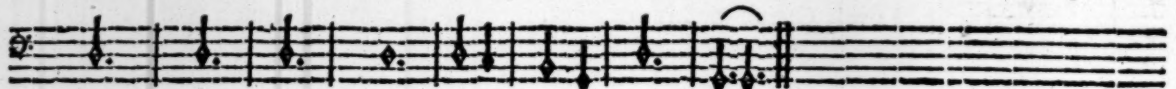


love thee, had I not found the sleightest pray'r that lip could move, had pow'r to move thee.



But I can let thee now a--lone, as worthy to be lov'd by none.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

I do confels th'art sweet, yet find
Thee such an Unthrift of thy Sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth ev'ry thing it meers :
And since thou canst with more than one,
Th'art worthy to be kifs'd by none.

III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet shee smells!
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But Sent and Beauty both are gone,
And Leaves fall from her one by one.

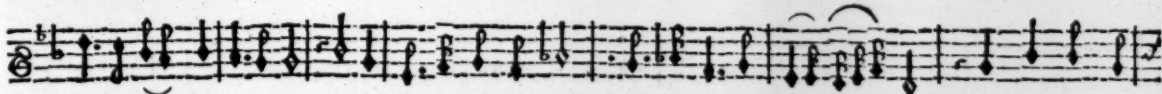
IV.

Such Fate e're long will thee beride,
When thou hast handled been a while,
With fear Flow'rs to be thrown aside;
And I shall sigh when some will smile,
To see thy love to ev'ry one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

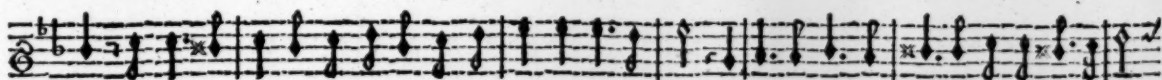
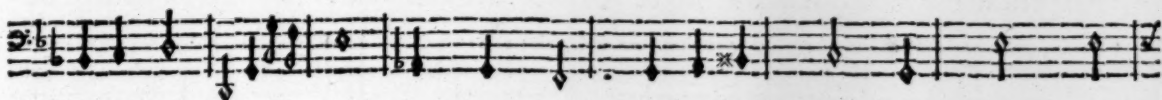


To a Lady singing.

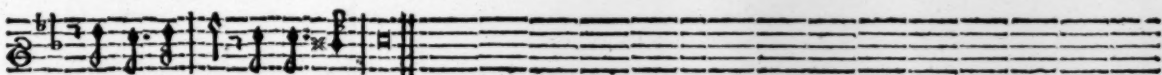
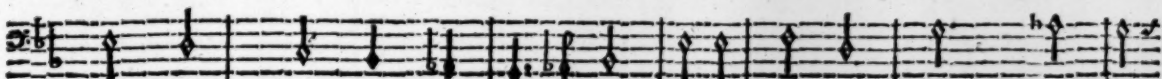
Hile I list-----en to thy voice, *Chloris*, I feel my life de---cay, that pow'rfull noise



calls my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which destoyes without a wound! Peace, peace, *Chloris*,

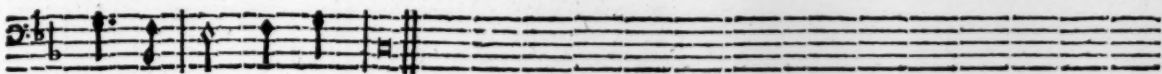
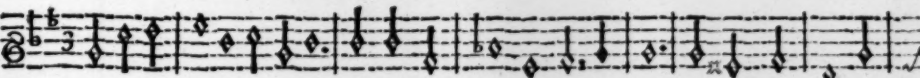


peace, or singing dye, that together thou and I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed do above,

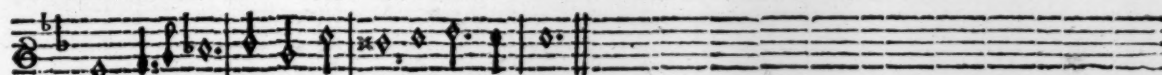
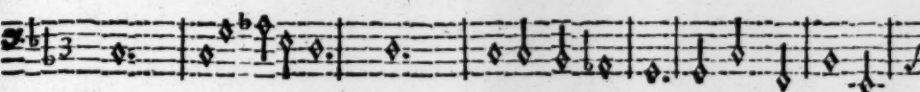


is that they sing, and that they love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

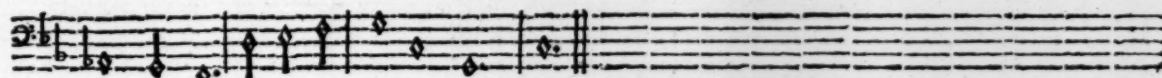
*On a Bleeding Lover.*

Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart and weeping eye; he wept and cry'd, How



great's his pain, that lives in love, and loves in vain.

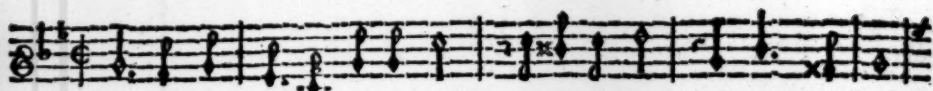
Mr. Henry Lawes.



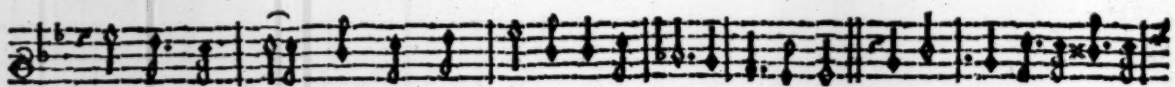
II.
Can there (says he) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'll indure,
Since she wants charity to cure.

H

III.
Yet let her one day feel the pain,
To wish she had cur'd, and wish in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.

Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.

Come from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and straight be none:

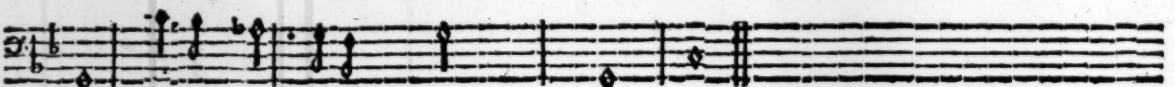
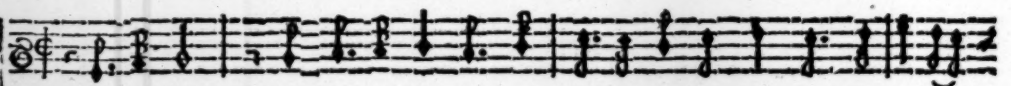


Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fall by majestie: So Beasts for sacrifice we



feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

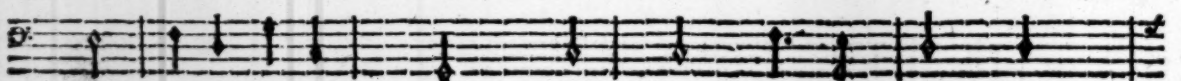
Mr. Henry Lawes.

*Love and Musick.*

Come my Sweet, whilst ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy



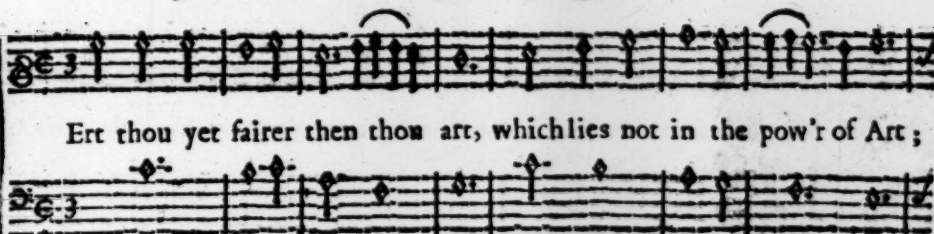
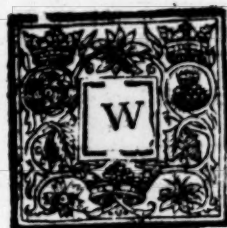
listning fain would turn in--to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they



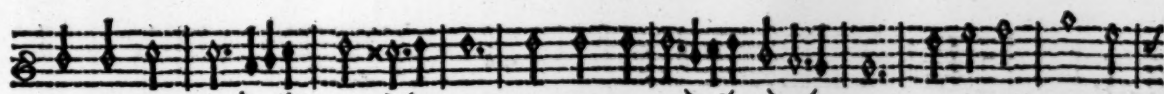
tie to harmo---ny, let's kifs and call them back a-gain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



A Resolution in choice of a Mistresse.

Ert thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art;



or had'st thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then *Cupid's* e---ver shot at Hearts; yet if they were not



thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought at thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

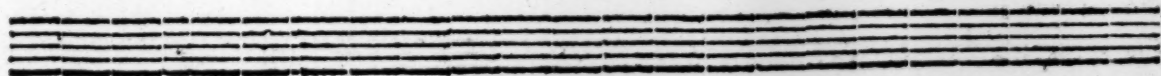


II.

I'de rather marry a disease,
Then court the thing I cannot please:
She that would cherish my desires
Must court my flames with equall fires:
What pleasure is there in a Kiss
To him that doubts the Heart's not his?

III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,
Softer than down, smother than air;
Not for the *Cupid's* that do lye
In either corner of thine Eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.

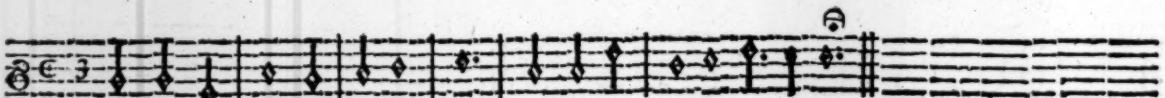


Inconstancy in Love.

O love thee without Flattery were a Sin, since thou art all Inconstan-

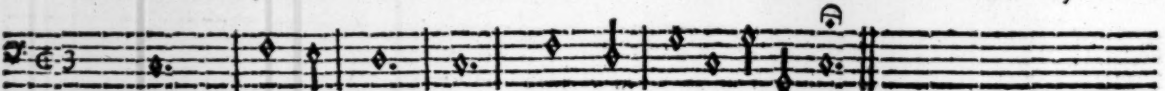


cy within; thy Heart is govern'd only by thine Eyes, the Newest object is thy Richest prize:



Love mee then just as I love thee, that's till a fairer I can see.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

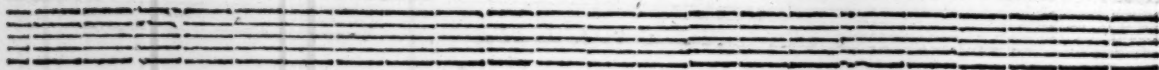


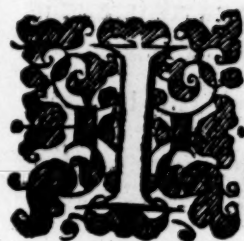
II.

My thoughts are now at liberty, and can
Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man;
I never will hereafter think it strange
To see thee please thy Appetite with change:
No! love me just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see.

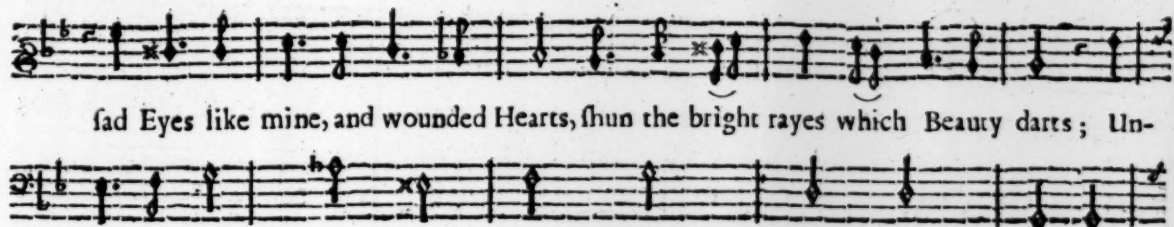
III.

I hate this constant doting on a Face,
Content ne're dwelt a Week in any place;
Why then should you and I love one another
Longer then we can be content together?
Love mee then just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see.

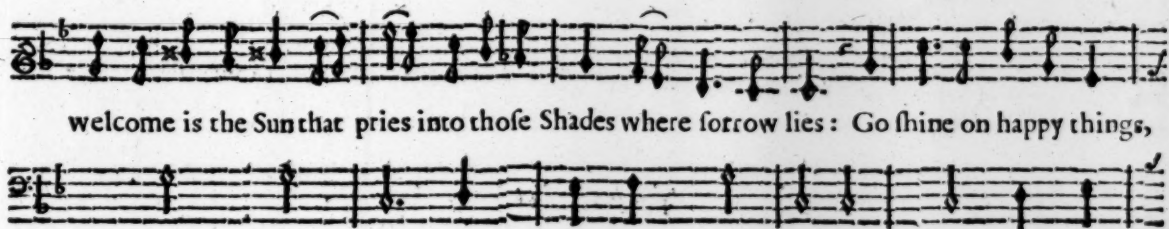


Discontent.

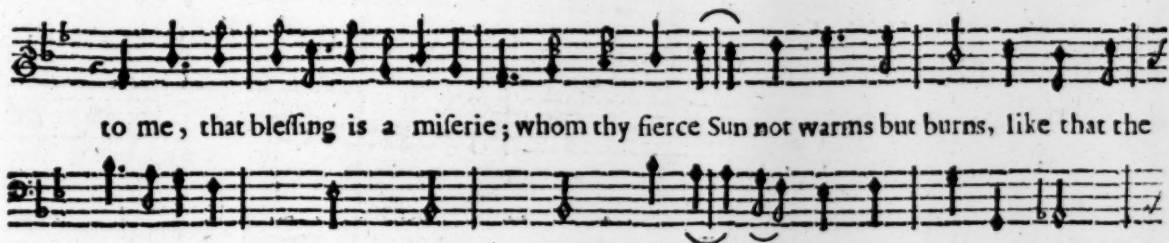
Prethee turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights the day ;



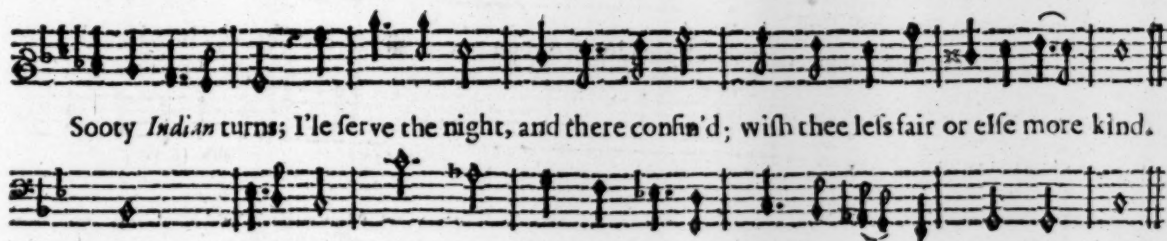
sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rays which Beauty darts ; Un-



welcome is the Sun that pries into those Shades where sorrow lies : Go shine on happy things,

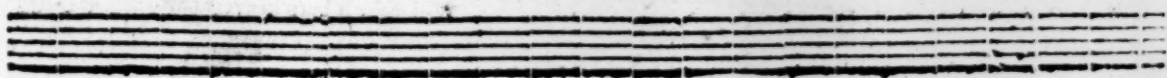
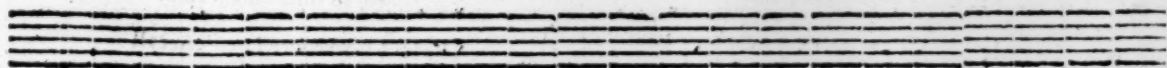


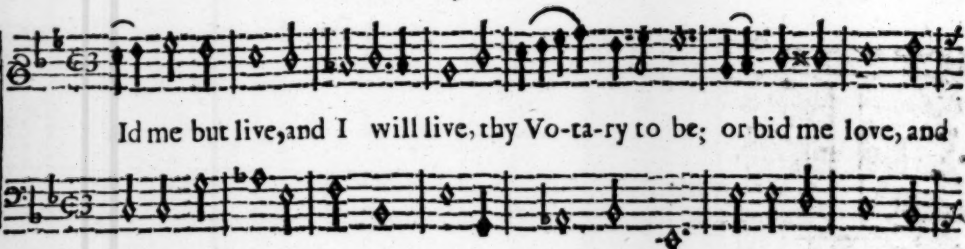
to me, that blessing is a miserie ; whom thy fierce Sun nor warms but burns, like that the



Sooty *Indian* turns ; I'll serve the night, and there confin'd ; with thee less fair or else more kind.

Dr. John Wilson.



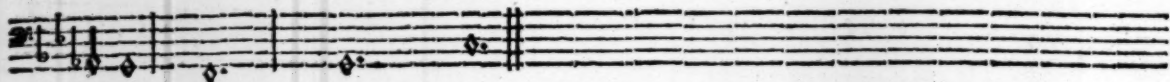
Loves Votary.

Id me but live, and I will live, thy Vo-ta-ry to be; or bid me love, and



I will give a loving heart to thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

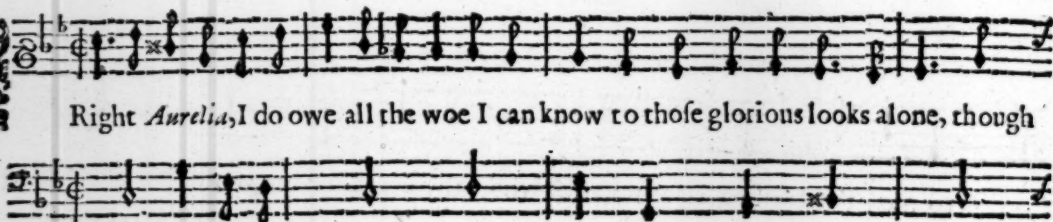


A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away and it shall do't for thee.

Thou art my love, my life my heart, the very eye of mee,
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

To Aurelia.

Right *Aurelia*, I do owe all the woe I can know to those glorious looks alone, though



you are unrelenting stone; the quick lightning from your eyes, did sa-cri-fice, my unwise, my un-



wary harmles heart, and now you glory in my smart.

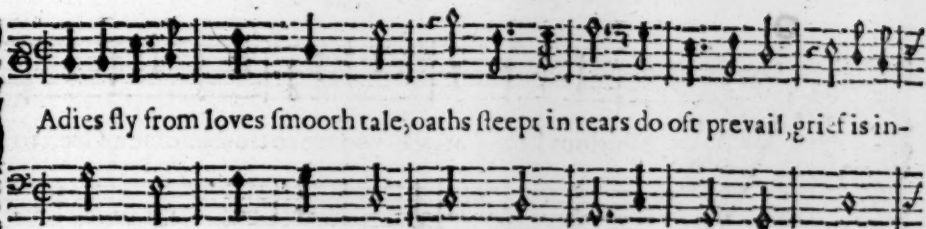


How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came.
Vext with what your selfe may burn,
Your scorn to tinder did it turn.

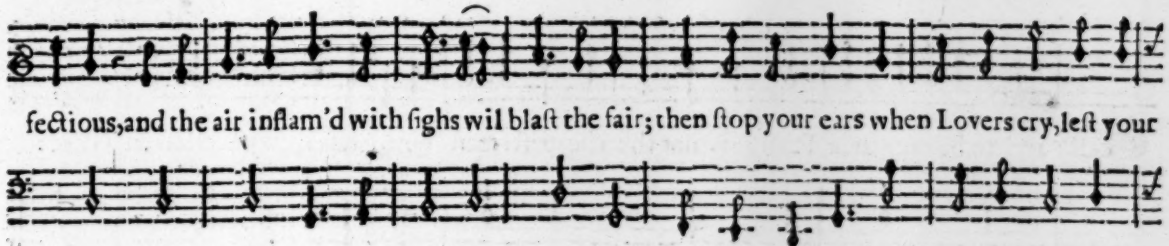
The least sparke now Love can call
That does fall
On the small
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Dr. Colman.

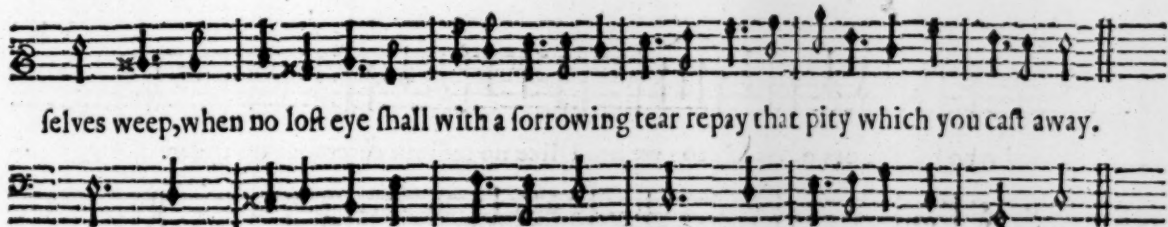
Loves Flattery.



Adies fly from loves smooth tale, oaths sleep in tears do oft prevail, grief is in-



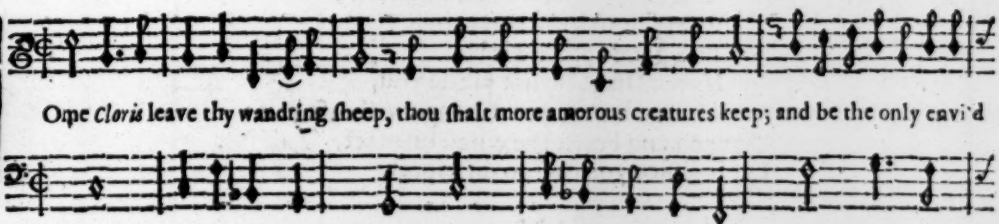
fectious, and the air inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair; then stop your ears when Lovers cry, lest your



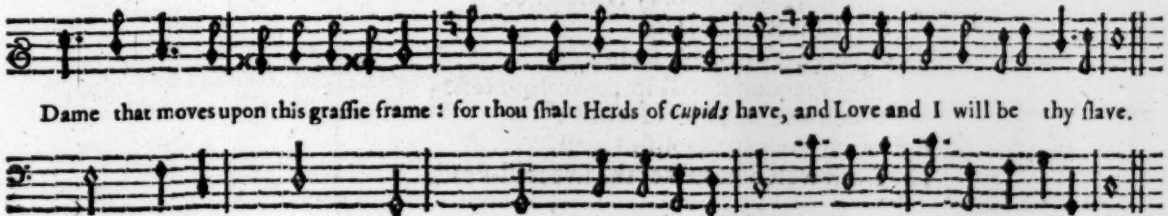
selves weep, when no lost eye shall with a forrowing tear repay that pity which you cast away.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

To Chloris.



Ope Chloris leave thy wandring sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep; and be the only cavi'd



Dame that moves upon this grassie frame: for thou shalt Herds of Cupids have, and Love and I will be thy slave.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

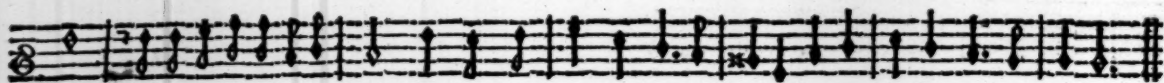
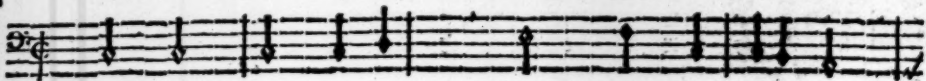
Nymphs, Satyres, and the Sylvian Fawns,
Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns
To wait on Chloris, and adore
Their Cytherea; now no more
The name of Chloris shall create
A servitude in every state.

III.

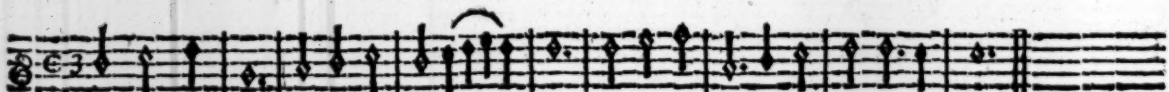
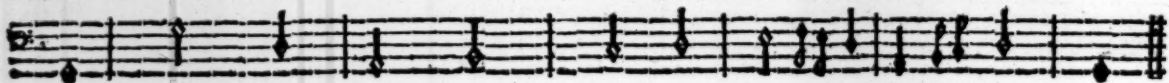
In yonder Mirtle grove wee'll dwell
With more content then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moles shall not afright
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night:
There we the wanton thieves will play,
And steal each others hearts away.

Seeming Coyneſs.

Ambitious Love, farwel; you are to troubleſome a Guest to affect what doth ex-



cell; and to be ever at a Feaſt; is not the cheapeſt freeſt diet, leſs in joy and loſs in quiet:



Be proud who liſt Fetters of Gold to wear, I like no tedious ceremonious cheer.



II.

I'll take ſuch as I find,
So it be good, and handſome dreſt,
Pretty, looking freely, kinde,
To a good appetite is beſt.
If your Uſage do not pleaſe you,
Change is near you Change will eaſe you:
Tempeſt and Feaſts the wiſeſt diſaffect,
Let it ſuffice you find no diſreſpect.

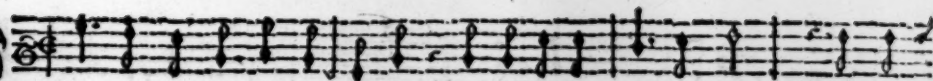
Dr. Charles Colman.

III.

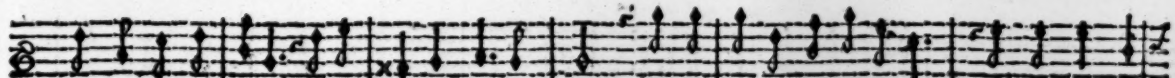
Seek not the higheſt place,
The loweſt commonly is moſt free
Leſs ſubject to diſgrace,
Others eyes, or your jealousies.
Bold Freedom will improve your taſte,
When awe imbitters a repaſt:
A doating fancy is a fooliſh Guest,
The freeſt welcome makes the ſweeteſt Feaſt.

IV.

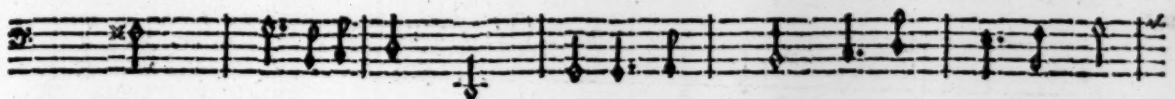
It is not Nature's way,
She made Love no ſuch buſie thing,
She meant it a ſhort lay,
A Common-Weal without a King.
Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,
Her Fruits are beſt in Taſte and Shew;
Her Sweets extend unto the meaneſt Clown,
Oſten moſt fair, though in a Ruſſet Gown.

Loves Bachinall.

Ay that fullen Garland by thee, keep it for th' Elizium shades; take my



wreath of lusty I-vy, not of that faint Mirtle made; when I see thy soul descending to that cold un-



fertile Plain of sad fools the Lake attending, thou shalt wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink



wine, and know the ods 'twixt that *Leibe*, 'twixt that *Leibe*, 'twixt that *Leibe*, and the Gods.



Rouse thy dull and drowfie spirits,
Here's the soul reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As raise Love by such like charmes.

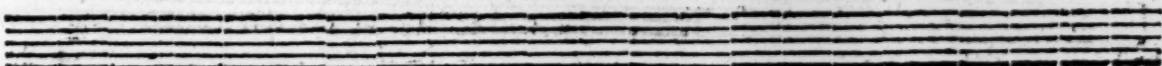
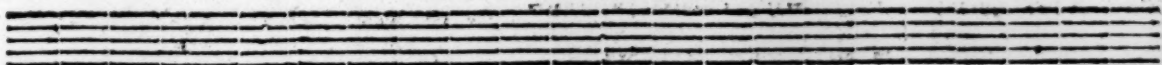
Think not thou these dismall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end,

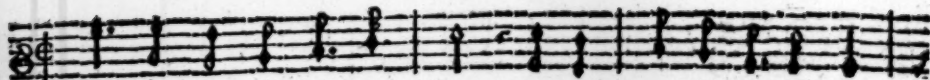
Sacrifice a glasse of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

Cho.

Sadnesse may some pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and courage conquers love.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come. sleep will come,
Sleep will come and that's as good.



Platonick Love.

Hange Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a-no-ther name.



This is but a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they



bee, your Philo-so-phy they see is but Lay Hypocrisie, and a kind of He-re-sie.



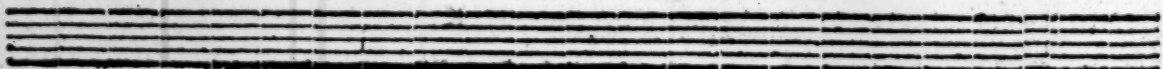
Dr. Colman.

II.

Plato ne'r allow'd a Kiss,
Nor the like fantastick blifs,
All the day sit and Ca Goll
With Sir Amorous La Fool;
Ne'r dreamt of that delight
Which a Ball presents at night,
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

III.

Yet must *Plato* justify
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to say,
'Tis Opinion that doth sway.
Is a meer Court-Frippery,
You act but yet most formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.



Love Neglected.

Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en--fla-ming, ra-ther then I will burn
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amorous

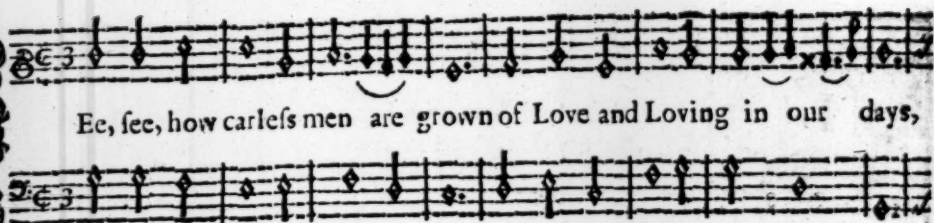
I will leave ga---ming; for when I think upon't, O! 'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a
pangs, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my

trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're; for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me
heart now I de--fie it,

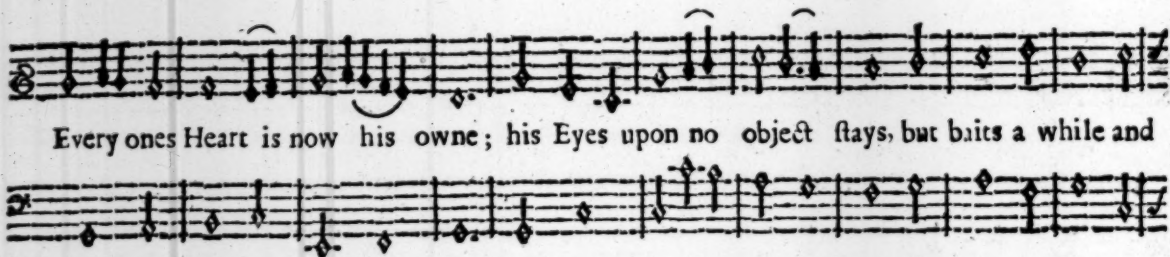
pine, distracts my mind, and surfeit when I see'r. Forgive me Love, if I remove in-to some o-

-ther sphear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care.

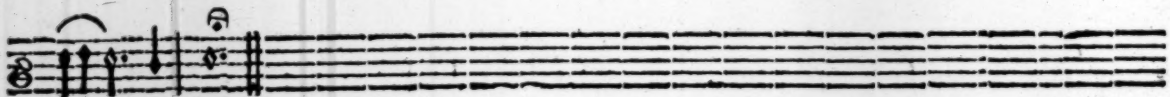
Mr. Henry Lawes.

Lovers Wantonneſſe.

Ec, ſee, how careleſs men are grown of Love and Loving in our days,

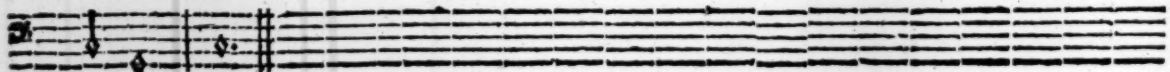


Every ones Heart is now his owne; his Eyes upon no object ſtays, but baits a while and



goes his ways.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

Shall Beauty that was wont to reign
Un-rivall'd in each noble breaſt,
Command by turns, or elſe in vain;
And by new faſhion'd minds depreſt,
Become an Inn, and love a Gueſt.

III.

Sure they ſuppoſe her of Glaſſe,
And let her ſuſt on purpoſe fall,
Then peice-meal would pick up this Maſſe,
That for one Beauty bow to all,
And change of Fetters, Freedome call.

IV.

Though lowly minded, I will ſtand
With ſuch for place, and at no rate
Give Rebell Lovers th'upper hand,
That every day new Lords create;
I ſerve a Monarch, they a State.



Venus to her Adonis.



Ome *Adonis*, come away, what distaste could drive thee hence, where so

much delight doth reign, sitting ev'n the soul of Sense? and though thou un-kind hast prov'd,

never Youth was so belov'd: Then lov'd *Adonis*, come away, for *Venus* brooks, so: *Venus*

brooks not this de-lay, for *Venus* brooks not this delay.

Mr. William Lawes.

Loves Flattery.

Can love for an hour when I'm at leisure, he that loves half a day fools without measure:

Cupid then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more than another?

Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

Men cannot tyre themselves on your sweet features,
They'll have variety of loving Creatures.
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't, yet they'll be fooling.

Inconstancie in Women.

Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that, or a---ny man;
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow swears she knows you not;

let her but an new object find, and she is of another mind: Then hang me Ladies at your

dore, If e're I dote up---on you more,

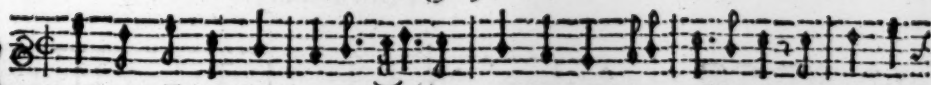
Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

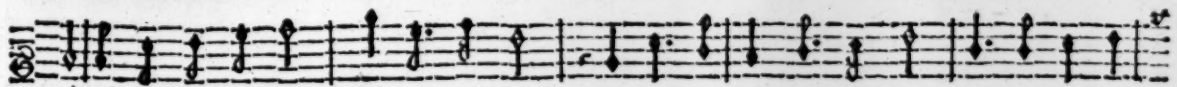
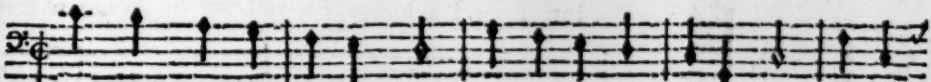
Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And so the fat and soft skinn'd Dame
I'll flatter, to appease my flame;
For her that's Musickall I long,
When I am sad to sing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

III.

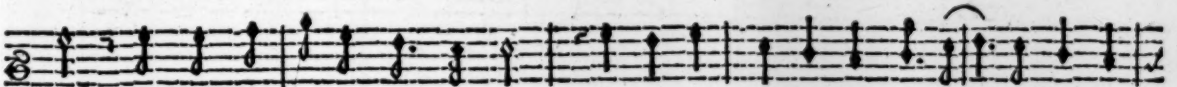
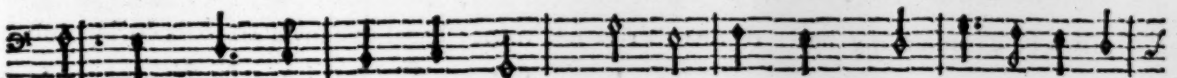
I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find out change:
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of variety:
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn:
For hang me Ladies, &c.

A Lovers Legacy.

Ain would I *Chloris* e're I die bequeath you such a Legacie, as you might



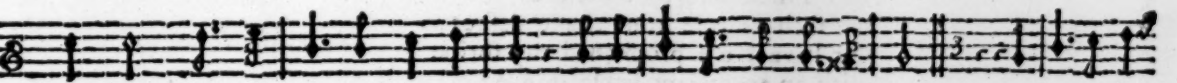
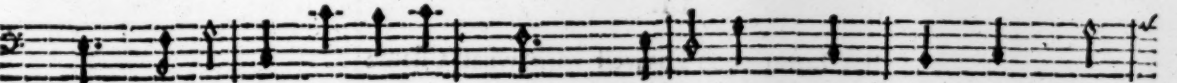
say when I am gon, None has the like! My heart alone were the best gift I could be-



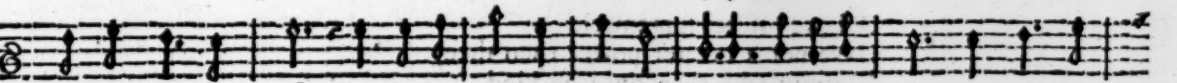
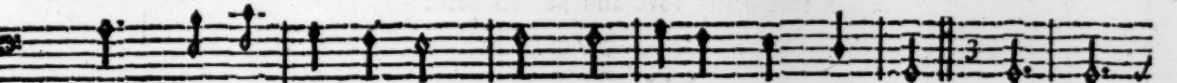
flow, but that's al-ready yours you know: So that till you my Heart resigne, or fill with



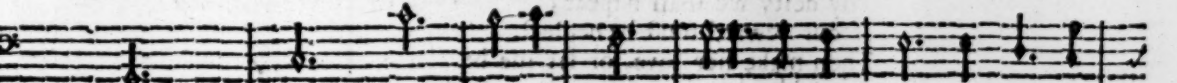
yours the place of mine; and by that grace my store renew, I shall have nought worth giving



you, whose Brest has all the wealth I have, save a faint Carcase, and a Grave: But had I as

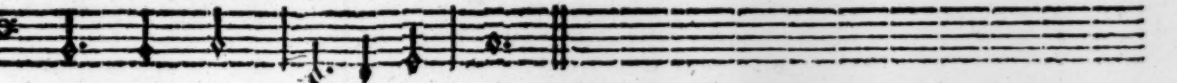


many Hearts as Hairs, as many Loves as Love has Fears, as many Lives as Years have



Hours, they should be all and only yours.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Loves Martyr.

Ow long shall I a Martyr be to Love and Womans cru--el-ty? Or why doth

sullen Fate confine my heart to one that is not mine: had I er'e lov'd as others do, but only

for an hour or two, then there had store of reason bin why I should suffer for my sin.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

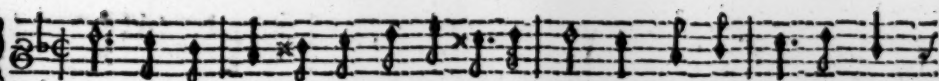
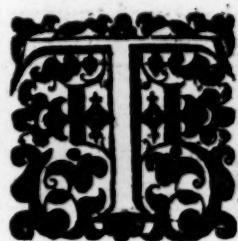
II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my Mistress name:
How I ne'r offered other fires
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere prophaned thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc'd my love and her to hate.

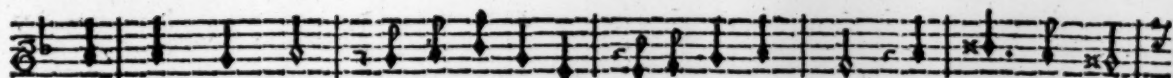
III.

O Love! if her supremacie
Have not a greater power then thee,
For pity sake then once be kind,
And throw a dart to change her mind:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love, or let me be
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

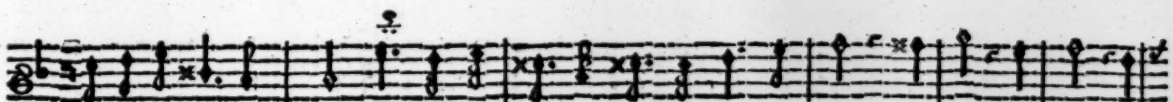
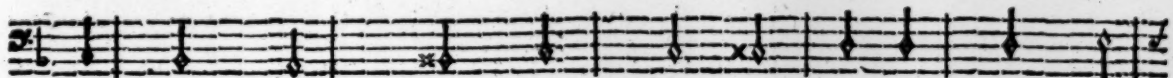
Amintor for his Chloris absence.



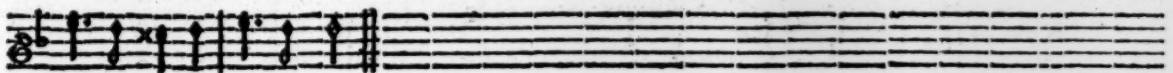
Tell me you wan-dering spirits of the Air, did you not see a Nymph



more bright, more fair than Beauties darling, or of parts more sweet than stolne content?

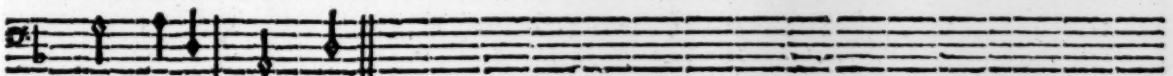


If such a one you meet, wait on her hourly where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, A-



Amintor for her absence dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



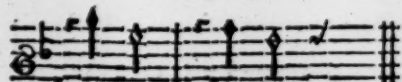
I I.

Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a sent, a blush of her in those:
Fish, fish for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see
How orientall all her colours bee.

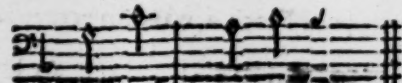
Go call the Ecchoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

III.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were shee on earth she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter than the Sunn you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.

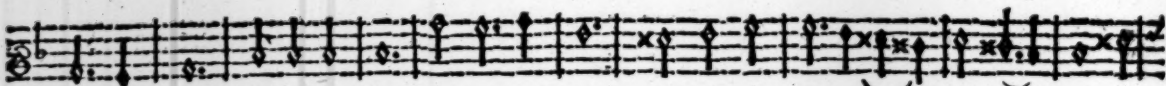


Chloris, Chloris,
Fall down, fall down, &c.

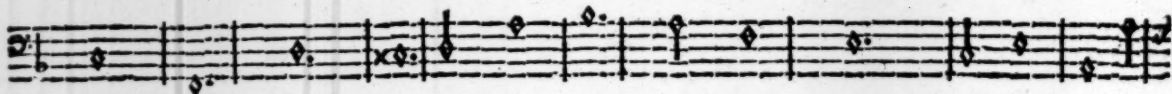


Love in a Calme.

Ow cool and temperate I am grown, since I could call my



heart my own? Beauty and I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt a-way: not



all those wanton hours I have spent, can rob me of this new content.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

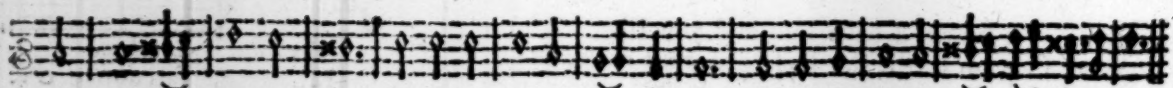
Loves mills are scattered from my sight,
Which flattered me with new delight,
And now I see 'tis but a face
That stole my heart out of its place:
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

III.

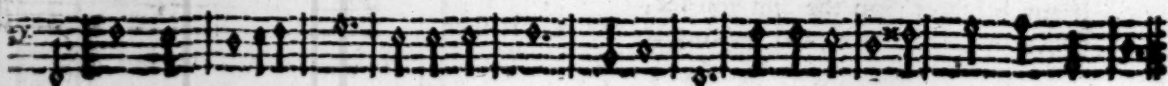
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
Farewell each look that can surprize,
Farewell those curls and amorous spels,
Farewell each place where *Cupid* dwels;
And farewell each bewitching smile,
I must enjoy my selfe a while.

Loves Shepherdesse.

N faith I cannot keep my Sheep, since first I grew to be in love: whilst my



poor Flock a wandering creep, and I to Fate a Shepherd am; Love, first in love, in love, I first began.



Love without Additionals.

F the kind boy I ask no red and white to make up my delight, no odd be-

coming graces, black eyes, or lit-tle know not what's in Faces; make me but mad enough,

give me good store of Love, for her I court, I ask no more; 'tis Love in Love that

makes the sport.

Mr. William Webb.

II.

There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer couzenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

II.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a Pheasant is:
What in our Marches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.

O, go, and beside the Southern wind, fly, O forlorn! nor look be-

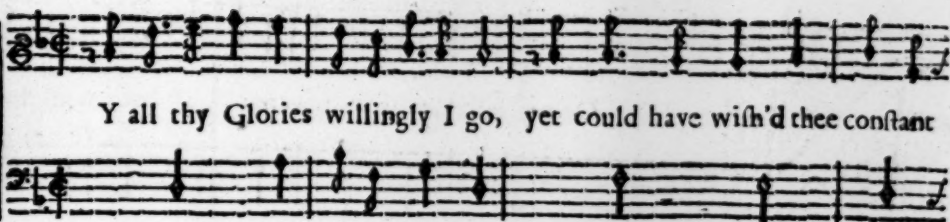
hind, till thou the glazed Ocean hast past and Climes unknown to man, laid on a snow-rai'd

mountain, bear the bo-some to the freezing air; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but

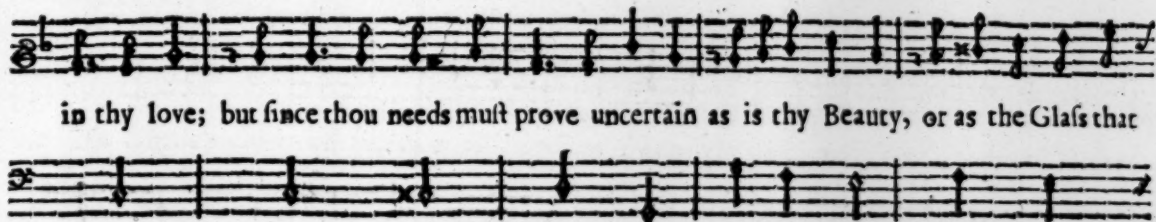
they thaw with thy heat her far more cold disdain, apply thine own despair and will to dye;

and when by these congeal'd to stone, then will her heart and thine be one.

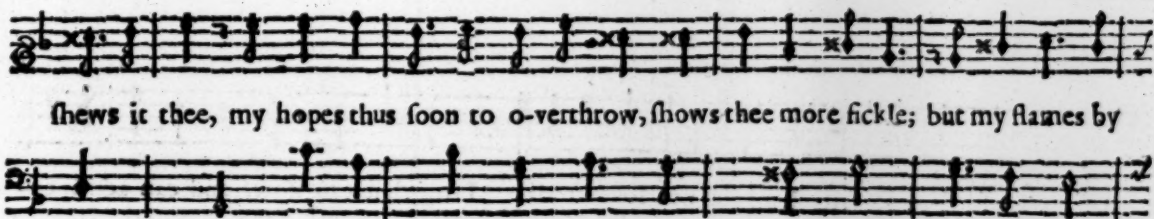
Mr. William Webb.

False Love reprov'd.

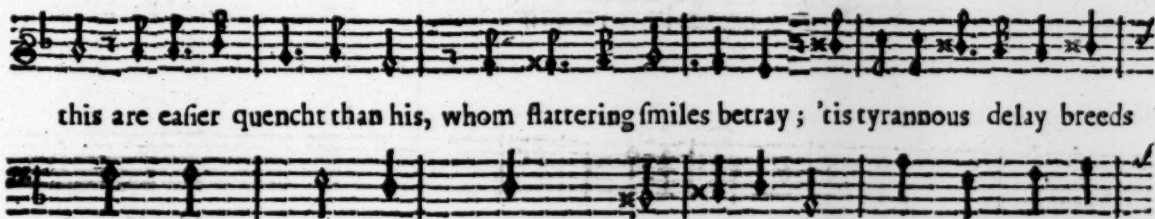
Y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have wish'd thee constant



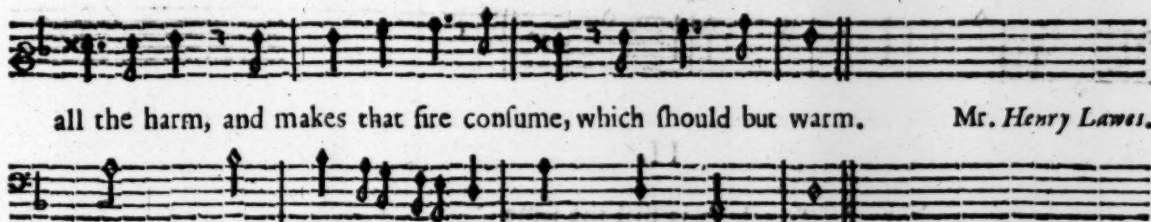
in thy love; but since thou needs must prove uncertain as is thy Beauty, or as the Glas that



shews it thee, my hopes thus soon to o-verthrow, shows thee more fickle; but my flames by



this are easier quencht than his, whom flattering smiles betray; 'tis tyrannous delay breeds



all the harm, and makes that fire consume, which should but warm.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,
Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,

But who can tell thy fate?

And say that when this Beauties done,

This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;

I could have serv'd thee with such truth

Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,

Departed long ago;

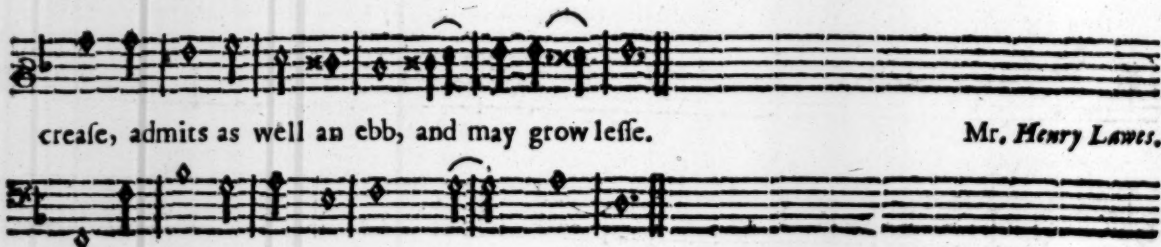
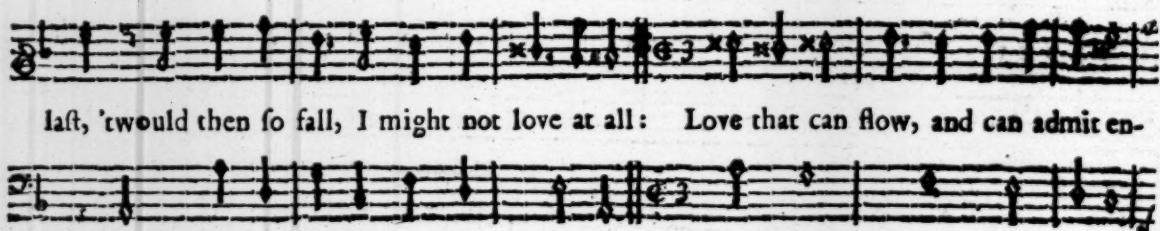
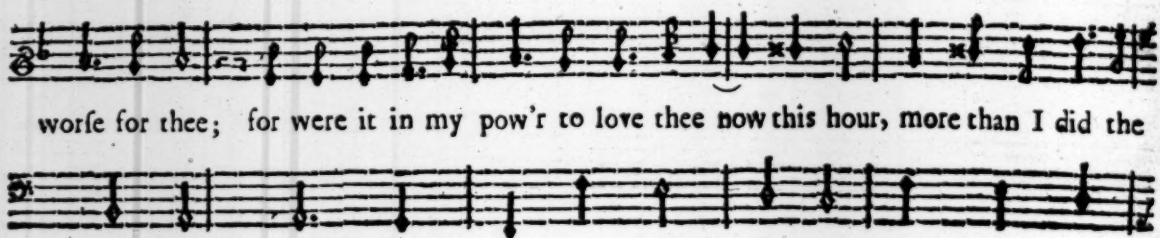
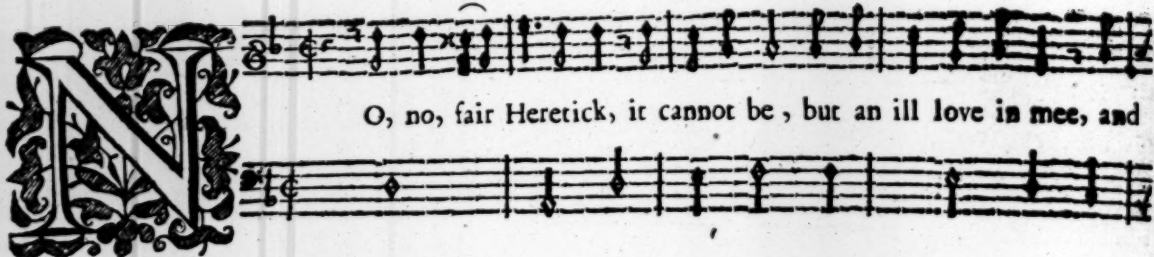
And at this ebbing tyde,

Have us'd thee as a Bride

Who's only true

Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

N

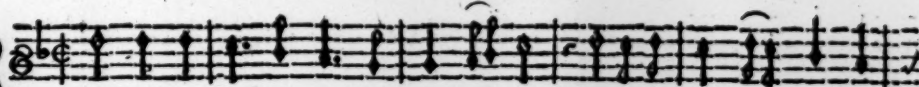
Loves torrid Zone.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

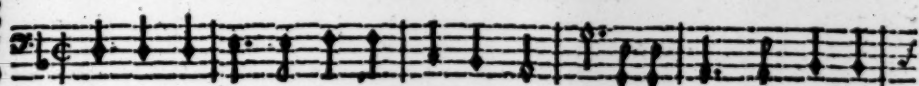
II.

True love is still the same
 The Torrid Zones,
 And those more frigid ones
 It must not know:
 For love grown cold, or hot
 Is lust and friendship, not
 The think we have, for that's a flame would dye,
 Held down, or up too high;
 Then think I love, more than I can expresse,
 And would know more, could I but love thee lesse,

To his Chloris at Parting.



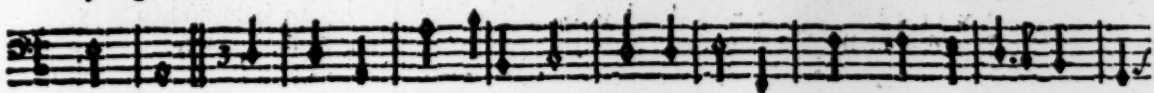
Ain would I *Chloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine



arms remain; but loe, the jealous morn her Ro-sie-dores to spight me ope's, and brings the

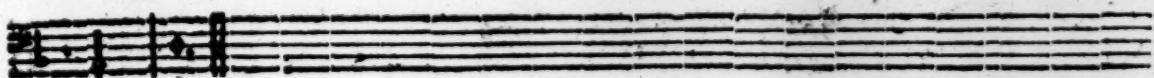


day a-gain. Farewell, farewell, *Chloris*, 'tis time I dy'd, the night de-parts, yet still my



woes abide.

Dr. John Wilfon.

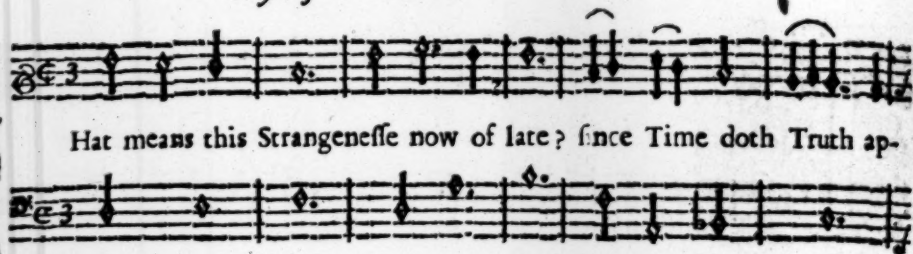


II.

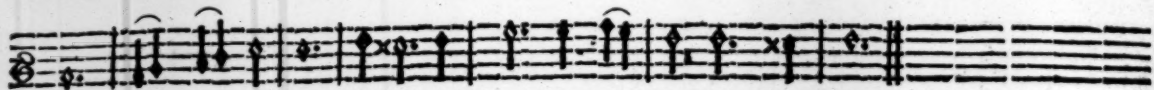
Hence saucy flaring Candle of the Skies,
Let us alone we, have no need of thee:
Our eyes are ever day, where *Chloris* eyes
Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

III.

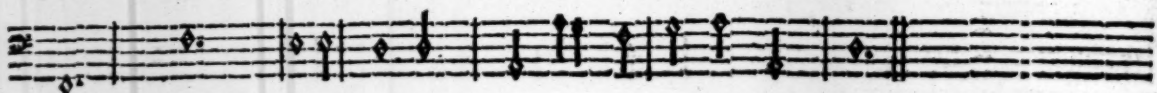
O night! whose sable vaile was wont to be
More friend to Lovers, than the noisefull day:
Wherefore, O wherefore dost thou fly from me,
And carry with thee all my joys away?
Farewell, farewell, &c.

Coyneſs in Love.

What means this Strangeneſſe now of late? ſince Time doth Truth ap-



prove: this diſtance may conſiſt with State; it cannot ſtand with Love. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

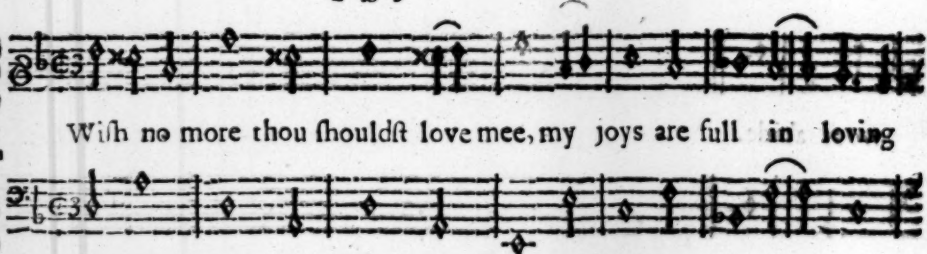


'Tis either cunning or diſtruſt,
That do ſuch ways allow:
The firſt is baſe, the laſt injuſt;
Let neither blemiſh you.

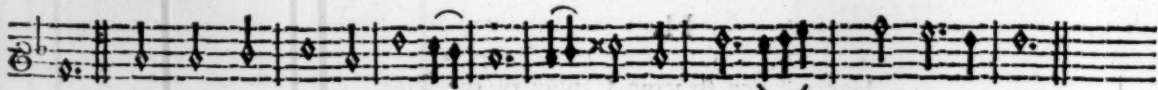
Speak but a word, or do but caſt
One Look that ſeems to frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be mine own.

If you intend to draw me on,
You over aſt your part:
And if it be to have me gon,
You need not halfe this Arr.

And ſuch a faire and equall way
On both ſides none can blame,
Since every man is bound to play
The faireſt of his Game,

Love poſſeſt.

With no more thou ſhouldeſt love mee, my joys are full in loving



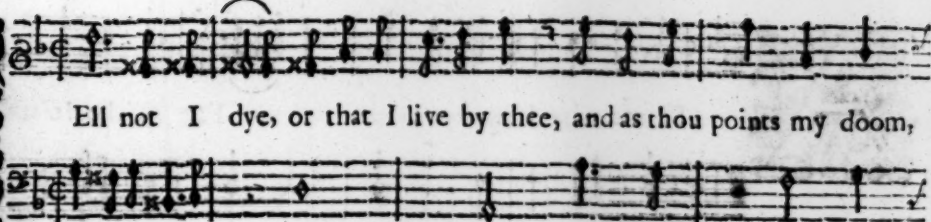
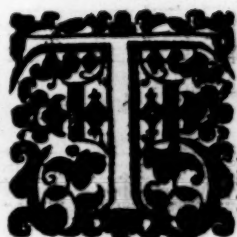
thee; my heart's too narrow to contain my bliſſe, if thou ſhouldeſt love me a-gain. *Mr. Warner.*



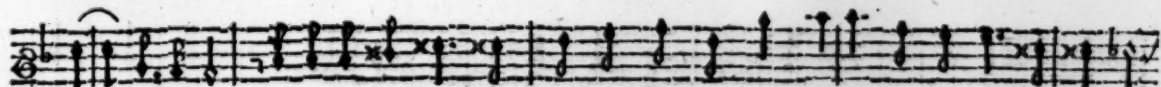
Thy ſcorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yer I muſt love while I have breath,
For not to love were worſe than death.

Then ſhall I ſue for ſcorn or grace,
A lingring life, or death embrace;
Since one of theſe I needs muſt try,
Love me but once and let me dy.

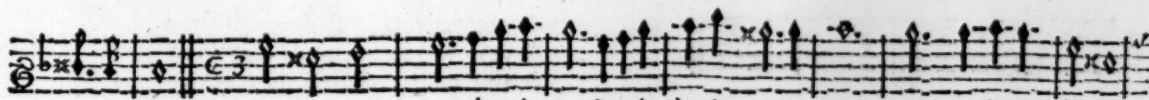
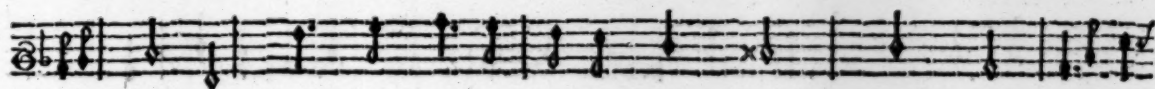
Such mercy more thy fame ſhall raiſe,
Than cruell life can yield thee praiſe;
It ſhall be counted who ſo dies,
No murder, but a ſacrifice.

A Lovers Resolution.

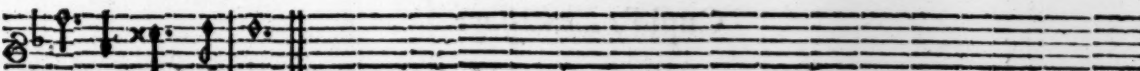
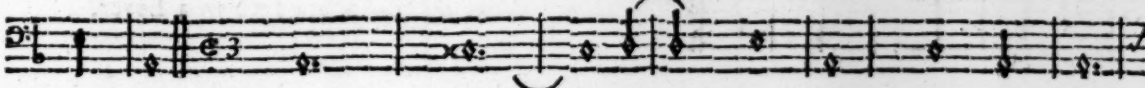
Ell not I dye, or that I live by thee, and as thou points my doom,



so it must be: Or that my life (didst thou but leave to love,) would like a long disease, as

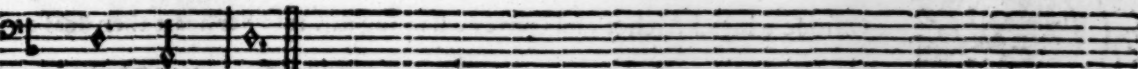


weary prove: Since he whose mind is proof a---gainst his fate, makes himself happy



at the worst estate.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.



II.

III.

'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse
On the frail favour of a womans kisse;
And most unmanly to enthrall his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:

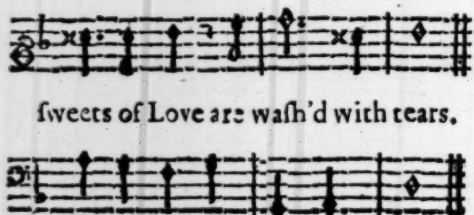
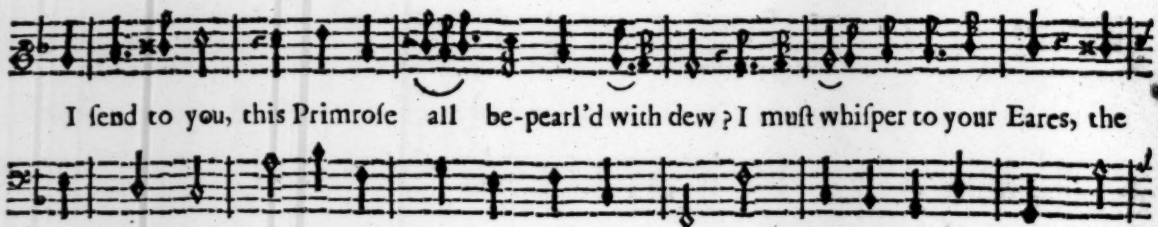
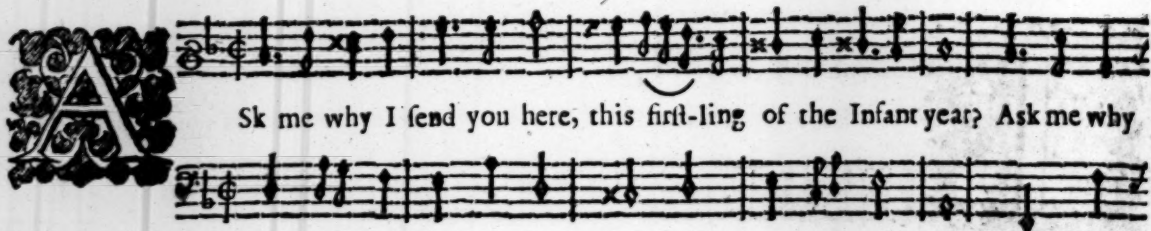
I know the humour of your Sex is such
You ne'r could value any one thing much;
For should thy breast with constant flames be fir'd,
'Twere more then I expected, although desir'd:
Then think me not so fond, although I love,
But as thou stear't thy course, so mine shal move,

Since Womens fancies with their fashions change,
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

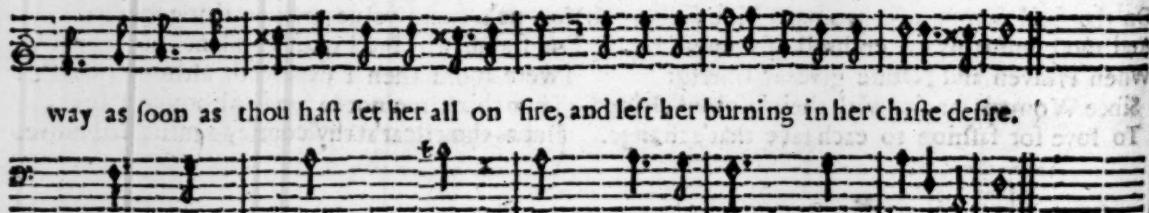
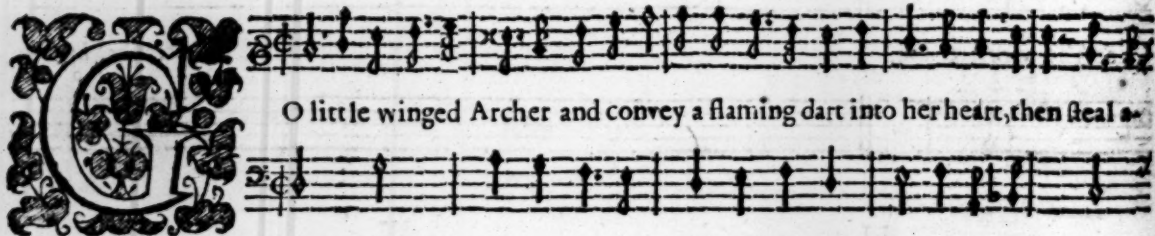
IV.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,
Is his own man, not slave to any woe;
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,
Still o'recommen of my destinie:

Yet know I love, thou I can leave the state,
He best knows how to love, knows how to hate,

The Primrose.

Ask me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And yeelding each way, yet not break?
I must tell you, 'These discover'
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

Cupid's Embassage.

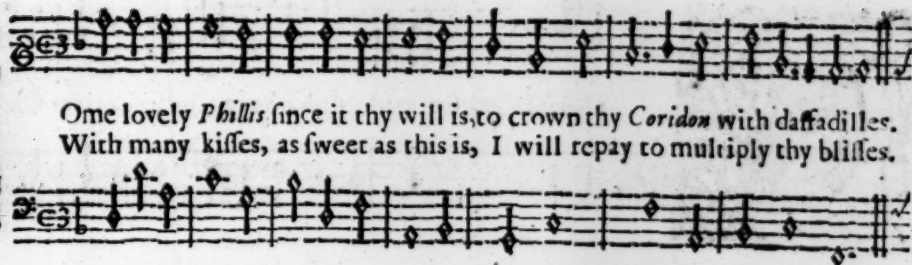
II.

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Do tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath my heart possess
By the distemper of her scorched breast.

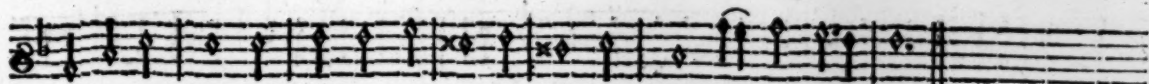
III.

And when she burns if she appease my flame
With smiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'll do the same;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,
While we add fuell to each others fire.

Coridon to his Phillis.



Ome lovely *Phillis* since it thy will is, to crown thy *Coridon* with daffadilles.
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy blisses.



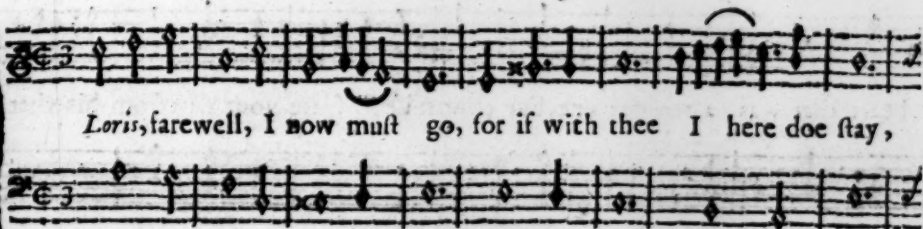
Here I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within these arms. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious hours and sorrows best exiling;
For if you lowre, the banks no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their raies enchanting,
Mine may raine, bur 'twere in vain.

Thine eyes may wonder that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:
Since that the oldest
That thou beholdest
May feele fire of loves desire.

On Chloris attractive Beauty.



Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I here doe stay,



thine eyes prevail up-on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

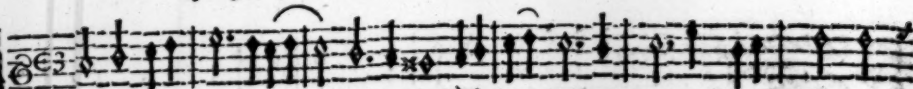
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
That thou did'st thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

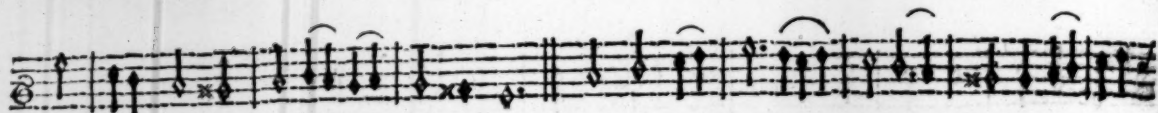
No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That Strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distrust me Reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Clora forsaken, thus complains.



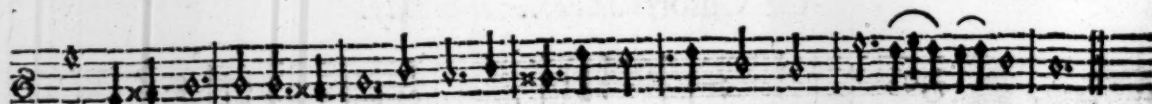
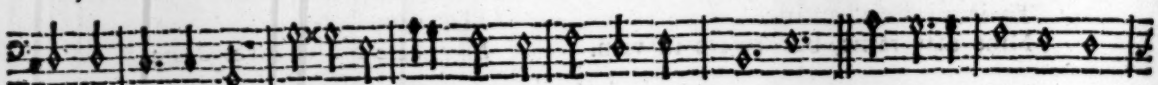
Illor's false love made Clora weep, and by a river side her flock which she



was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In--ju--stice, O ye Gods! to kin--dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor victo--ry, to peirce a



heart that was a ten--der one, but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stone.



Dr. John Wilson.

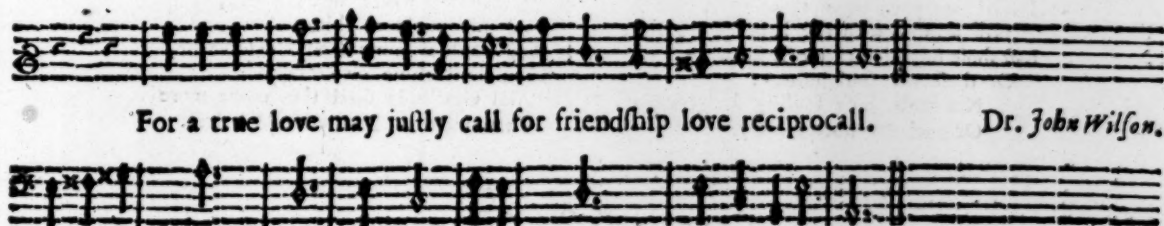
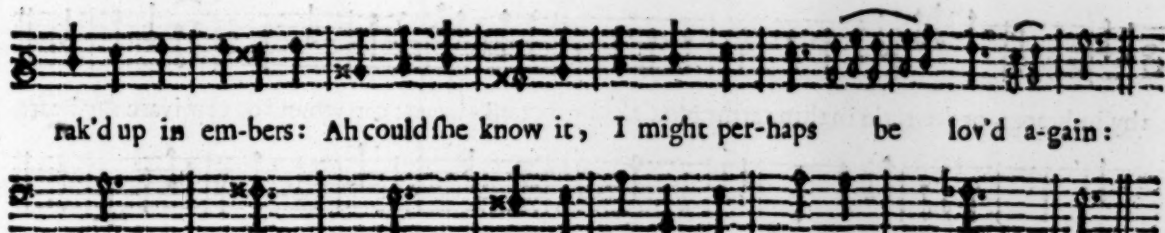
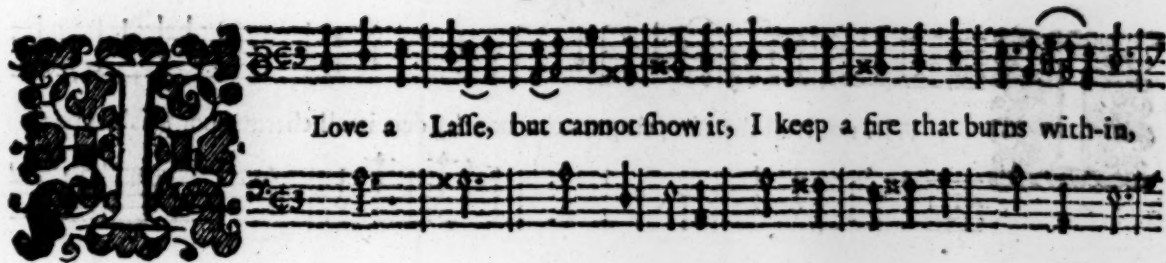
As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-lick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her blonbard face appears,
Now out alas, said she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in lesse form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be espi'd.

And thus in little drawn and drest
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his brest,
Shall equall my desire.

Reciprocal Love.

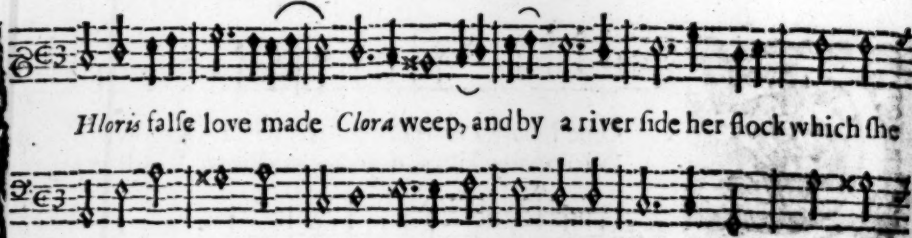
II.

Some gentle courteous winde betray me,
 A sigh by whispering in her ear,
 Or let some pitious shower convey me,
 By dropping on her breast a tear,
 Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
 By often drops receives a dint.

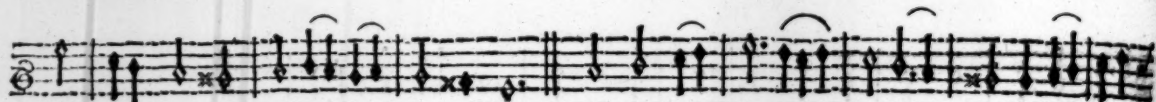
III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
 That is already too too weak;
 No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
 By writing what they cannot speak:
 Go then my Muse, and let this verse
 Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

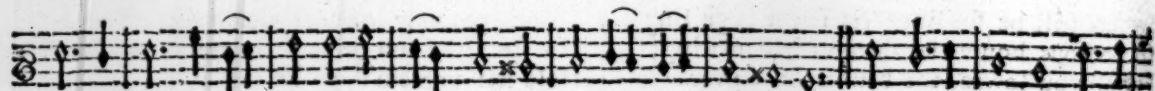
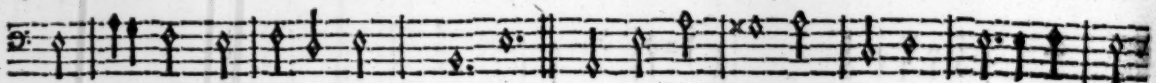
Clora forsaken, thus complains.



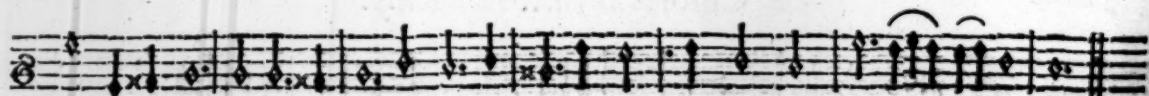
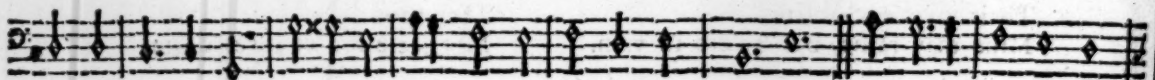
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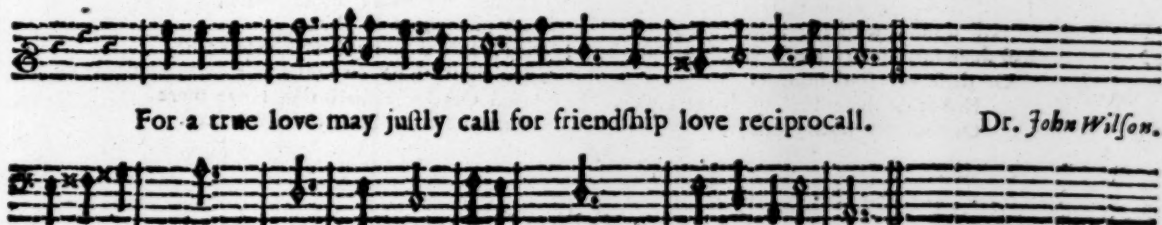
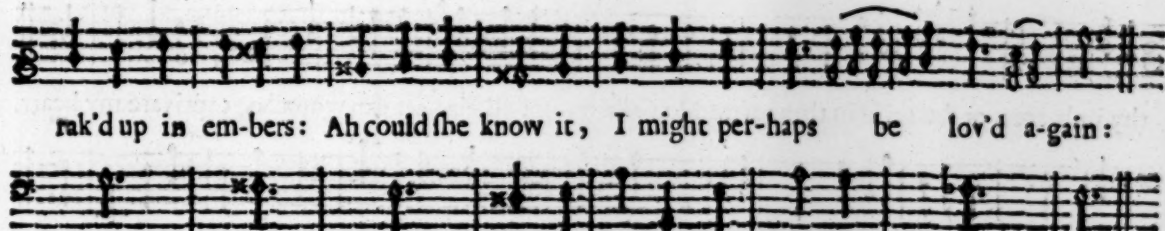
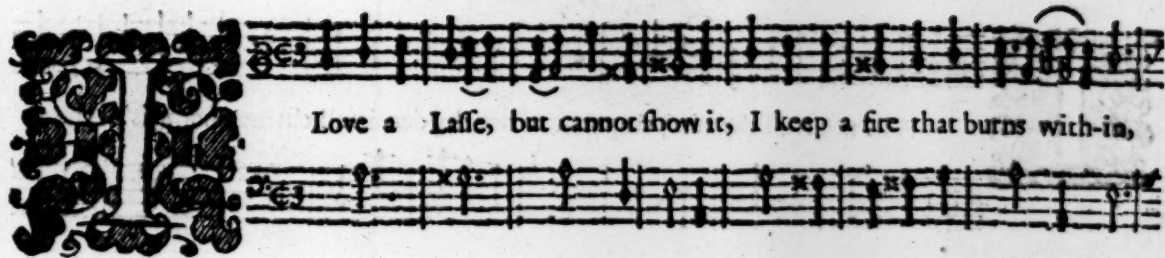
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But in lesse form appears,
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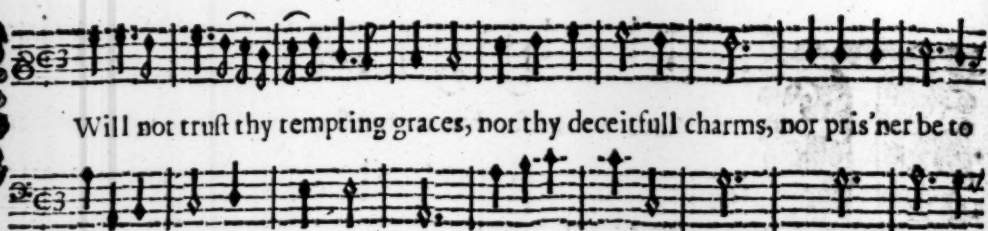
Reciprocal Love.

II.

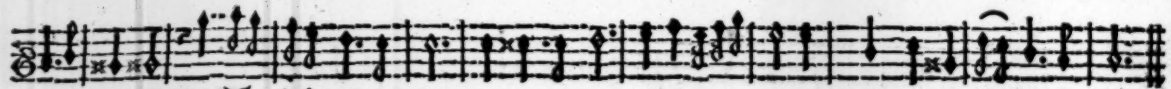
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 A sigh by whispering in her ear,
 Or let some pitious shower convey me,
 By dropping on her breast a tear,
 Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
 By often drops receives a dint.

III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
 That is already too too weak;
 No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
 By writing what they cannot speak:
 Go then my Muse, and let this verse
 Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

On Loves deceitful Charms.

Will not trust thy tempting graces, nor thy deceitfull charms, nor pris'ner be to



thy imbraces, or fet-ter'd in thine arms: No *Celia*, no, not all thy art can wound or captivate my heart.



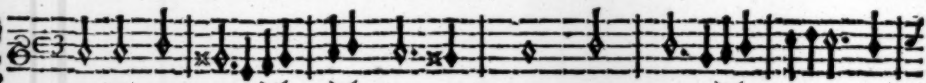
II.

III.

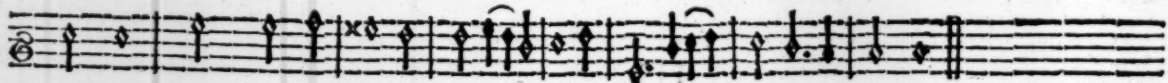
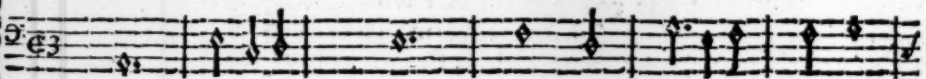
Mr. *Jeremy Savill*.

I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
Nor wanton with thy haire,
Lest those should burn me by surprize,
Or these my soul insnare:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine;
If thou would'st mine should captive be,
Thou must thine own resigne:
And Gratitude shall thus move more
Than Love or Beauty could before.

Beauty a fading Ornament.

Et not thy Beau-----ty make thee proud, though Prin-ces do a-



dore thee, since time and sickness were allow'd to mow such flowers before thee. Mr. *Henry Lawes*.

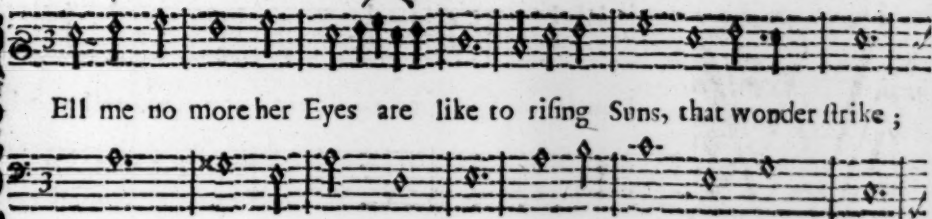


II.

III.

Nor be not shy to that degree
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet so coming, or so free,
That every fly may blow thee;
A state in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd,
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt
With an attractive mildness;
It may like Vertue sit betwixt
The extreams of pride and vileness.
Then every eye that sees thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy vertue with a story.

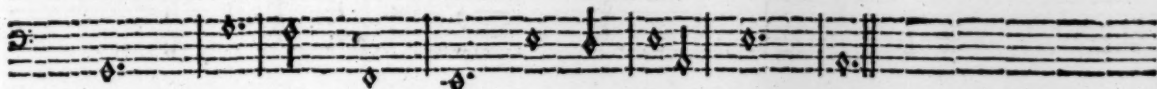
Beauty in Eclipse.

Tell me no more her Eyes are like to rising Suns, that wonder strike ;



For if 'twere so, how could it be, they could be thus eclips'd to me?

Mr. William Lawes.



Tell me no more her Breasts do grow
Like rising Hills of melting Snow ;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

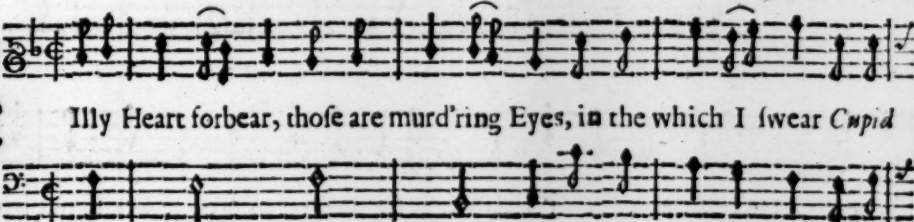
Tell me no more the restless Spheares
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our ears ;
For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

No, say her Eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,
Else would I feel from that fair fire
Some heat to cherish my desire.

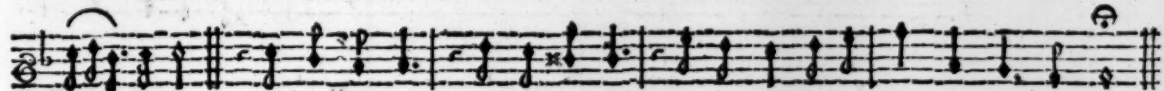
Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe ;
Else they would soften and relent
With sighs inflamed, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moon.
She heavenly fair, yet chang'd as soon ;
Else she would constant once remain
Either to pity or disdain.

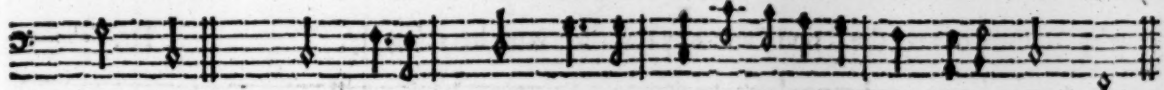
That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite ;
For 'tis no less cruell there to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill.

Cupid detected.

Illy Heart forbear, those are murd'ring Eyes, in the which I swear Cupid

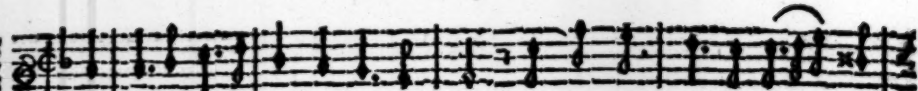


Lur-king lies: See his Quiver, see his Bow; to see his Dart, fly, O fly! thou foolish Heart.

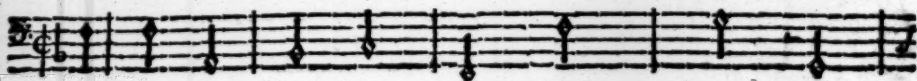


Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams
Causing Hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring streams:
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart
For to wound both Eyes and Heart.

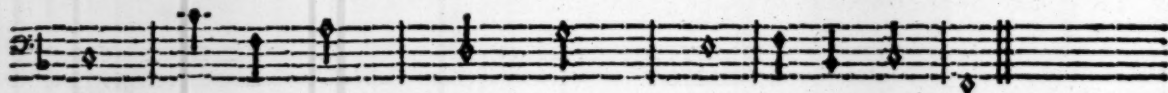
Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:
Cupid Shooting, Cupid Darting, and his Band
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

Loves Flattery.

Hen *Calia* I in-tend to flatter you, and tell you lyes to make you



true, I swear there's none so fair, there's none so fair, and you beleive it too. Dr. Colman.

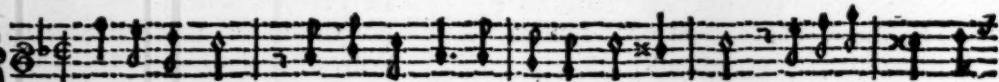


Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said
No twins so like hath nature made,
But 'tis
Only in this, ✽
You prick my hand and fade.

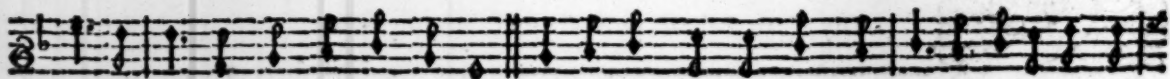
Oft have I said there is no pretious stone
But may be found in you alone;
Though I
No stone espy, ✽
Unlessse your heart be one.

When I praise your skin I quore the wooll
That Silk-worms from their Entrailes pull,
And show
That new fallen snow, ✽
Is not more beautifull.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles
Were you as excellent as these
Whilst I
Before you ly, ✽
They might be had with ease,

Loves Theft.

Ow am I chang'd from what I was be-fore I saw those Eyes? I had a heart, but



now a-las, that room is fill'd with sighs, for she that robb'd me, would not stay to let me ask her



why she stol't or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply.

Dr. Colman.



Thus am I left to court my grief,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no relief,
O'r ought that's true delight.

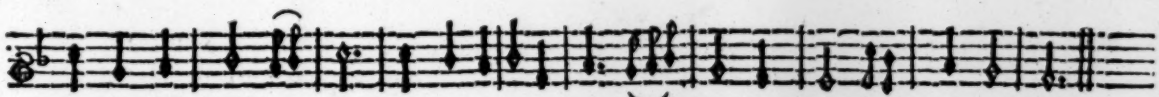
I'll therefore on some River side
Wander to breath my woe,
And ask those Nymphs how *Hylas* dy'd
That I might do so too.

Power of Love.

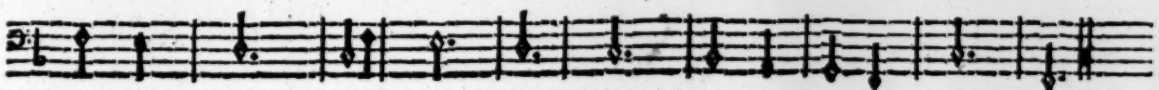
Ince love hath in thine and mine eye kindled a holy flame, what pi-ty



'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same? The stars that seem ex-tinct by day,



disclose their flames at night, and in a fable sense convey their loves in beams of light.



Dr. John Wilson.

II.

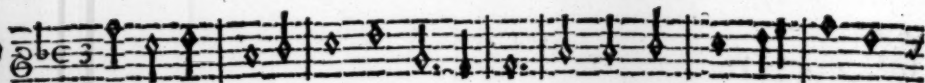
So when the jealous Eye and Ear
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spi'd.
What though our Bodies cannot meet
Loves fuels more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

III.

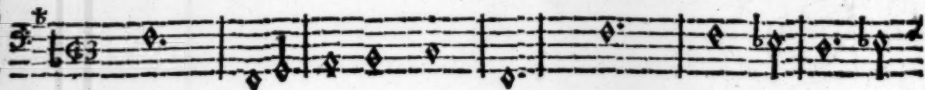
Falſe Meteors that do change their place,
Though they ſhine fair and bright;
Yet when they cover to embrace,
Fall down and loſe their light.
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte
The flame of our deſire,
No veſtall ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Or more immortal fire.

IV.

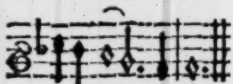
If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waſte away
I'll take new fire from thine.

A Motive to Love.

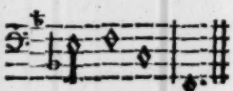
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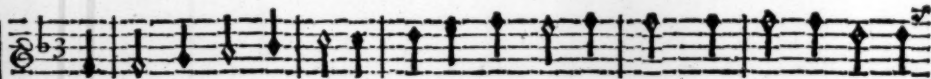


and cannot doe.

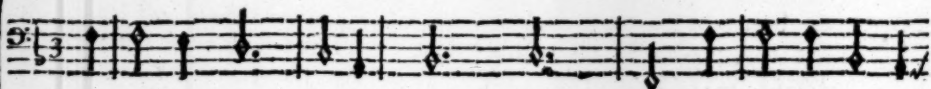


Do't think that nature can
For every man,
Had she more skill, provide
So fair a Bride?
Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?
No, without she did intend
To serve the Husband and his friend.

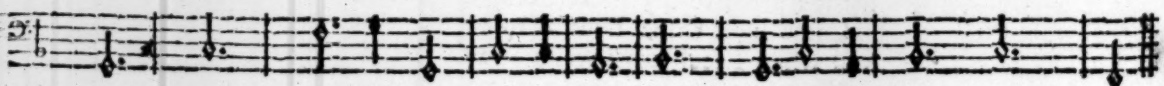
To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;
But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
I need provoking more then you.

On Liberty.

Ow happy'rt thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no such blessing

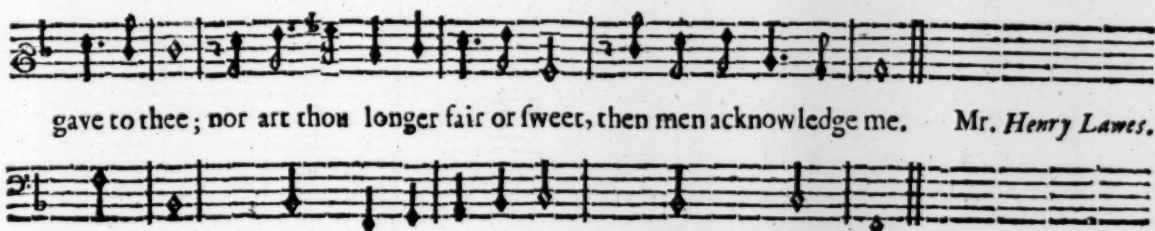
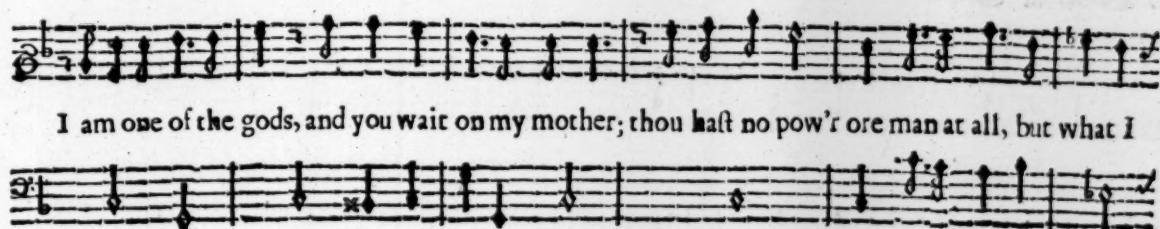
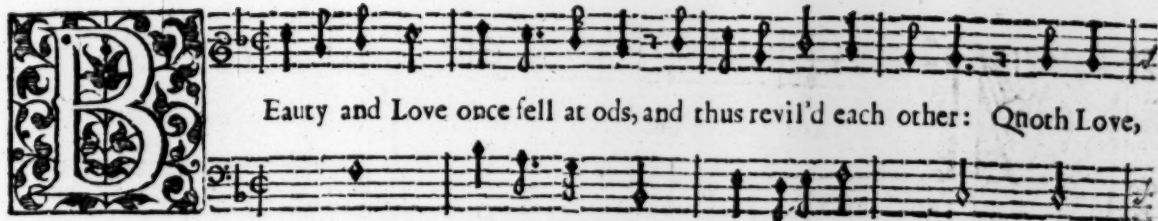


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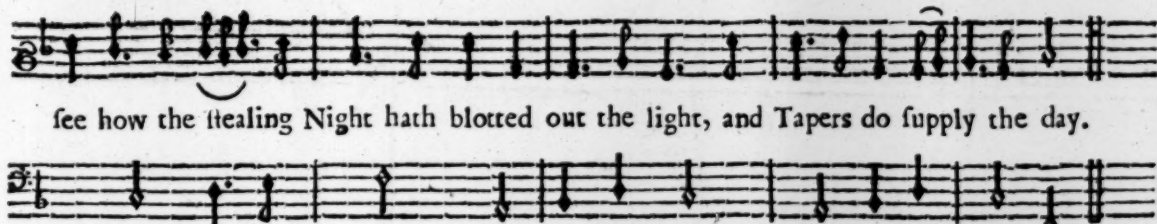
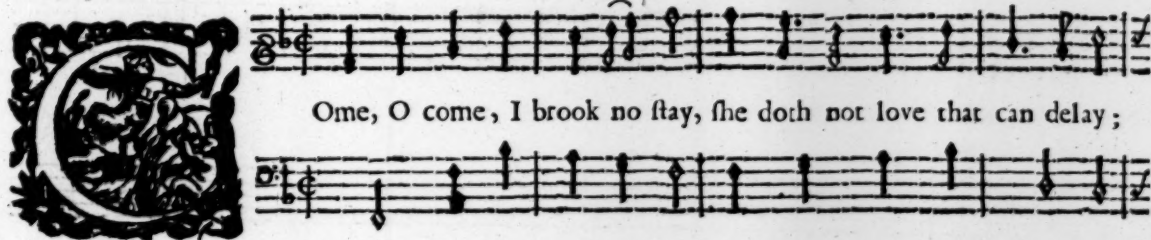
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I'll tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

Beauty and Love at ods.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind;
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
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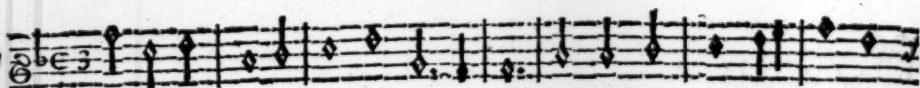
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So Beauty ever since hath bin
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To love a day is now a sin
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Love admits no Delay.

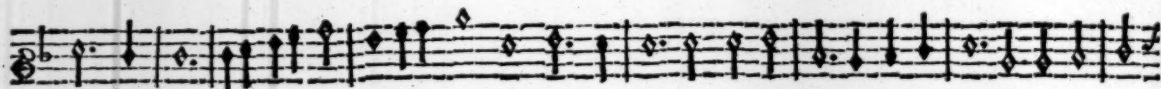
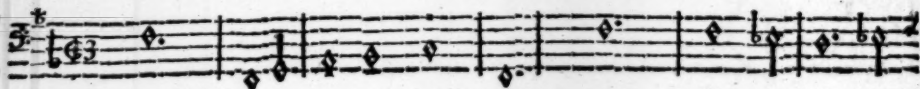
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Desires do write us green;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

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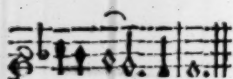
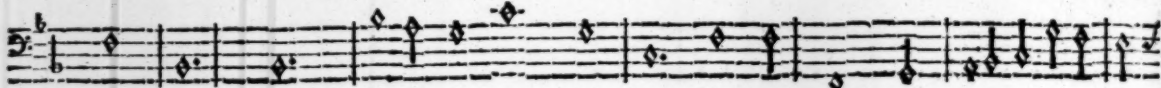
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IRREGULAR

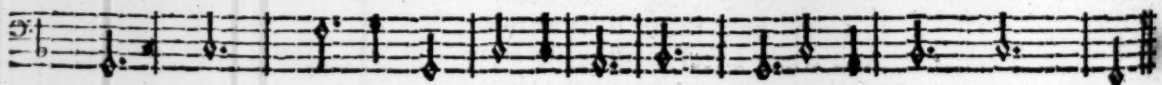
PAGINATION



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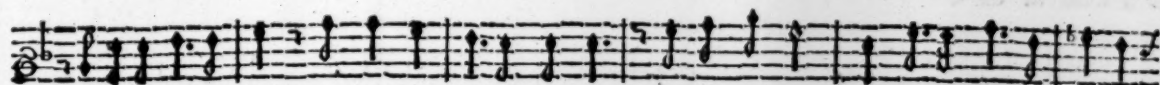
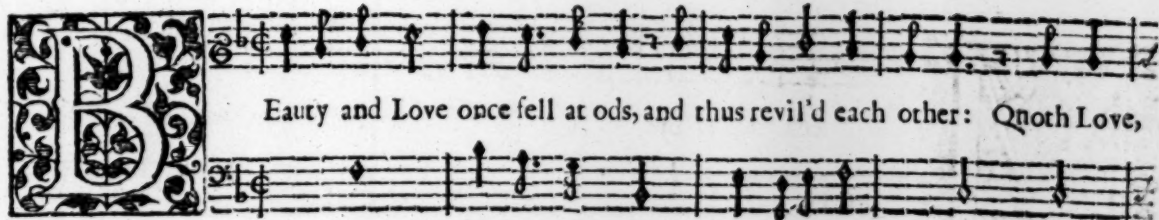


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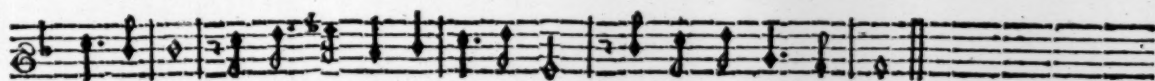
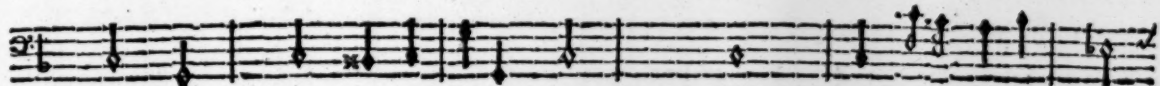


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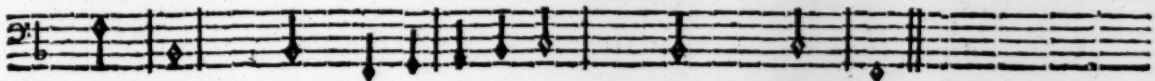
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Beauty and Love at ods.

I am one of the gods, and you wait on my mother; thou hast no pow'r ore man at all, but what I



gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

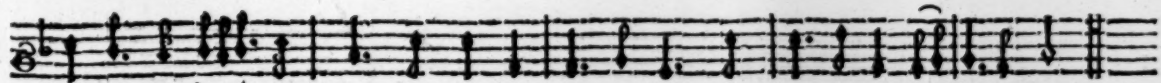


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Love admits no Delay.

Ome, O come, I brook no stay, she doth not love that can delay;



see how the stealing Night hath blotted out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.

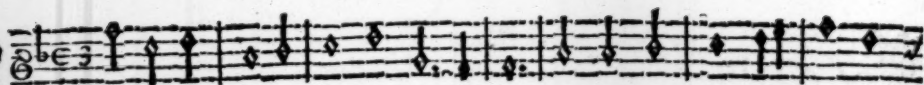


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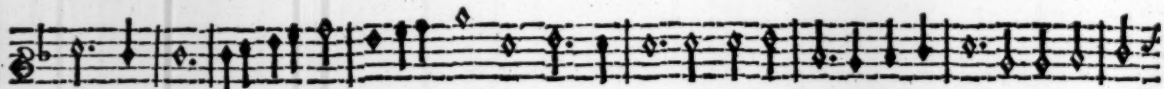
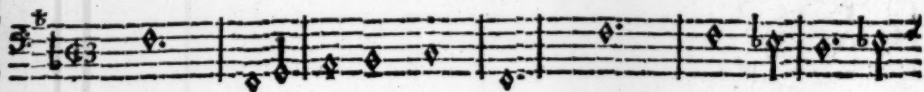
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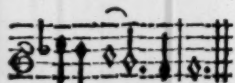
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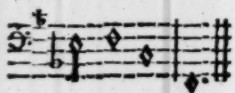
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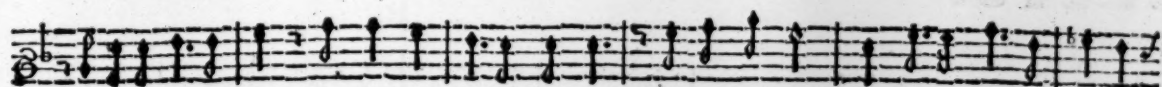
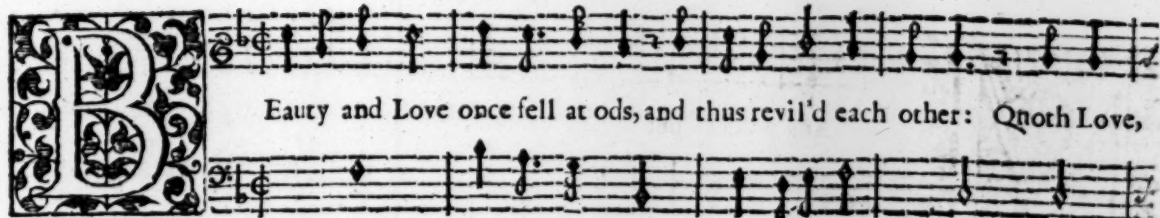


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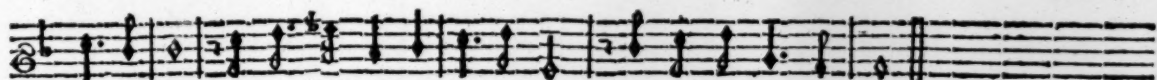
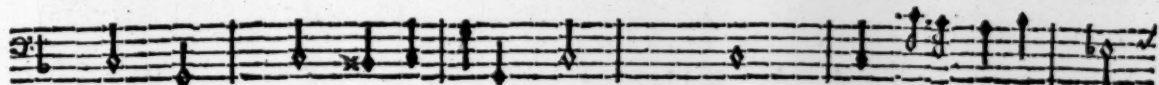


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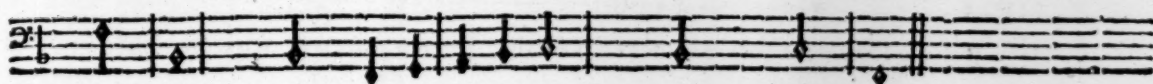
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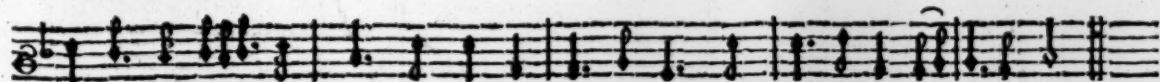
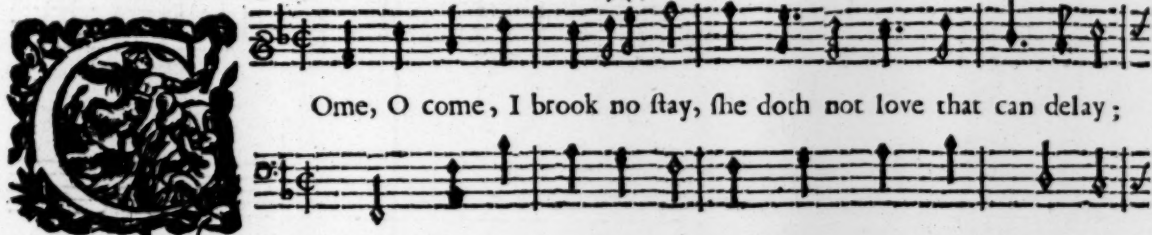


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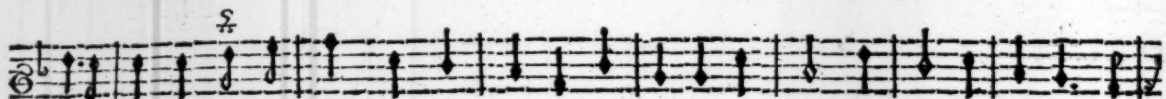
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The Anglers Song.

For 2 Voc. Treble and Bass.



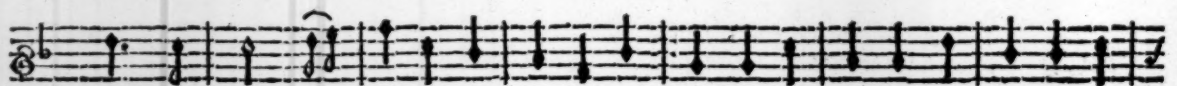
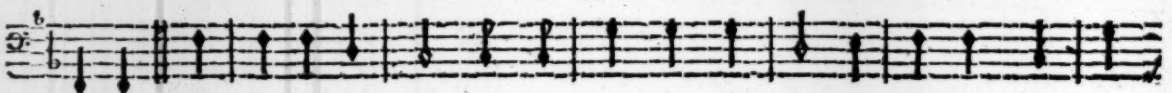
Ans Life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain and sorrow, and short



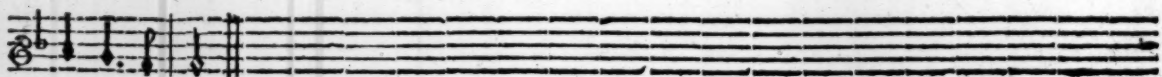
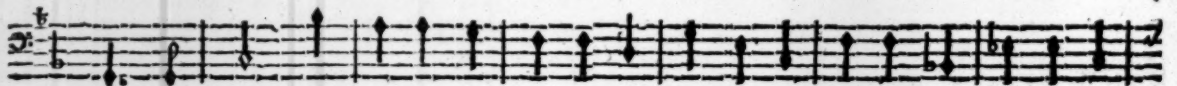
as a Bubble ; Tis a Hodg Podg of businesse, and Money and Care, and Care and Mony, and



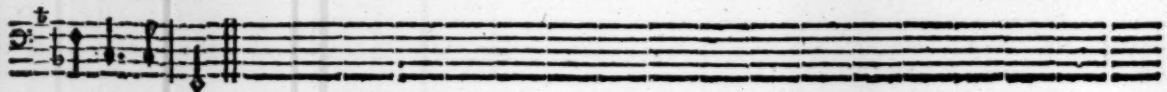
trouble. But we'll take no Care when the Weather proves Fair, nor will we Vex now

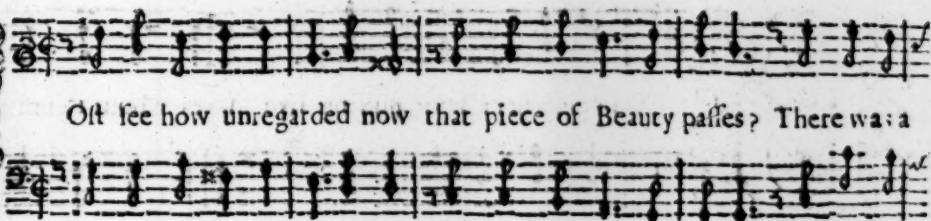


though it Rain; wee'll banish all Sorrow, and Sing till to morrow, and Angle and

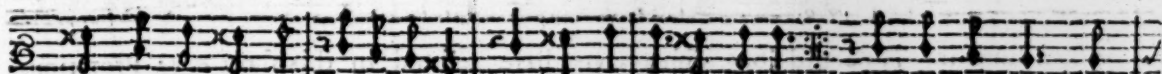


Angle again.

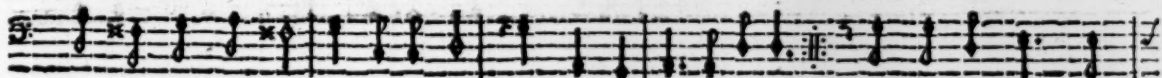
Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Attractive Beauty.

Oft see how unregarded now that piece of Beauty passes? There was a



time when I did vow to that alone, but mark the fate of Faces; That Red and White works



now no more on me, than if it could not charm, or I not see.

Mr. John Goodgroome.



II.

And yet the Face continues good,
And I have still desires;
Am still the self-same Flesh and Blood,
As apt to melt, and suffer for those fires:
Oh some kind power unriddle where it lyes,
Whether my Heart be faultie or her Eyes.

III.

She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often dye;
Neither her Power then, nor my Will
Can question'd be, what is the Myserie?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods set, and Hidden Fates.

R

Power of Love.

Rightest, since your pitying Eye saves whom it once condemn'd to die,

whom lingering Time did long dismay, you have reliev'd in this short day: Propitious

gods themselves can do no more; slow to Destroy, but active to restore.

From your Fair, but absent Look,
Cold Death her Pale Artillery took;
Till Gentle Love that Dart suppress'd,
And Lodg'd a Milder in your brest;
Like Fam'd *Acchillis* mytick spear, thus you
Both scatter Wounds, and scatter Balsame too.

Mr. J. Goodgroome.

The Jovial Begger.

From Hunger and Cold who liveth more free, and who so richly

choated as we? Our Bellies are full, and our Flesh it is Warm, and against Pride our Rags is

a Charm: Enough is a Feast to Morrow, Let rich men take care, we feel no So row.

A Protest against Love.

O, no, I never was in Love, nor ever hope to be; I have an Art pro-

fects my Heart from that fond Lu-na-cie. And yet I know that I have seen a world of

Taking Faces; and spent much time in finding out their several hidden Graces.

Mr. H. Lawes.

This Lady for her pretty Shape
I often have admir'd:
That for her Fancy and her Wit;
I sometimes have desir'd.
But yet I never was in Love,
Nor ever hope to be:
Unless some Stronger Influence
Do draw my heart to thee.

The Excellency of Wine.

Is Wine that inspires, and quencheth Love's fires, teaches fools how to rule a

State; Maids ne'r did approve it, because those that love it, despise and laugh at their hate.

The Drinkers of Beer,
Did ne'r yet appear,
In matters of any Weight;
'Tis he whose designe,
Is quickn'd by Wine,
That raises things to their height,

We then should it prize, Mr. H. Lawes.
For never black-Eyes
Made Wounds which this could not heal,
Who then doth refuse
To drink of this Juyce,
Is a Foe to the Common-Weal.

An Italian Ayre.



Ittoria vittoria vittoria victori il miscore non Lagrimar pin non Lagri-

mar fin e' s'cola d'amore la servi--tu victoria victoria il mi core non Lagrimar pin e scol-ta da-

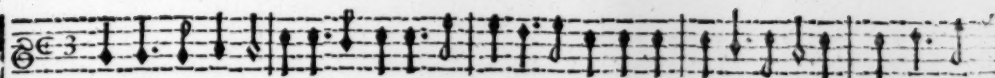
-mo-re la servitu e' s'col- - - - - in d' amore la servitu:

Gia L'empioa tuoi danni fra stuoli disguardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di- spo-ve glin ganne le

forde gl' affanno non hanno piu lma-----co dil Crudo su o fero expect lar-- de-ve.

An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.

CANTUS.



On bel se gella de se cretizza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se

BASSUS.



On bel se gella de se cretizza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



firma de li-ber-diti e ————— de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



firma de li-ber-diti e

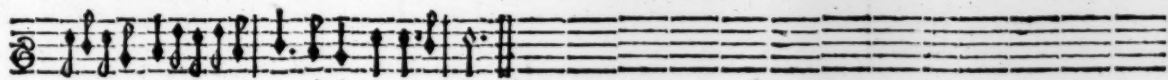
de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



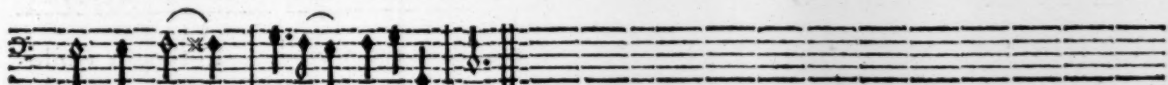
ta-ce e Jo--ve del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re senza



ta-ce e Jo--ve del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re senza



----- crezza da mo--re.



----- crezza da mo--re.

Here endeth the A Y R E S for One or two Voyces
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.



SECOND BOOK:
CONTAINING
DIALOGUES
For TWO VOYCES:
To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

A Dialogue betwixt Phillis and Clorillo.

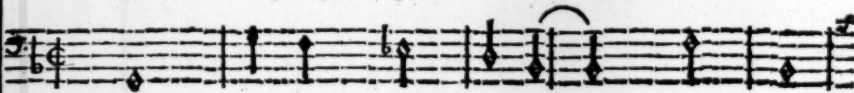
A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.



Phillis.



Prethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell?



Clorillo.



Firſt, let me have a kiſs of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while



Phillis.

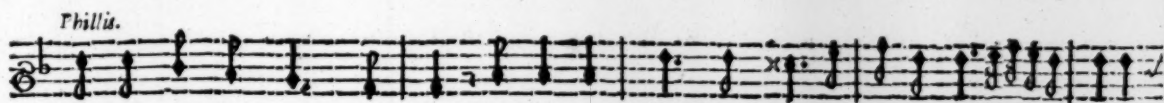
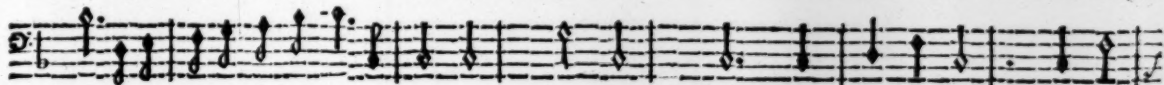


but to my little flock will look, thou ſhalt have this imbroidred ſkrip and ſilver hook.

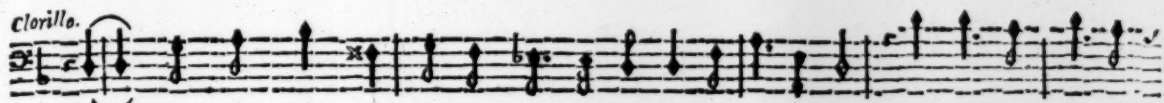




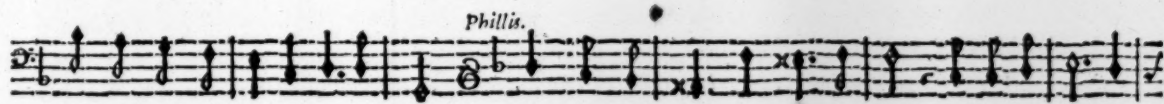
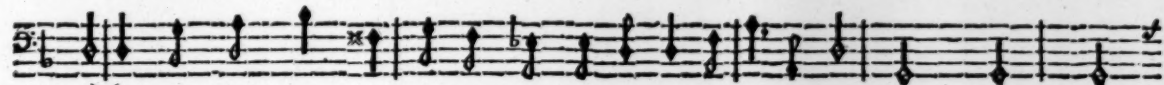
No other favour or reward I crave, but one poor kisse. A kisse thou must not have. And why?



Such enticements Maids must fly: this Garland thou shalt have of Roses and of Lil-lies.



Nor Skrip, nor Hook, nor Garland sweetest *Phillis*, do I require, to kisse thy fresh and



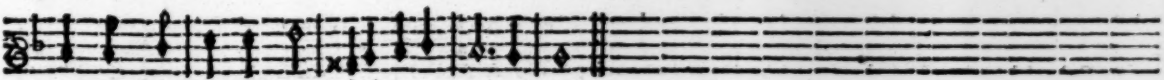
Ro-sie lip is onely my desire. Take then a kisse, and let me goe, till I return thy



care upon my flocks beflow. Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire



Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire



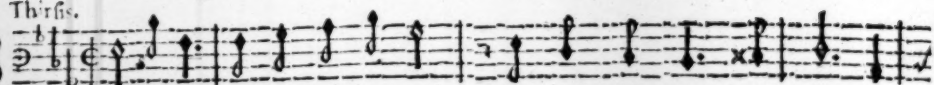
as much a-nother give, as to it self require.



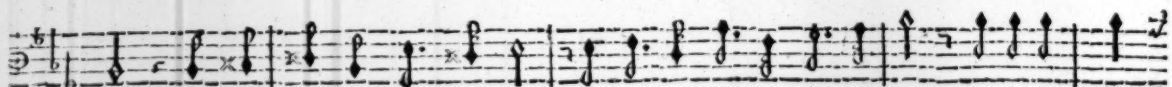
as much a-nother give, as to it self require.

A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirsis.

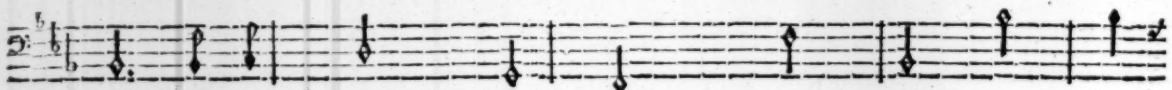
For Bass and Treble. Thirsis.



Ear Silvia, let thy Thirsis know what 'tis that makes those tears o're-



flow. Are the Kids that us'd to play and skip so nimbly gon astray? Are *Cloris* flowers



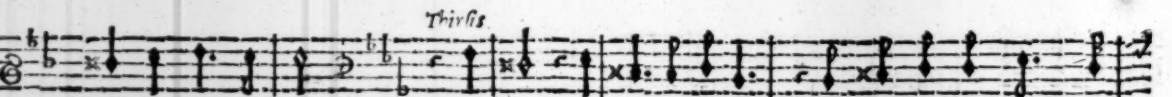
more fresh and green? Or is some other Nymph made Queen? Thirsis. do'st thou



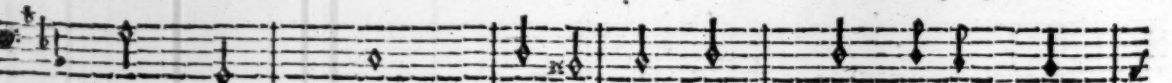
think that I can grieve for this, when thou art by? What is it then? My father



bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but *Coridons*, and wear none but his

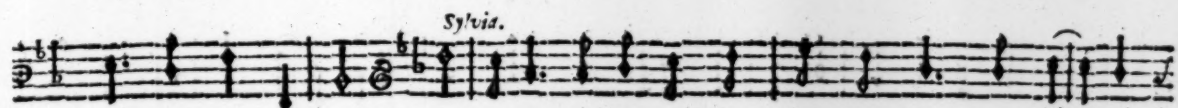


Garlands on my haire. Why so? Why so my Silvia? Will he keep thy flocks more





safe when thou dost sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise, when chanted



with his round delays? No *Thirsis*, I my flocks must joyn with his, 'cause they are

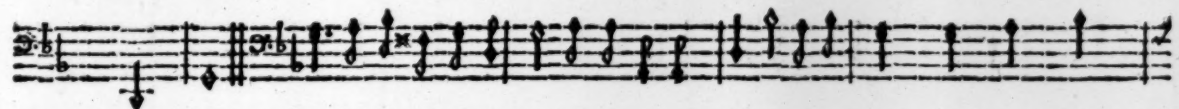


Chorus.



more then thine.

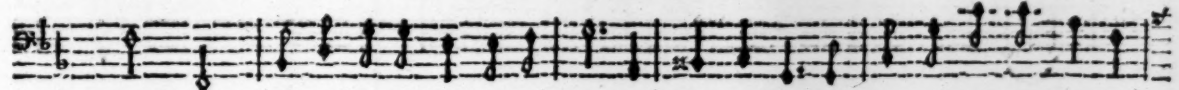
Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their



Fathers cruell as the rocks, cruell as the rocks, joyn not their children, but their



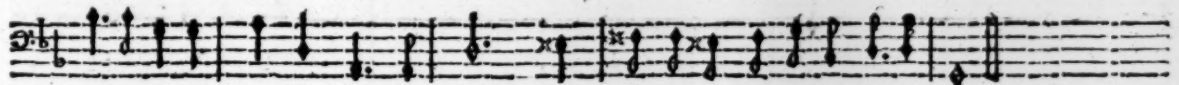
flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*



flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls, *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen* calls, and



calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.



Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Coleman.



A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Lucinda.

Shepherd. *Lucinda.*

DId not you once *Lucinda* vow, you would love none but me? I,

Shep.

but my mother tels me now I must love wealth, not thee. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are

Luc.

lean, or that they are so few. Not mine, I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you.

Shep. *Luc.*

Cruell, cruell thy love is in thy power, fortune is not in mine. But Shepherd, think how

Shep. *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

great my dower is in respect of thine. Ah me! ah me! Ah me! Mock you my grief? I

Shep.

pit-ty thy hard fate. Pity, for Love is poor relief, is poor relief, is poor relief, I'd

Luc. *Shep.* *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*
 rather chuse thy hate. But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee. No. Believe,

No. Believe. No. I'll seal it with a kiss, and give thee no more cause to grieve then

Shep. *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*
 what thou findest in this: I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findest in this.

6 43 6 6 65 34 43
 what thou findest in this: I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findest in this.

Chorus.
 Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

6 43 6 6 65 34 43
 Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

6 43 6 6 65 34 43
 truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

6 6 6 6 6 6
 truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.


wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

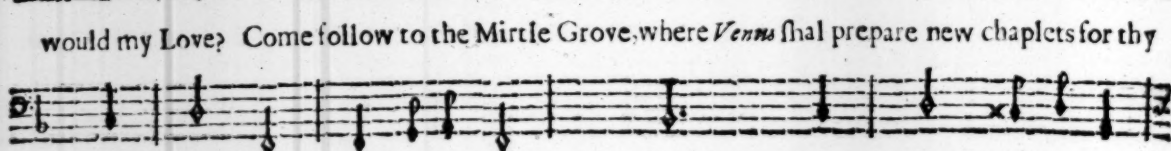
wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.

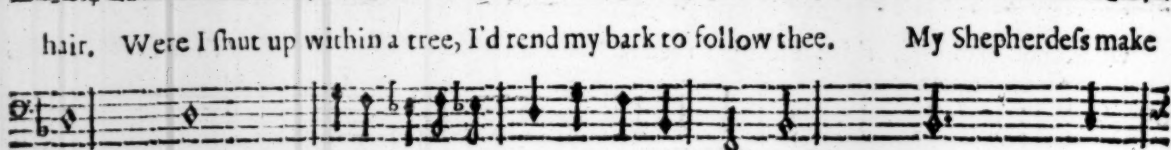
Strephon.  Ome my *Daphne*, come away, we do waste the cristal day. 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what



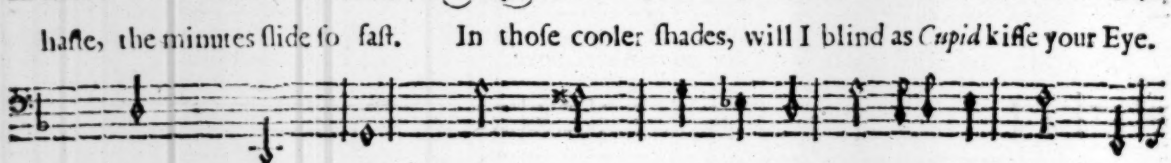
Strephon. would my Love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* shal prepare new chaplets for thy



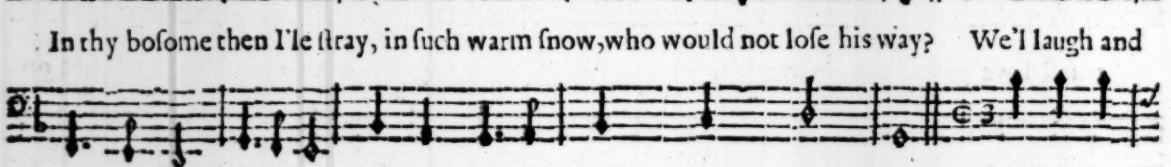
Daphne. hair. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. *Strephon.* My Shepherdess make



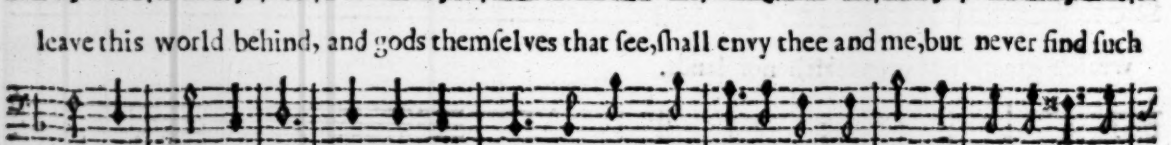
Daphne. haste, the minutes slide so fast. In those cooler shades, will I blind as *Cupid* kisse your Eye.



Strephon. In thy bosome then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? *Chorus.* We'll laugh and

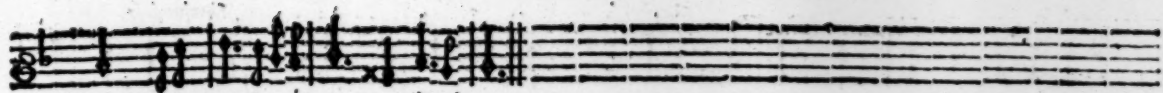


We'll laugh and



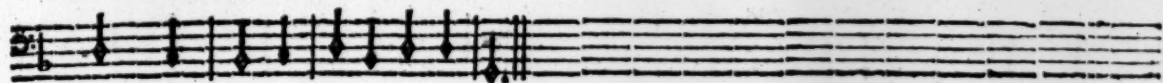
leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such





joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

Mr. William Laves.



joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherdes.

Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*

FOrbear fond Swain, I cannot love. I prethee fair one, tell me why

Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*

thou art so cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy sheep whilst

Shepherdes.

thou shalt play; Delight shall make each Moneth a May. Those pleasant are unthrifty hours.

Shepherd.

Thou shalt have the choycest flowers, wax and Hony, milk & wool, of ripest fruits thy belly full.

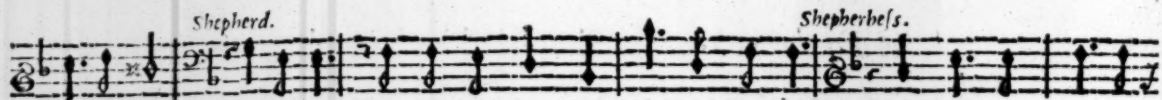
Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*

My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not so, but let them undistinguisht go.

vert. fol.



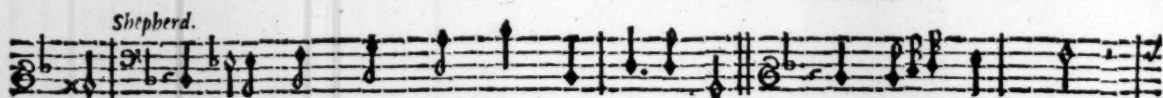
I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



grant a kiss. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



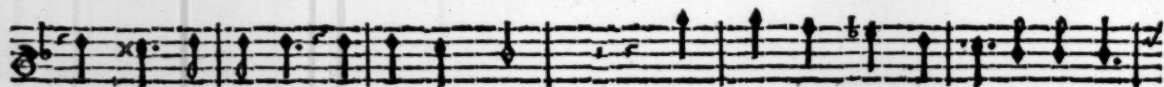
Chorus.



fill. I shall, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



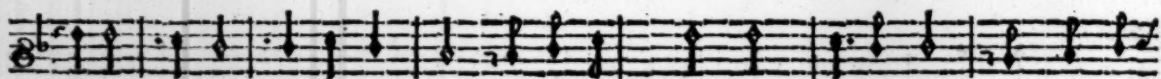
Then draw we



our flocks up hither, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together.



both our flocks up hither, That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



Amidst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blameless as our sheep, our selves as



Amidst our chaste imbraces meet, Our selves as blameless as our sheep,



blameless as our sheep.



Our selves as blameless as our sheep.

Mr. William Cesar. alias Smuggergill.

A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.

Nymph. *Shepherd.* *Nymph.*

Tell me *Shepherd* dost thou Love? Tell me *Nymph* why wouldst thou know? Thy wandering

Flocks that without guide doth Rove thy blubbe'd Eyes, that still with teares doth flow, makes me to ask.

Shep. *Nymph.* *Shep.*

I do. Dear *Shepherd* tell me who? I Love a *Nymph*, from whose bright Eyes *Phæbe* doth her brightness borrow,

Chorus together.

where Love did first my heart surprize, where since hath sate my sorrow. Love sits in thorn'd within the circle of bright

Love sits in thorn'd within the circle of bright

Nymph. *Shep.*

Eyes. But tell me *Shepherd*, doth her Vertues Beauty equal? As She in Beauty doth all else excel, so are her Vertues

Eyes. *Nymph.* *Shep.* *Nymph.* *Shep.*


without parallel; Doth She disdain thee? No. Why griev'st thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the

Chorus.

gods, not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

gods not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.

Phillis.  Hephred in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away. *Phillis, I swear, since*

Phillis. I have caught thee now, upon thy rose lips I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by force

Strephon. constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. *Phillis.* I prethee *Strephon* leave me. Dear *Phillis,*

Phillis. leave to condemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend. Vain is all defence


Phillis. and art. *Chorus.* Cruel, cruel, thou dost of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,

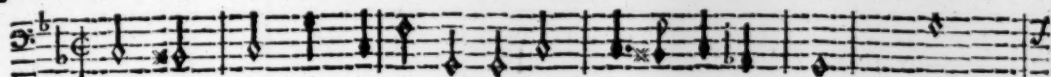
Since I have thee e're I part, I'll smother
I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand such as this is.
thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, & such as this is.

Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis. And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.

Thus Strepon bold laid down his lovely Phillis, And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.
Mr. Nich, Laneare.

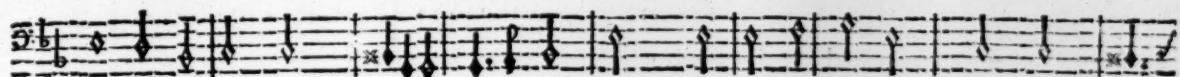
A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.

Venus.  *Vulcan, Vulcan, O Vulcan, my Love! Who calls: Who names me here, 'mongst flames? Sweet, hear my*



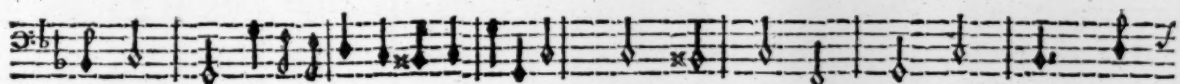
Vulcan. *Venus.*

plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displease? A-las, forlorn *Cupid!* my wayward Son doth scorn

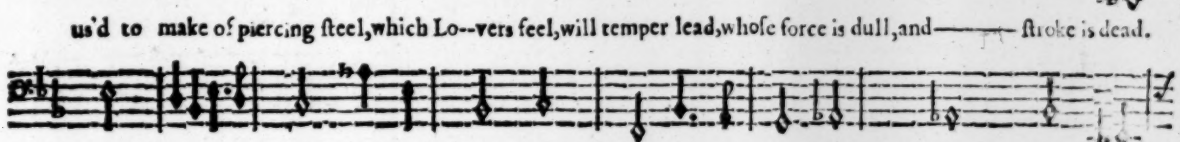


Vulcan.

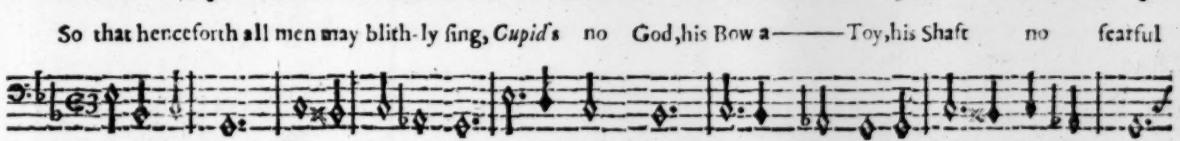
Loves just decree, my awfull heft and heavenly De-i-rie. Is he so bold? well, for thy sake, I that his Arrows heads have



us'd to make of piercing steel, which Lo--vers feel, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and ——— stroke is dead.

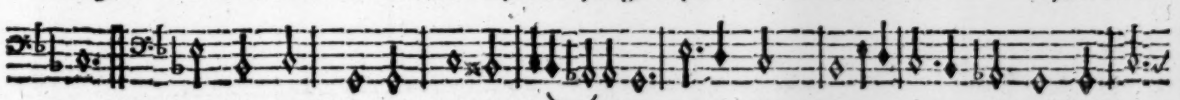


So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shaft no fearful

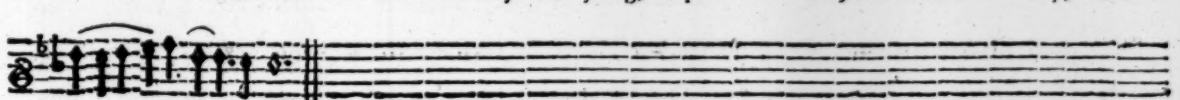


Chorus.

thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shafts

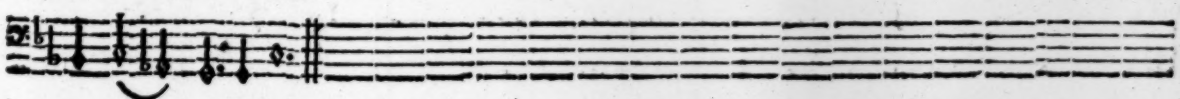


So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shafts




no ——— fearful thing.

Mr. William Lawes.

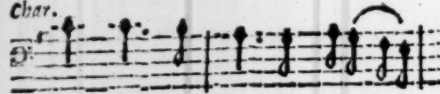
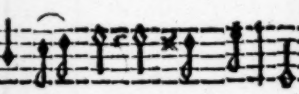
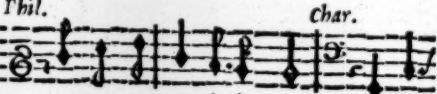


no fearful thing.

A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.

Phil.

Charon. O gentle *Charon*! let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me.



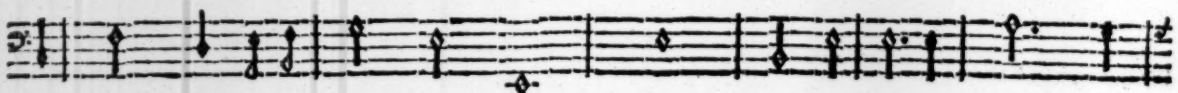
Char.  *Phil.*  *Char.* 

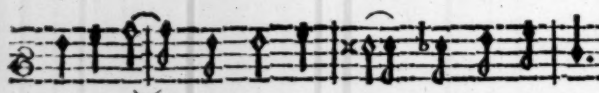
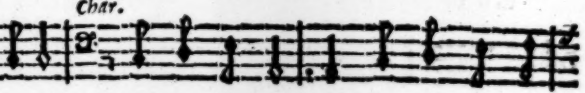
What voice so sweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art? I prethee first draw near. A sound



Phil.  *Phil.* 

I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no



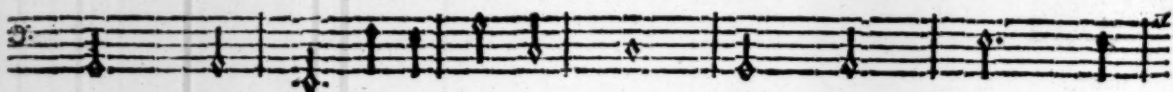
Char.  *Char.* 

name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I waite, nor fish, nor



Phil.  *Char.* 

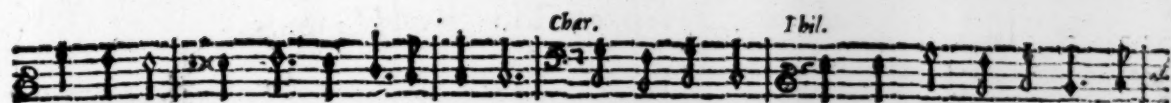
fowl, nor beatt, Fond thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy warbling note, that



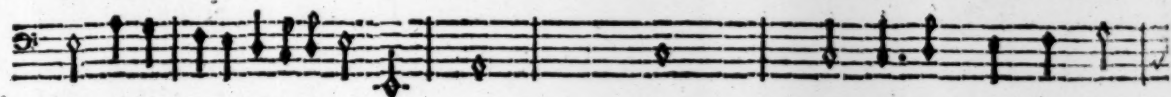
Phil.  *Phil.* 

made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat, but Ile return: what mischief brought thee hither? A

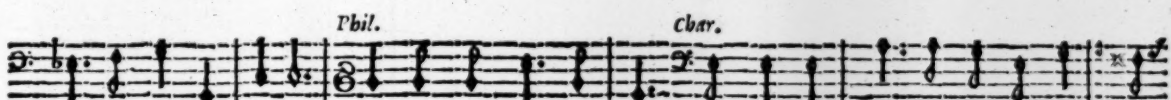
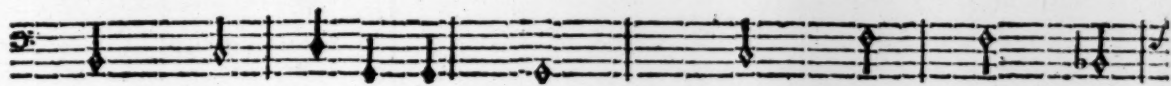




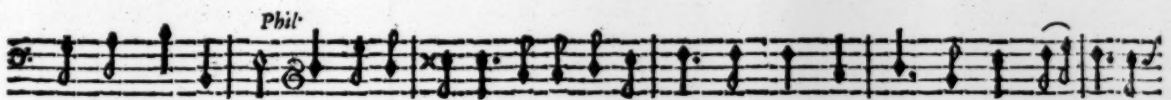
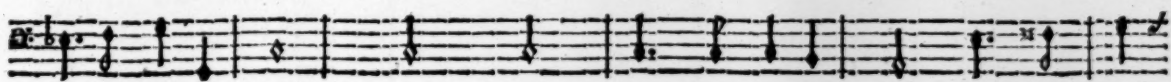
deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that



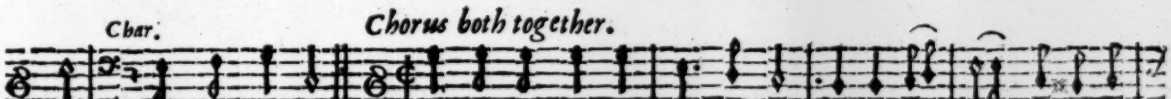
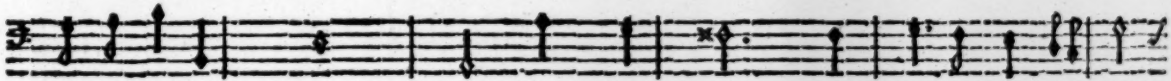
fed my life, I follow her in death. And's that all I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of love, all



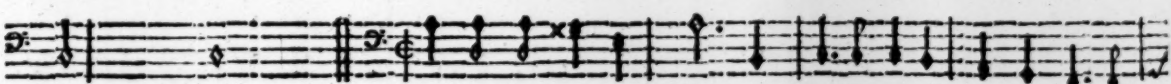
pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails, or



mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in a



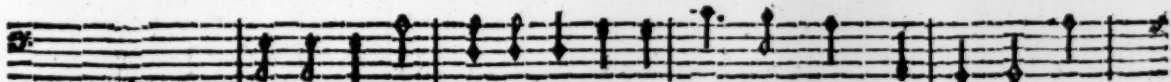
Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathful passage o'er the Stygian



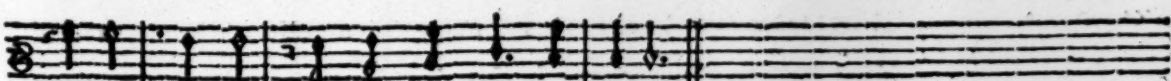
And all the while we make our sloathful passage o'er the Stygian



Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry;



Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry; who



who else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

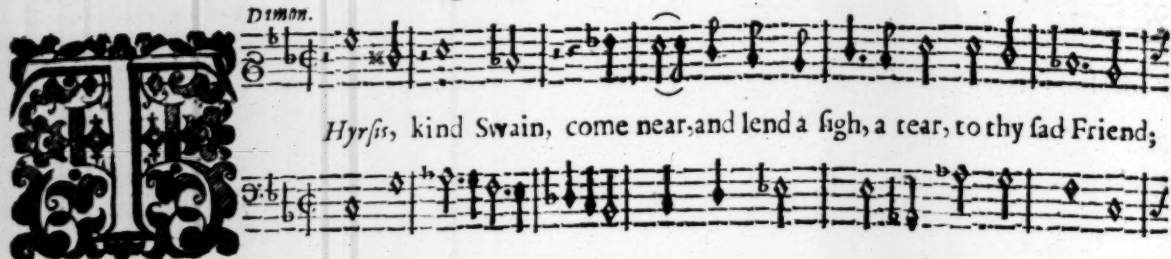
Mr. William Lawes;



else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

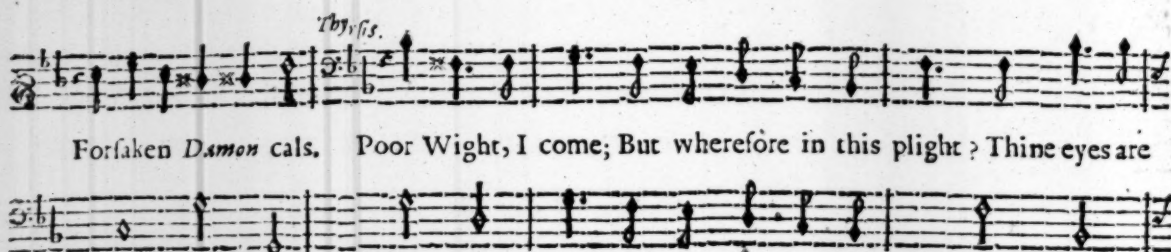
A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.

Damon.



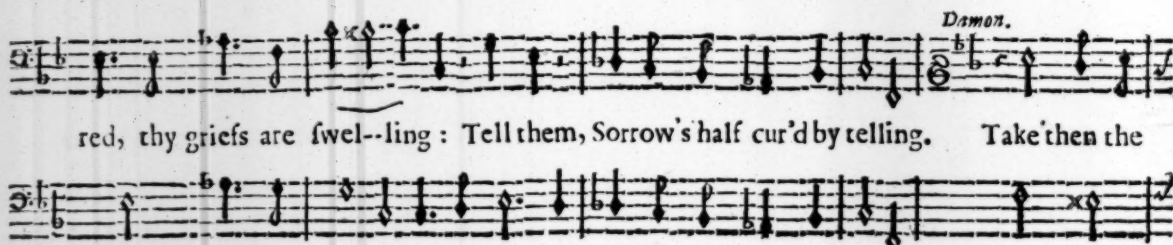
Thyrsis, kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;

Thyrsis.



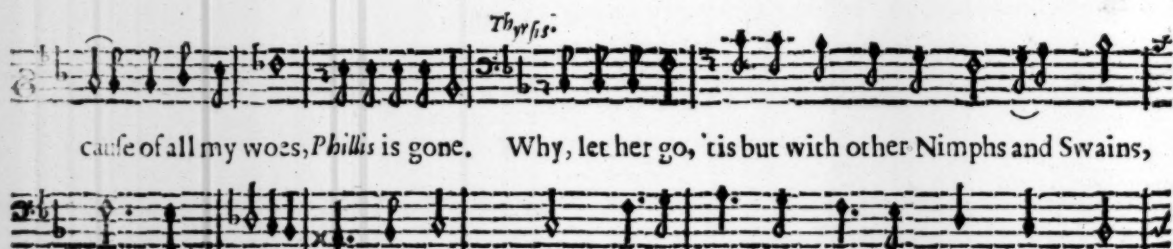
Forfaken *Damon* cals. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are

Damon.

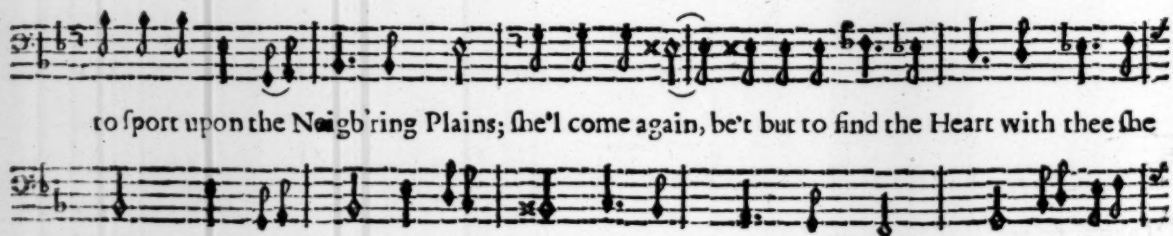


red, thy griefs are swell--ling: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the

Thyrsis.

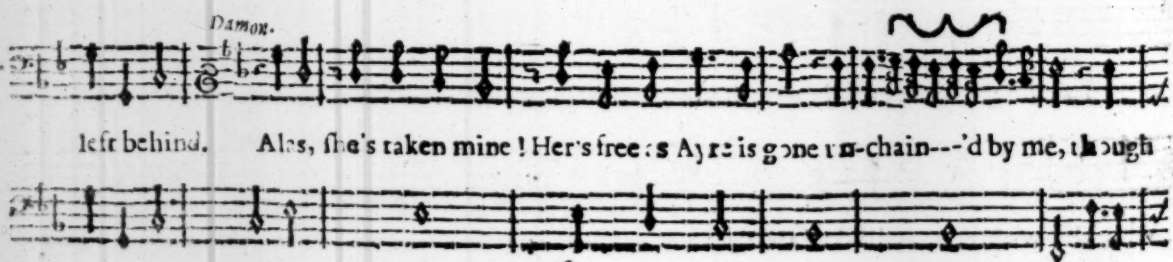


cause of all my woes, *Phyllis* is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,

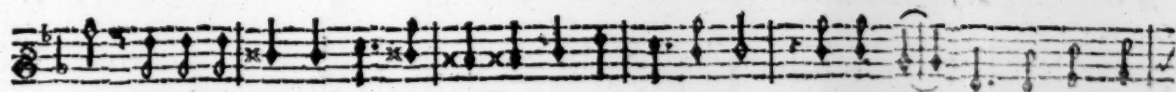


to sport upon the Neighb'ring Plains; she'l come again, be't but to find the Heart with thee she

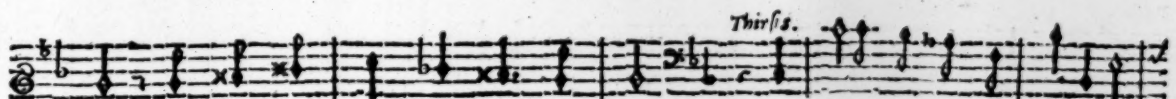
Damon.



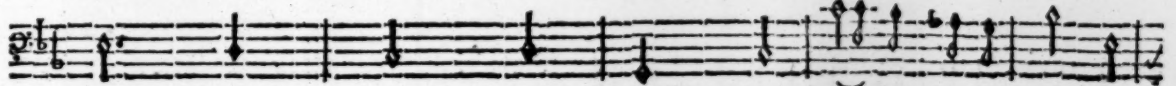
left behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free: s Ayre is gone un-chain--'d by me, though



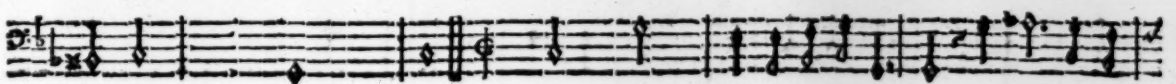
I with such devotion sought her love, as to great Pan I ought, whilst my pale look and scatter'd



sheep show'd I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chere up, and tightly by her set.



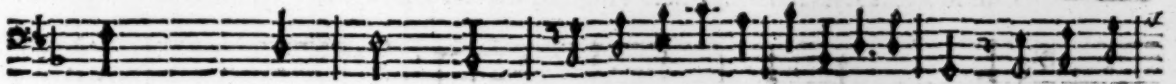
He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unties,



Love is a Riddle, which he best un-



whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not



ties, whose reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whose reason's

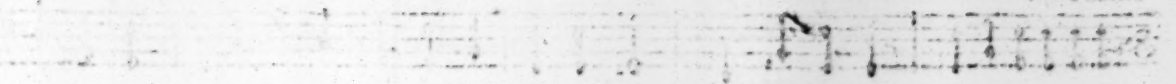


betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.



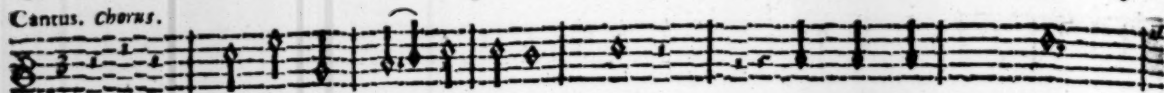
not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.

Mr. William Casar, alias Smegergil.



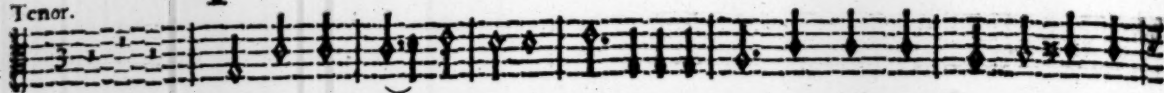
A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.

Cantus. Chorus.



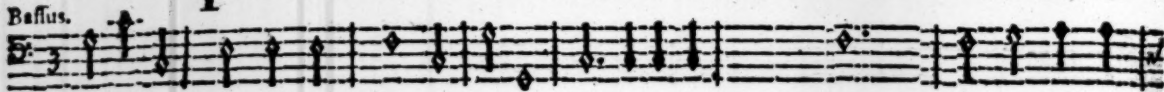
TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine and mirth

Tenor.

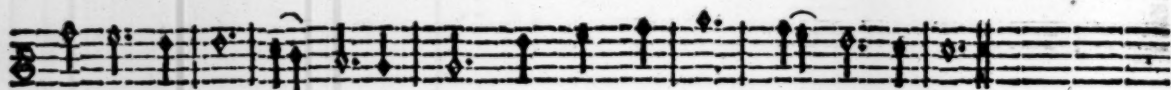


TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth with ♯ we'll conjure

Bassus.



TO Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth we'll conjure



we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

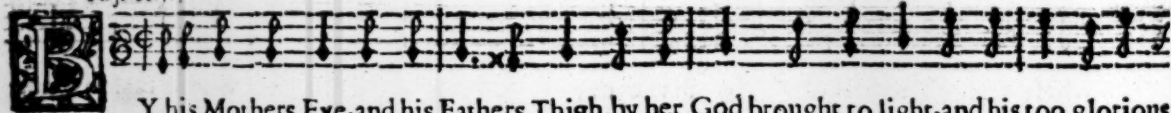


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

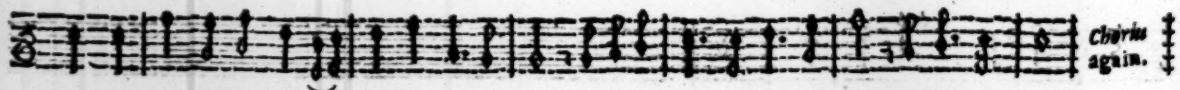


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

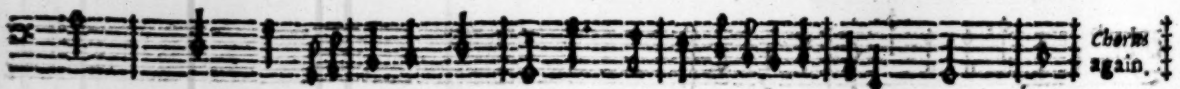
First verse.



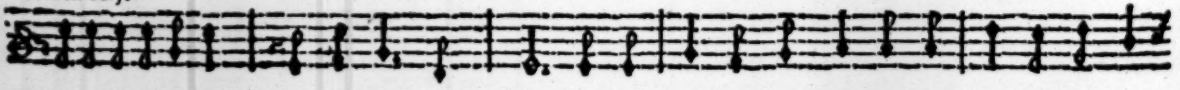
BY his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



light; By Junoes deceit, and by thy sad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



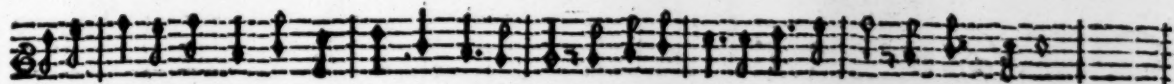
Second verse.



BY Ariadnes wrongs, and the false youths harms, by the Rock in his breast, and her tears sore oppress,



A Glee with Chorus for three voices to be sung to every verse.



By the Beauty she fled and the Pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



Third verse.



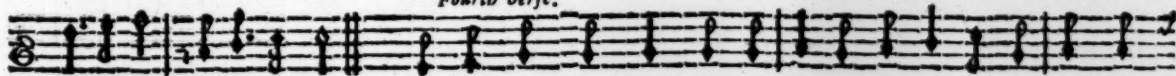
BY this purple Wine thus pour'd on the shrine; and by this Beer glasse to the next kind Lads; by a



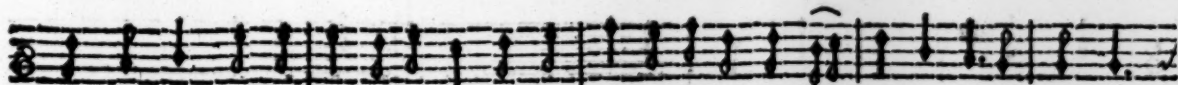
Girl twice nine, that will claspe like a Vine, that will claspe thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



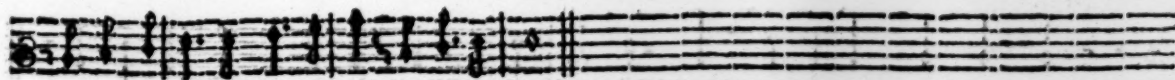
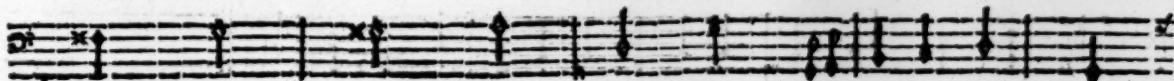
Fourth verse.



pear, appear, in Bottles here. **B**Y the men thou'lt won, and the women undone; By the friendship



thou hast made, and the secrets betray'd; By the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow.



appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles Beer.

To Bacchus, &c.



A Glee to the Cook.

A. 3. Voc. First Treble.



Ring out the cold Chine, the cold Chine to mee, and how Ile Charge him

Bass alone.

Come and see. Brawn Tusked Brawn, well sowst and fine, with a precious Cup of Muscadine.

Chorus for three Voices.

How shall I sing?

How shall I sing?

How shall I sing?

How shall I sing?

How shall I sing? How shall I sing?

How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

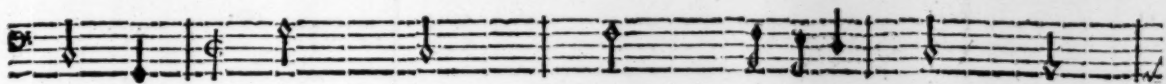
How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

First Treble.

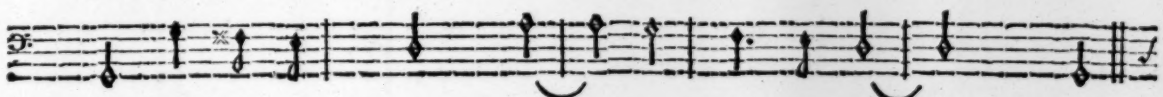
The Pig shall turn Round, and Answer mee; Canst thou spare me a Sholder?

*Second Treble.**First Treble.*

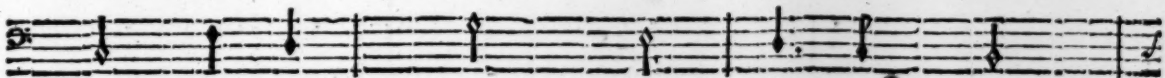
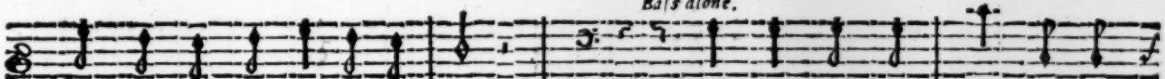
A-wy A--wy. The Duck, Goose, and Capon: Good fellows all three shall dance thee an



Antick, so shall the Turkey. But O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine for me.

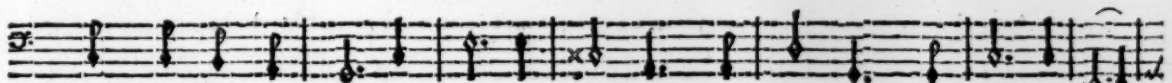
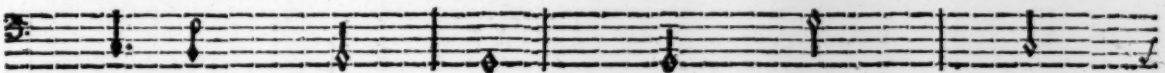
*Second Treble.*

With Brew-is He 'noint thee from Head to th' Heel, shall make thee Run

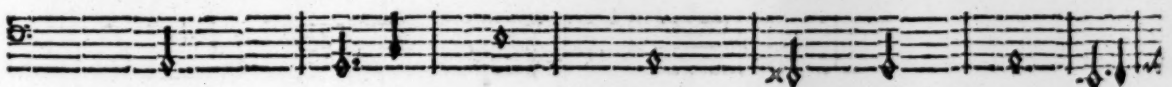
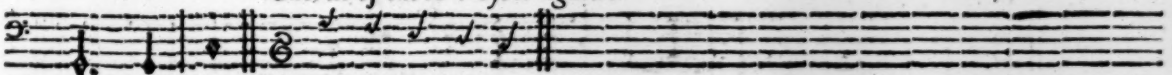
*Bass alone.*

Nimble then the new oyled Wheel.

With Pye-crust wee'l make thee the

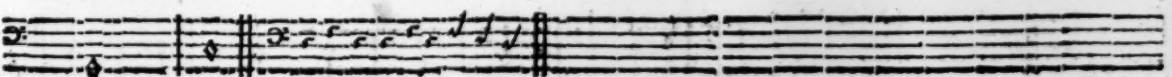


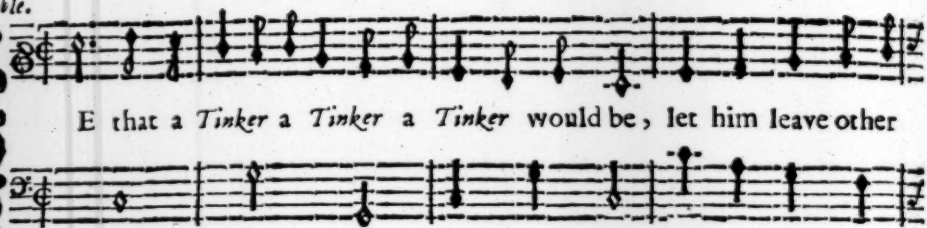
Eighth Wiseman to bee; but O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine, but O! the cold

*Chorus of three Voices again.*

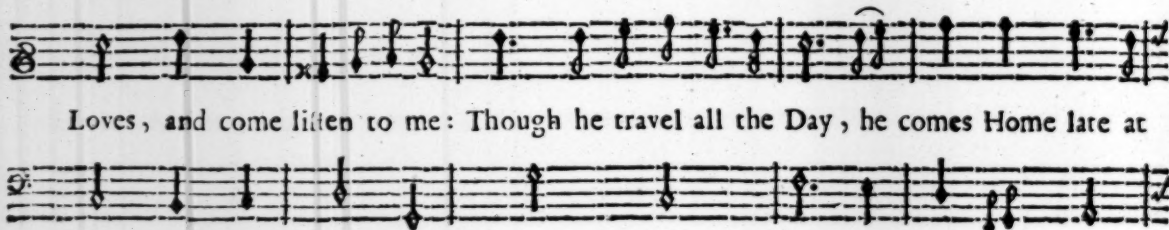
Chine for mee. How shall, &c.

Dr. John Wilson

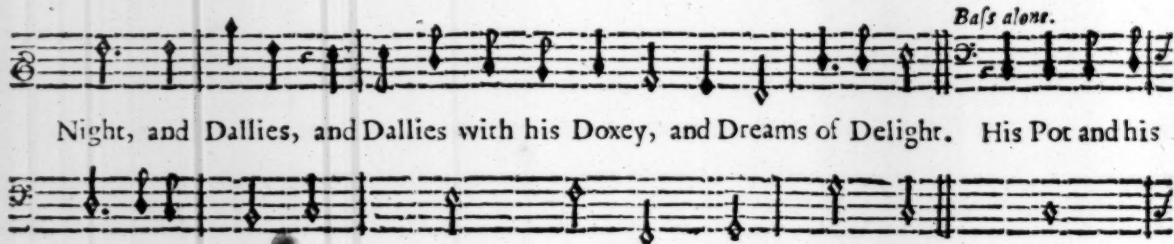


*The Tinker.**A 2 Voc. Bass and Treble.*

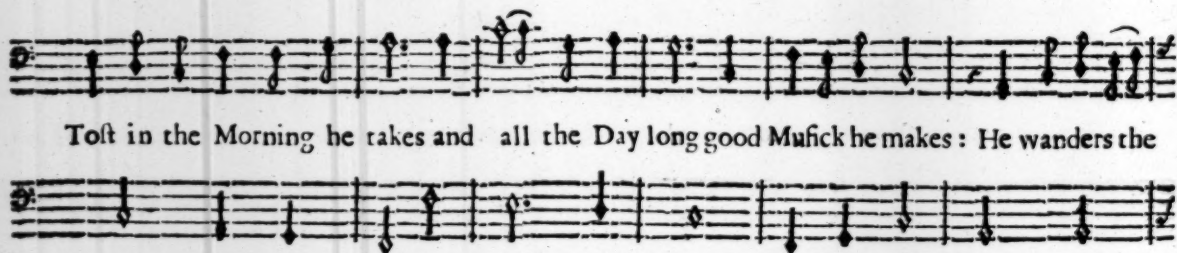
E that a *Tinker* a *Tinker* a *Tinker* would be, let him leave other



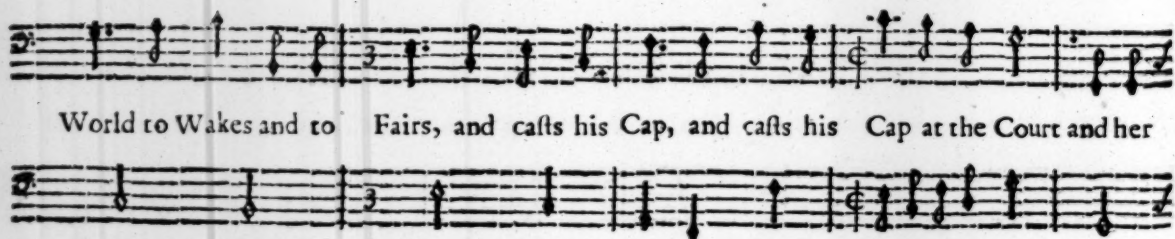
Loves, and come listen to me: Though he travel all the Day, he comes Home late at



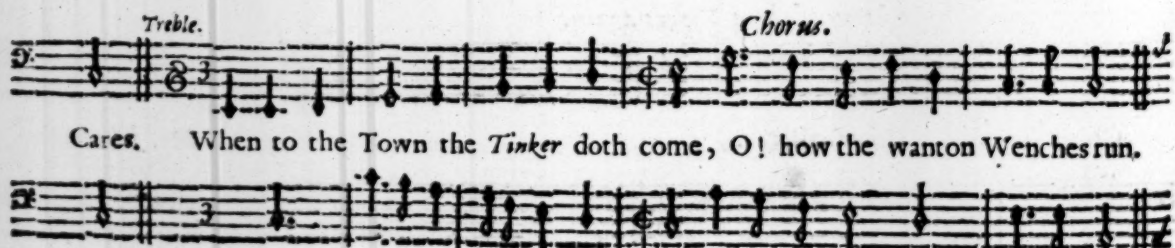
Night, and Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey, and Dreams of Delight. His Pot and his



Toft in the Morning he takes and all the Day long good Musick he makes: He wanders the



World to Wakes and to Fairs, and casts his Cap, and casts his Cap at the Court and her

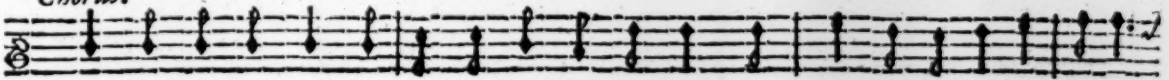


Cares. When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come, O! how the wanton Wenches run.

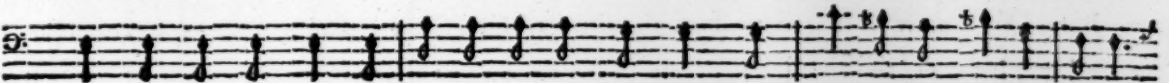
O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Bass alone.

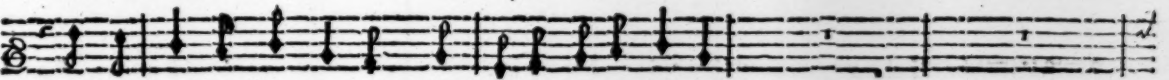
Some bring him bafons, some bring him boles; all Wenches pray him to stop up their holes.

*Chorus.*

Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle



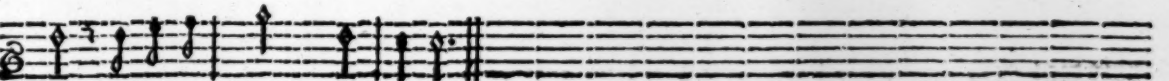
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle



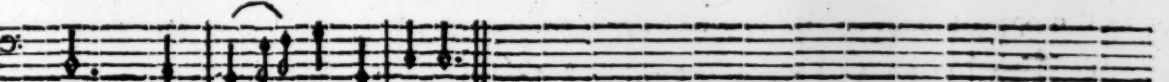
for the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*, the Merry Merry *Tinker*,



for the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*, the Merry Merry *Tinker*, O! he is the Man of Mettle,

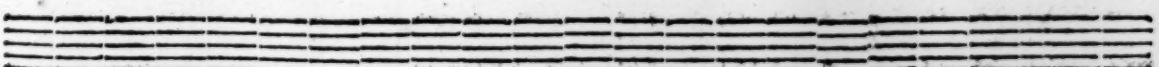
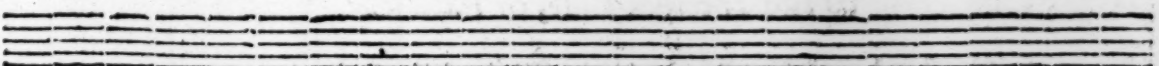
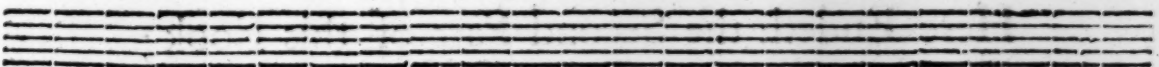


O! he is the Man of Mettle.



O! he is the Man of Mettle.

Dr. John Wilson.



*A Glee.**A. 2. Voc. Treble and Bass.*

Ly Boy, Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and

Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and



Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um.



Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um.



If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.

ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
 being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,
 to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



THIRD BOOK,

CONTAINING

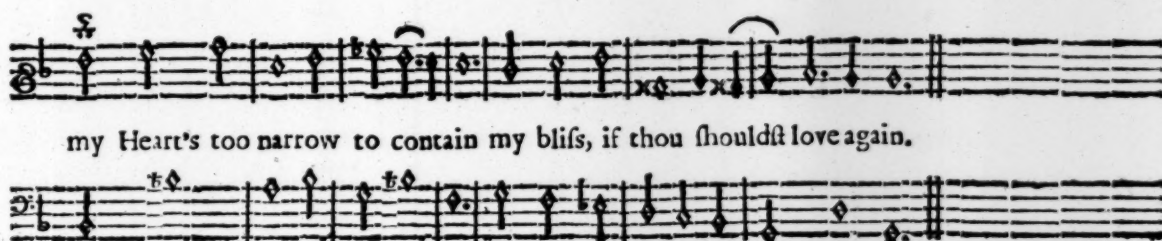
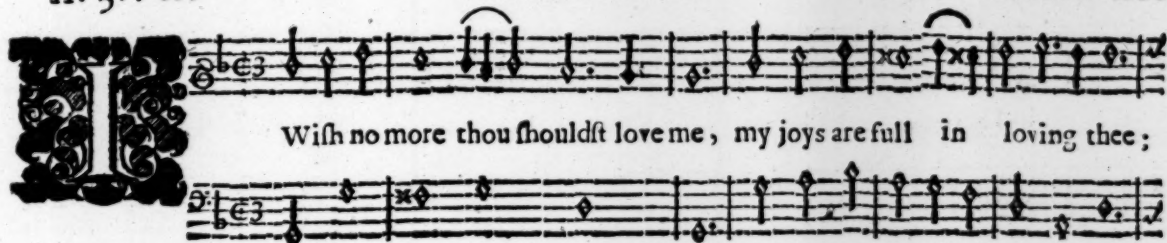
Short *AYRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.



A. 3. Voc.

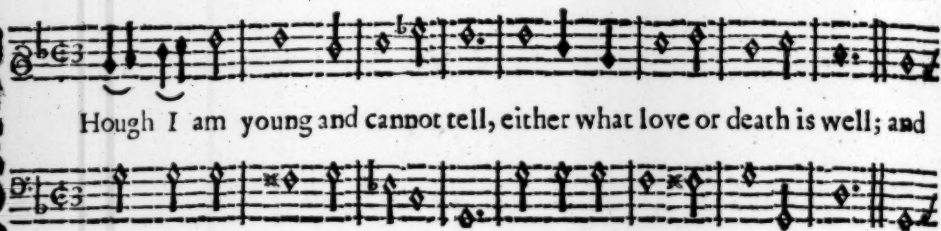
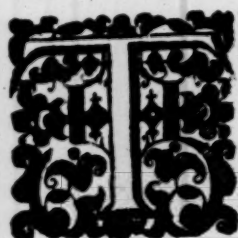
Bassus.



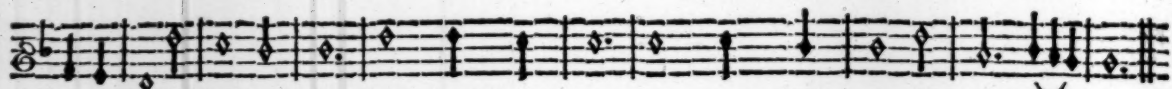
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.



Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and



then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

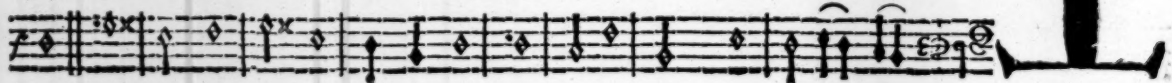


Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aime at humane hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.



Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and then again

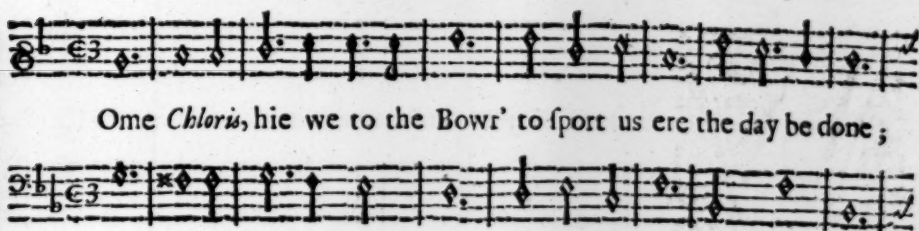
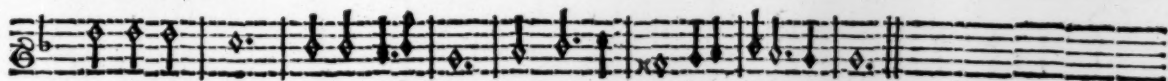


I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Ome *Chloris*, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done;

such is thy Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



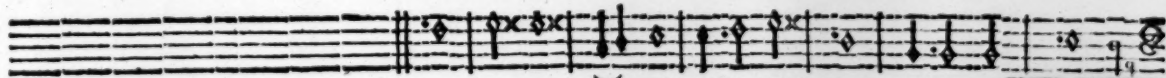
II.

III.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blatts, or mine Eyes rain,
Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will thrive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Pow'r that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

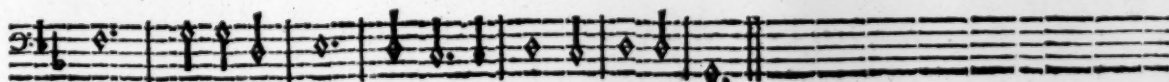
Ome *Chloris*, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

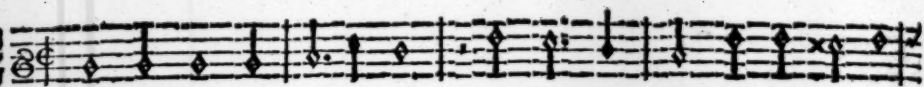
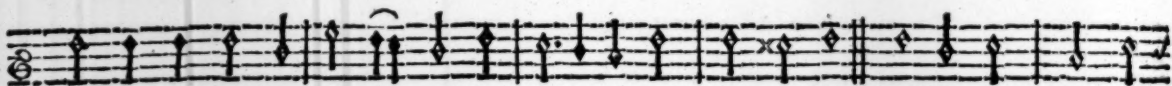
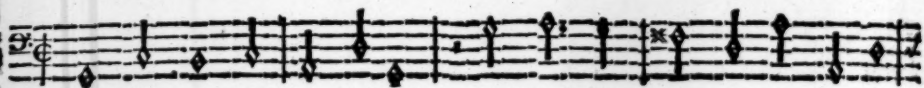
Ome *Chloris*, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

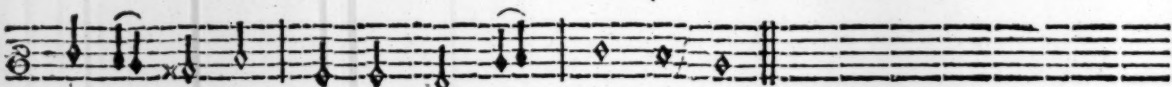
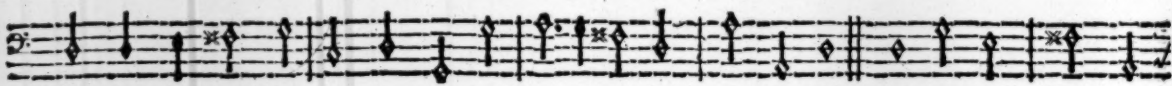
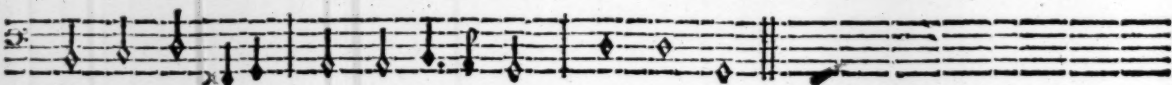
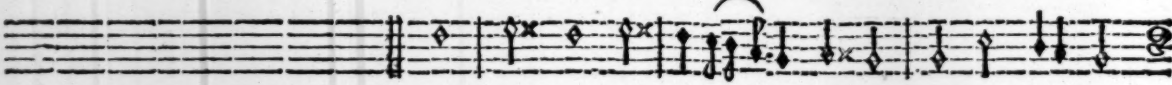
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,

yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town flood.were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town flood.

yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

were so good, and Corn now grow where *Troy* Town flood.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

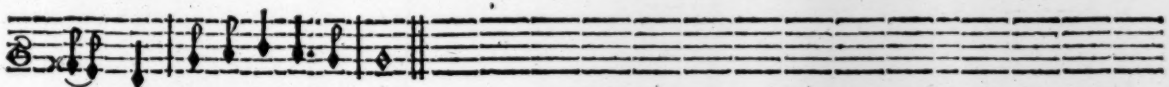
Dr. John Wilson.



Rom the fair *Lavi-ni-an* Shore, I your Markers come to store.
Mufe not though fo far I dwell, and my Wares come here to fell.



Such is the sacred hunger of Gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye



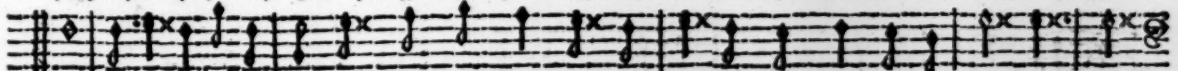
buy, for here it is to be fold.



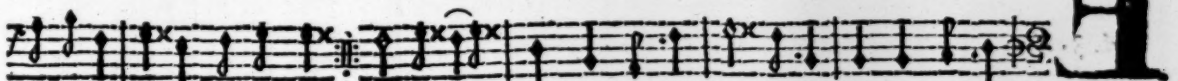
I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;
And what elfe thou would'ft request,
Even the Thing thou likeft beft.
Firft let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then come to me Lad
Thou fhalt have what thy Dad
Never gave, for here it is to be fold.

Maddam, come fee what you lack,
Here's Complexion in my Pack;
White and Red you may have in this place,
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;
Firft let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then thou fhalt feem
Like a Wench of Ffiteen,
Although thou be threefcore Years old.

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be fold.



Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markers come to store.
Mufe not though fo far I dwell and my wares come here to fell. Such is the sacred hunger of

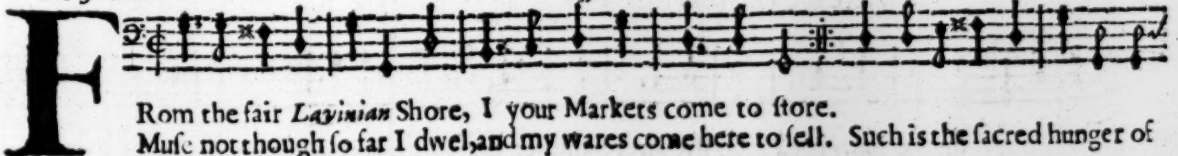


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markers come to store.
Mufe not though fo far I dwell, and my wares come here to fell. Such is the sacred hunger of

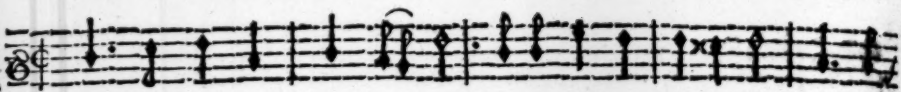
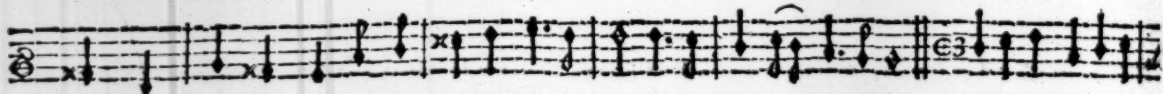
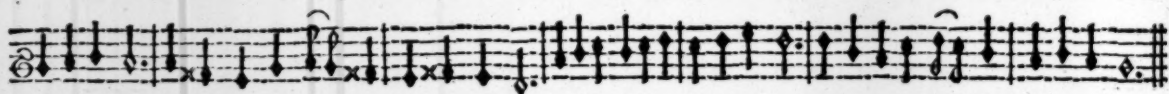
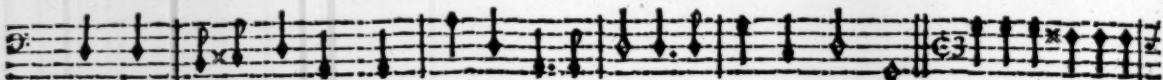


gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? For here it is to be fold.

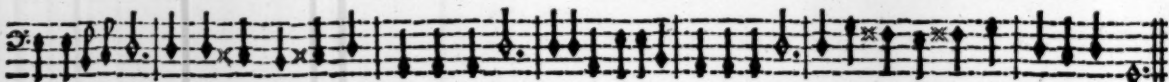
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there Icowch when *Owles* do crie, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie

shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merily merily shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough

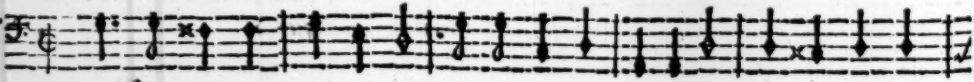
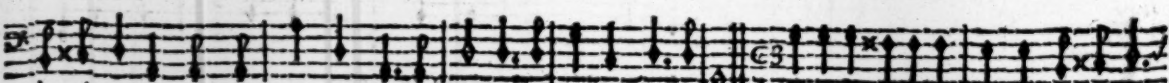
*Owles* do cry, on the *Batts* back I do fly after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live nowHere the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when*Owles* do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

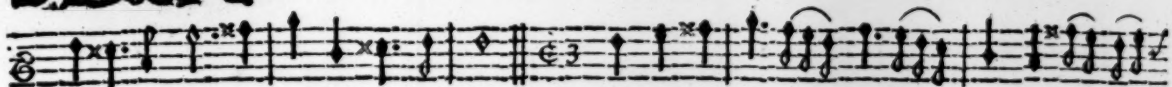
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

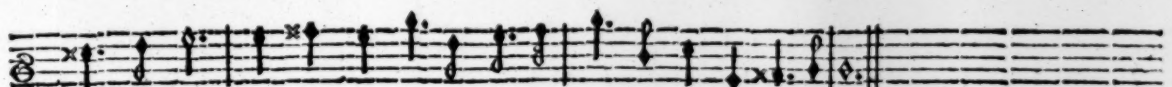
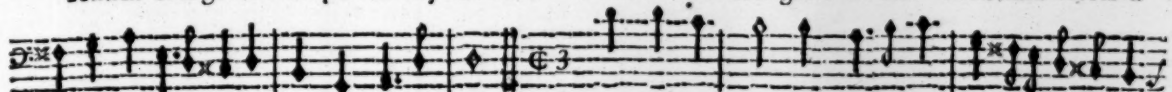
Dr. John Wilson.



Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



Althea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie ran-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



the---a brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fet-ter'd



Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine *Al-*



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

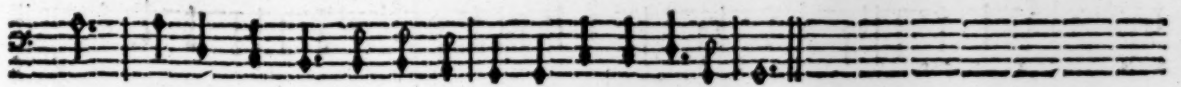
Bassus.



Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine *Al-*



thea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

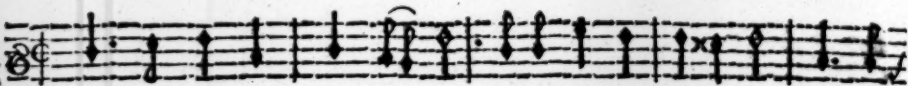
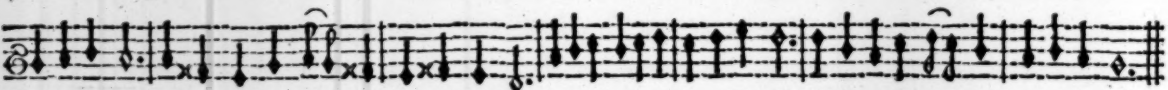
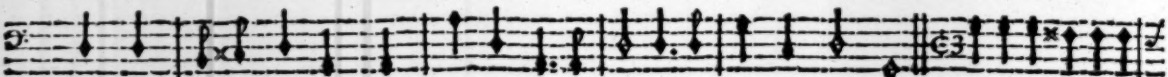


Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

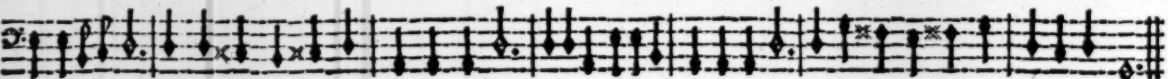
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

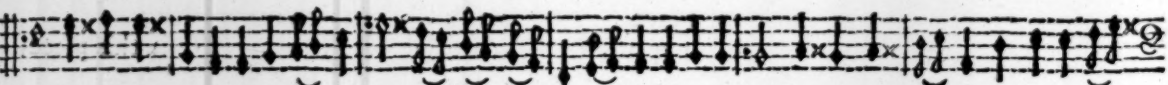
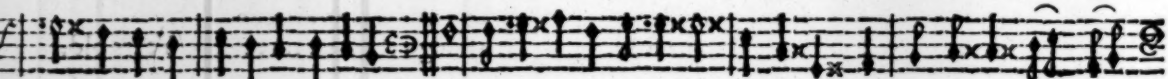
Dr. John Wilson.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there Icowch when *Owles* do crie, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie

shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merily merily shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

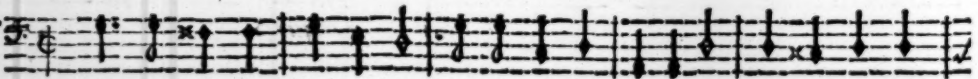
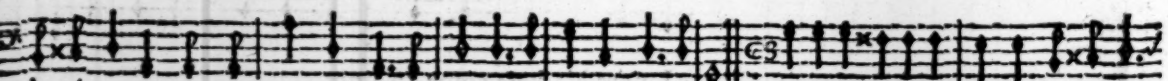
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Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

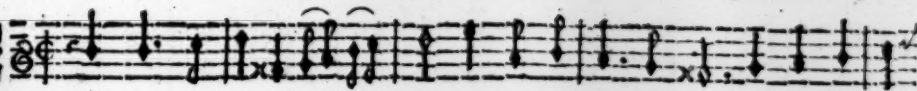
Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when*Owles* do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now

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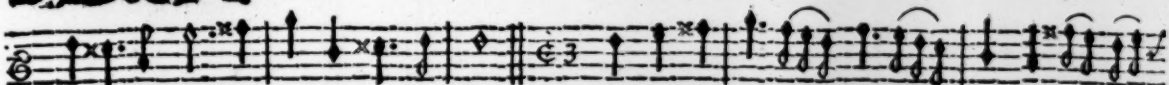
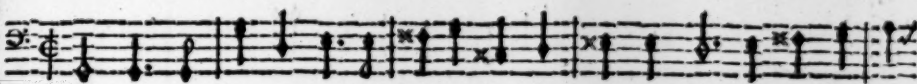
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

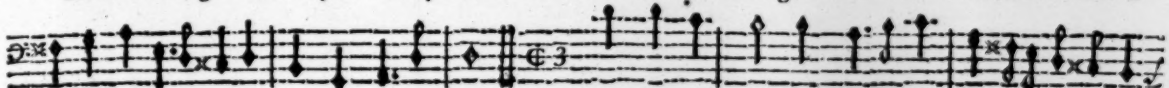
Dr. John Wilson.



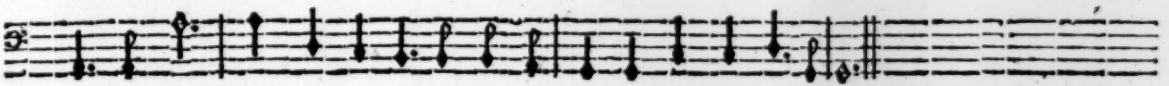
Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



Althea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



the--a brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fet-ter'd



Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine *Al-*

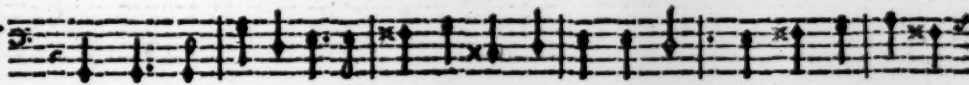


Cantus Secundus.

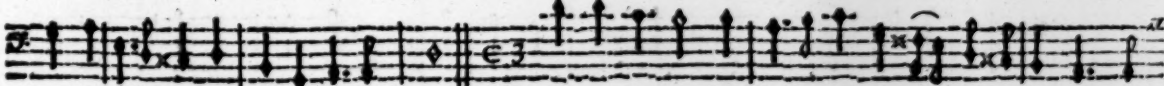
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine *Al-*



thea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

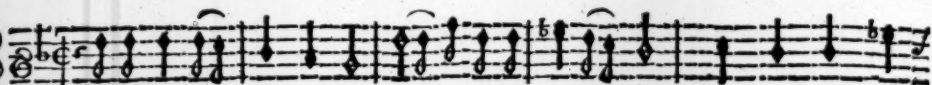


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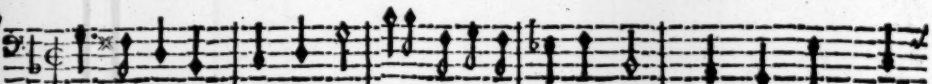
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

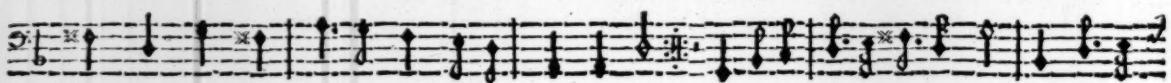
Dr. John Wilson.



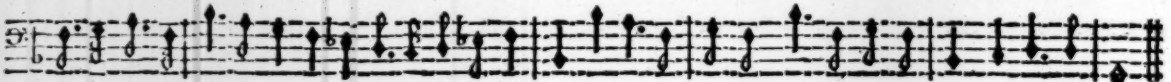
O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neure, nor



Leech, nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters, rising high, nor let the



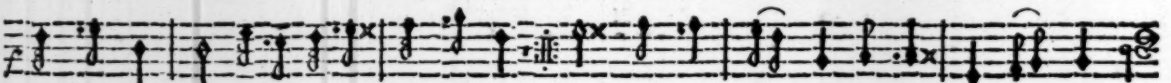
waters, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.



waters, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.



nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the



O not fear to put thy feet naked in the River sweet, think not Neure, nor Leech



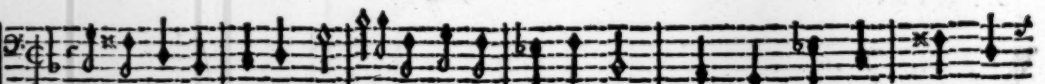
Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

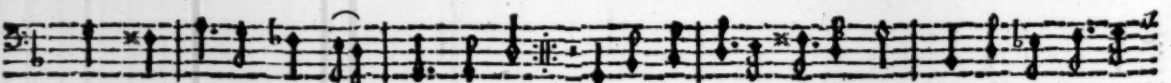


A. 3. Voc.

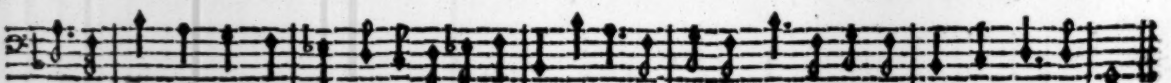
Bassus.



O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neut, nor Leech, nor



Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the waters

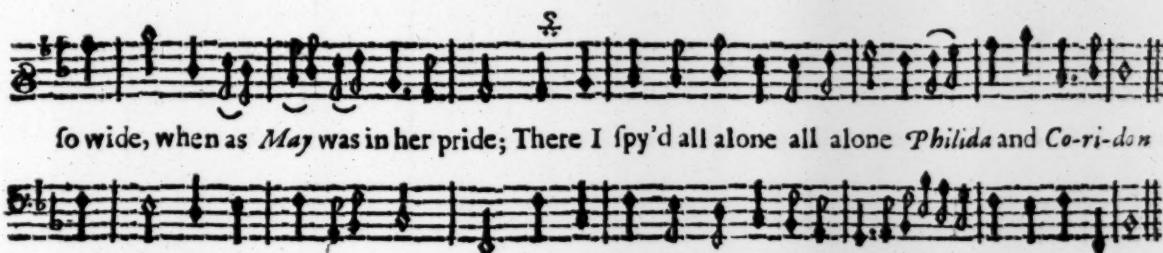
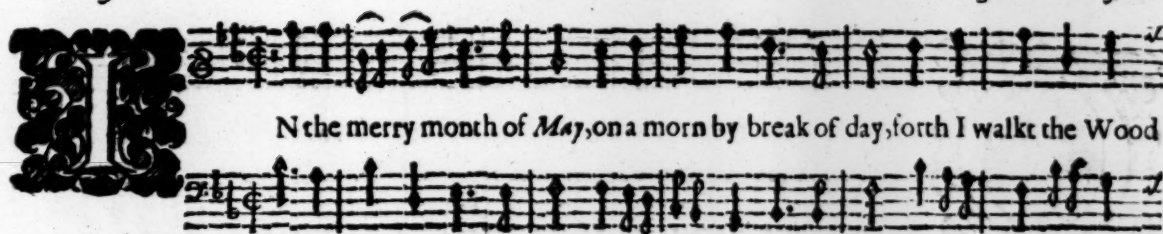


rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kist her then,
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all;
Then she bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'r was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And *Philida* with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady *May*.

wide, when as *May* was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone *Phil-ida* and *Coridon*,

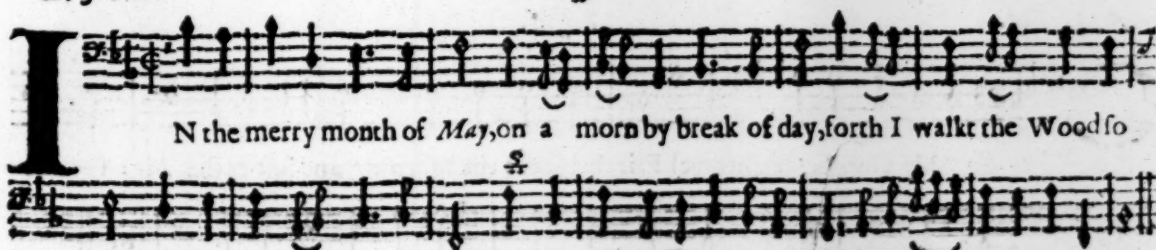


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

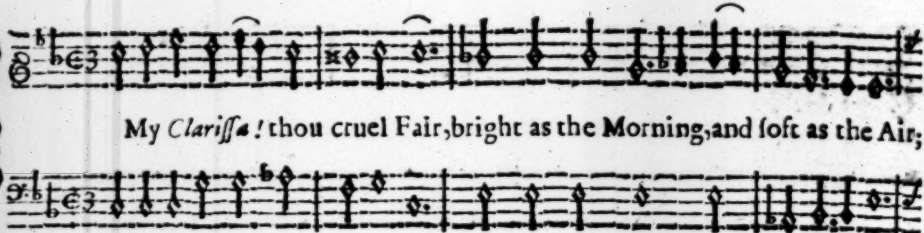


wide, when as *May* was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone *Phi-ida* and *Co-ri-don*,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air;



Fresher than Flow'rs in May, yet far more sweet than they ; Love is the subject of my prayer.



When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came ;
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
It peirc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breath once feele the same!

Let not such Fortune my Love betide ;
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd !
Send me not to my Grave
Unpittyed like a slave ;
How can love such usage abide ?

A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
Spight of a froward heart coynels controule,
And make thy love as fixt
As is the heart thou prik'st,
Forcing thee with me to condole.

Sympathize with me a while in grief,
This passion quickly will find our relief ;
Cupid wil from his Bowers
Warm these chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee ;
Then would you never scorn,
When like to me you burn ;
At least not prove unkind to mee.

than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they ; Love is the subject of my prayer.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air : Fresher

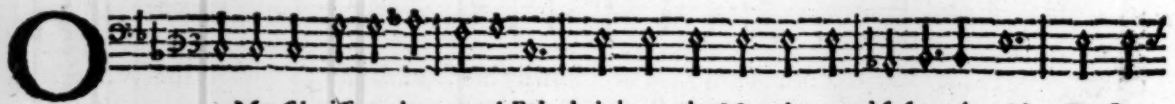


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air : Fresher

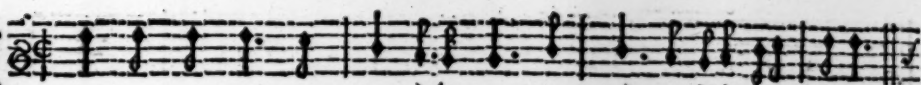


than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they ; Love is the subject of my prayer.

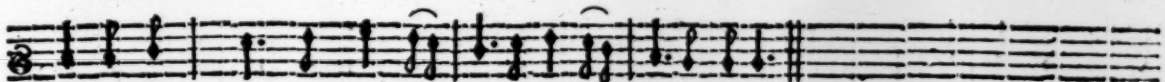
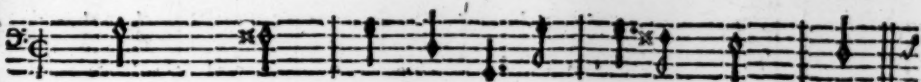
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying;



And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may go marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r

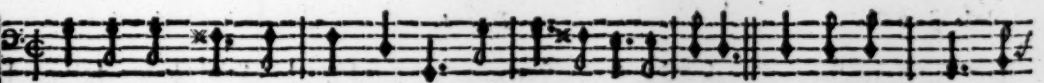


Cantus Secundus.

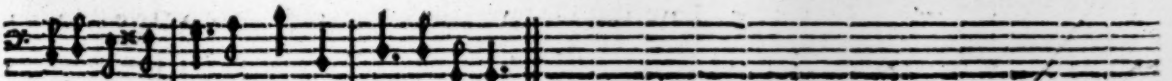
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying; And the same Flow'r that

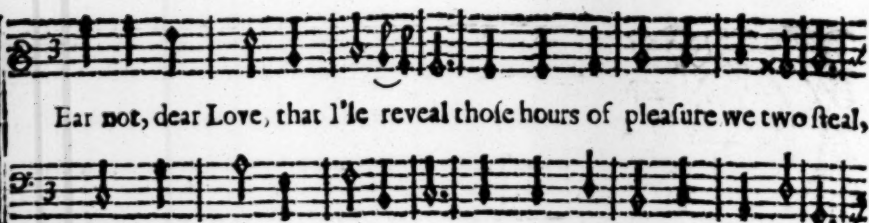


smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

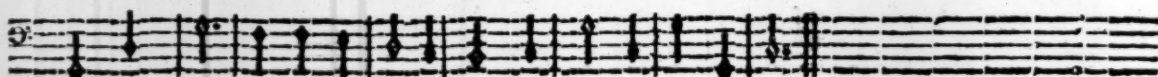
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,



no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himself, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in its embraces dwell;
This onely means may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no



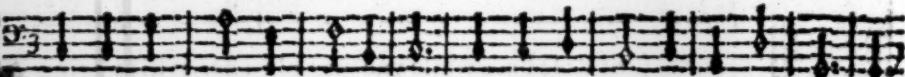
Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

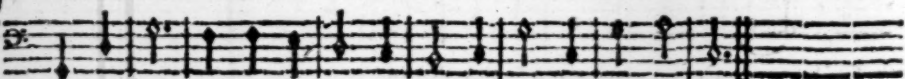


A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

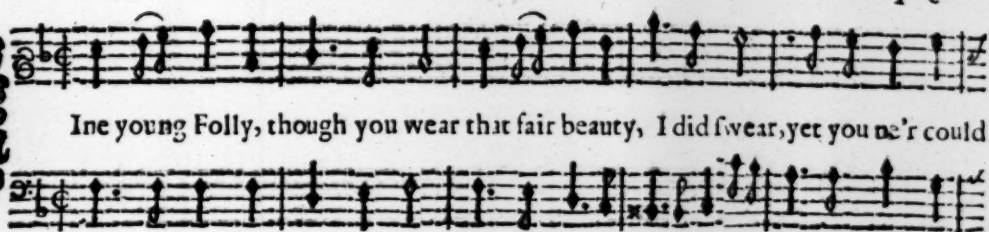


Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

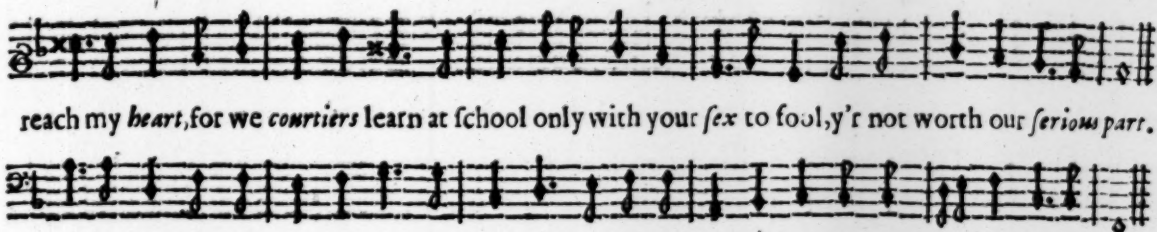
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.

When I sigh and kifs your hand,
Crosse mine Armes, and wondring stand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the Sun ne'r shor such fires,
All is but a handsome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my flames grow proud;
For insooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the Air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

When I eye your Curles or Lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit;
And your conscience doth begin
To be scrup'lous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this confest,
And I swear I love in jest,
Courteous soul, when next I court,
And protest an amorous flame
You I vow, I in earnest am,
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.



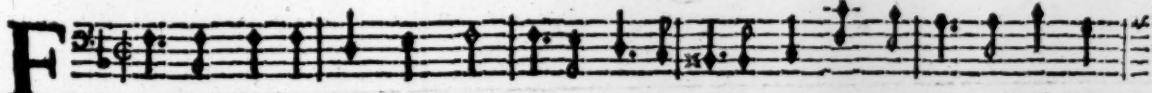
Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.

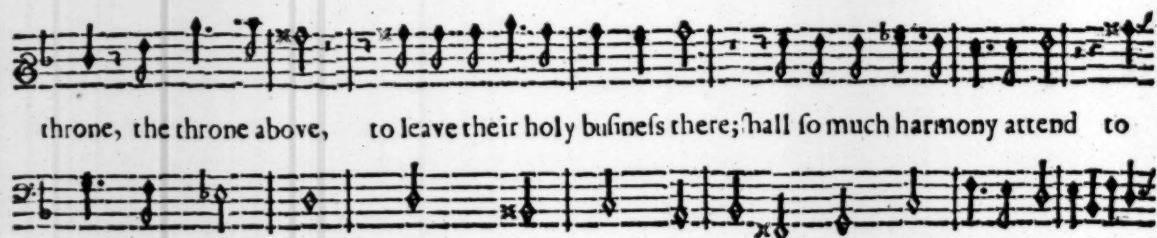
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

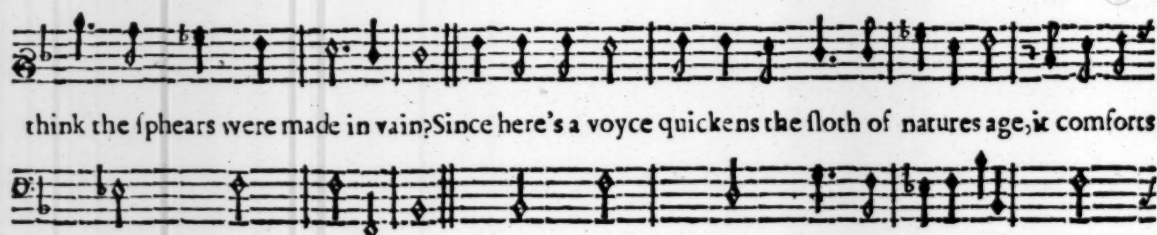
Mr. Henry Lawes.



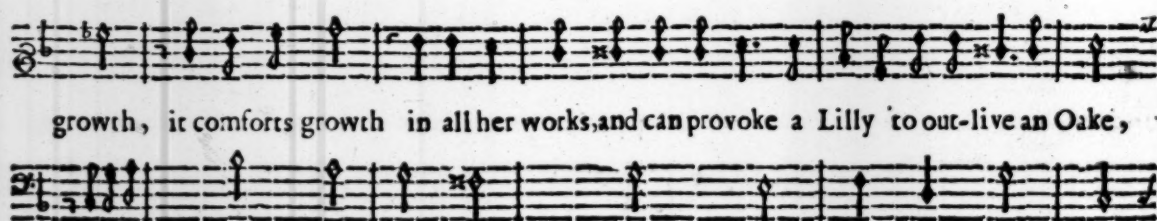
Ing fair *Clorinda*, fair *Clorinda* sing, whilst you move those that attend the



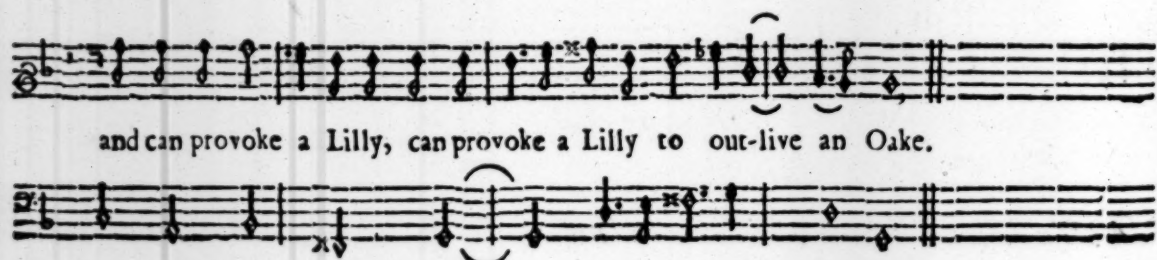
throne, the throne above, to leave their holy business there; shall so much harmony attend to



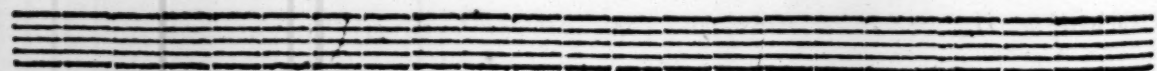
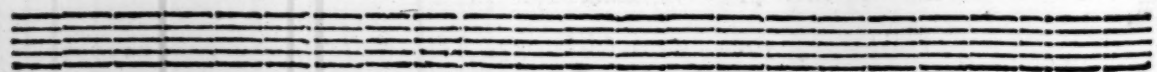
think the spheres were made in vain? Since here's a voice quickens the sloth of nature's age, it comforts



growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,



and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.



Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to our-live an Oake.

comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a

to think the sphears were made in vain: Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it

to leave their holy business there, till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony at-tain,

Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,

A. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

A. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*

Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to

leave their ho-ly business there, till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony at-tain, to

think the sphears were made in vain: Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it

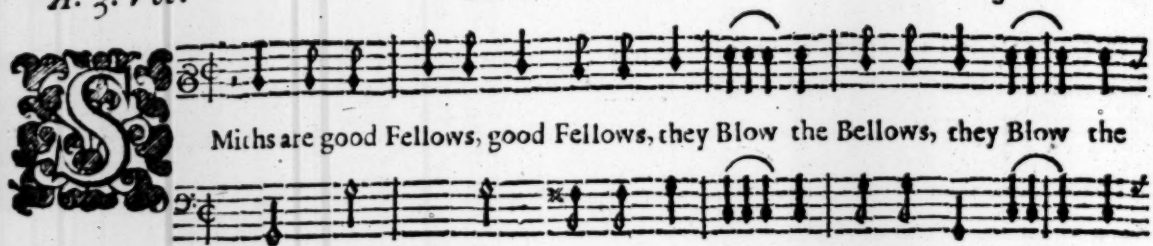
comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly and can provoke a Lil-ly, and

can provoke a Lil-ly to our-live an Oake.

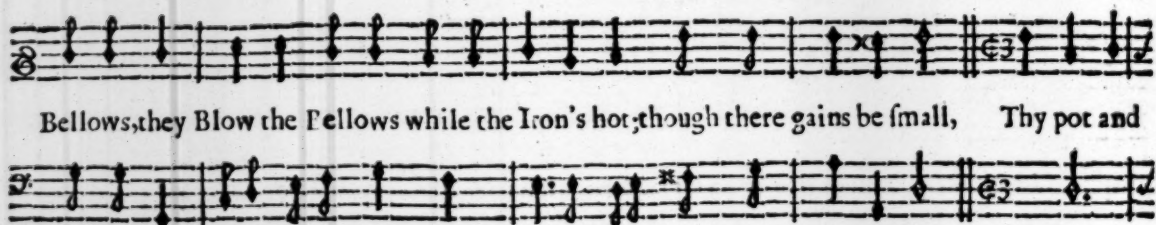
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

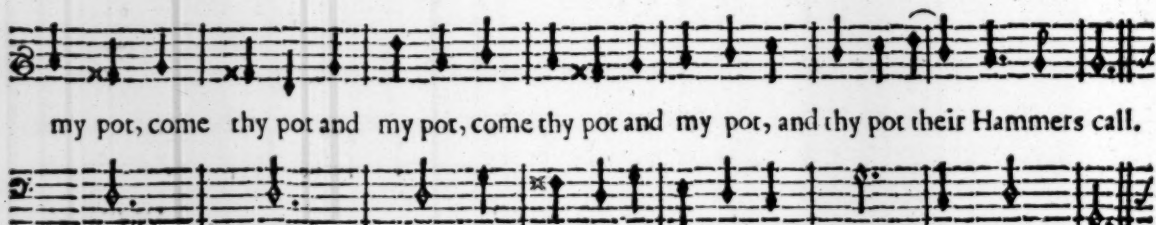
Mr. John Cobb.



Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they Blow the Bellows, they Blow the



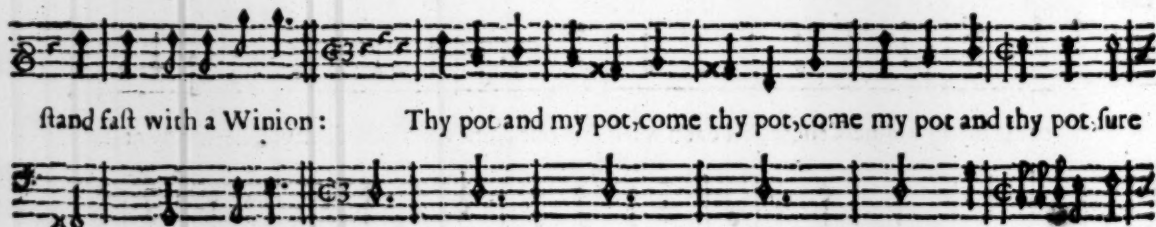
Bellows, they Blow the Fellows while the Iron's hot, though there gains be small, Thy pot and



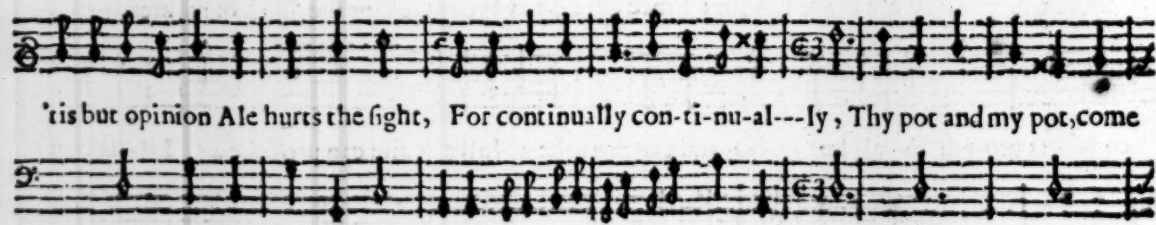
my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.



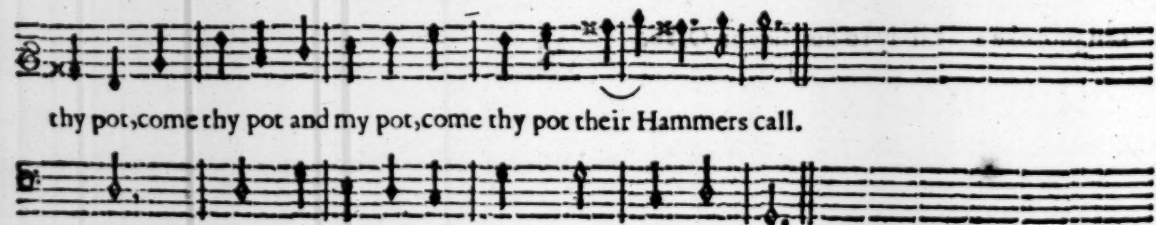
Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast,



stand fast with a Winion: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure



'tis but opinion Ale hurts the fight, For continually con-ti-nu-al-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come



thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.

come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call.

hurts the Sight for continually. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot,

and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot come sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale

white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion. Thy pot,

come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow is the

blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my pot,

Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they



Canis Secundus.

A. 3. 1. 2c.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,

they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my

pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white

Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion.

Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale

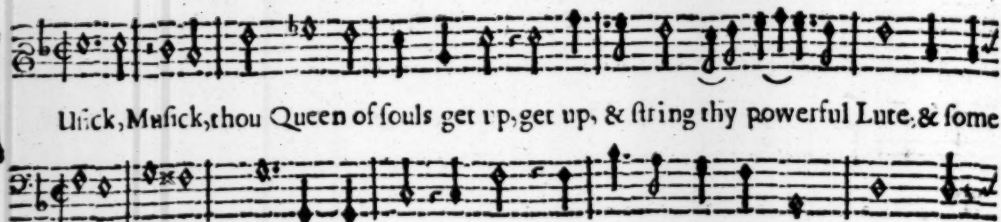
hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come

my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

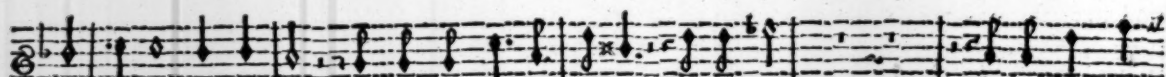
E e .

A. 3. Voc.

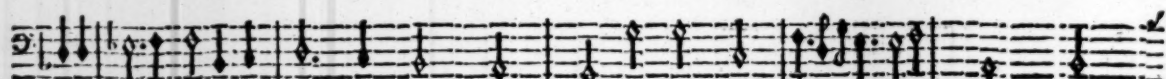
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Cæsar.



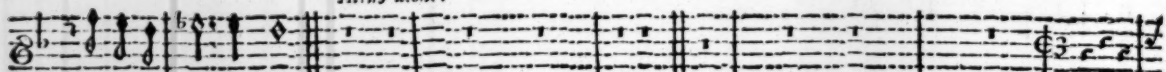
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



sad, some sad Requium sing, til Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks

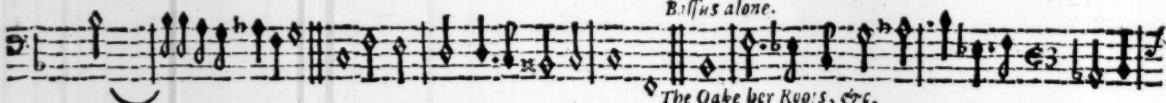


Alnus alone.



Toen on a suddain, &c.

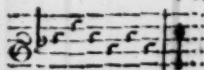
repeat the duller tone,



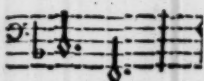
Bissus alone.

The Oake ber Roo's, &c.

Verse alone.



Mir



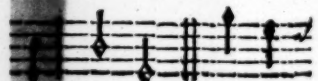
IRREGULAR

PAGINATION

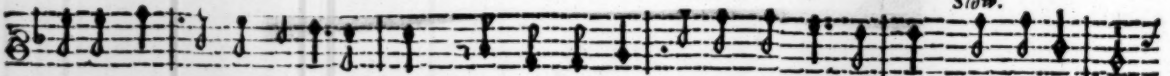
Chorus.



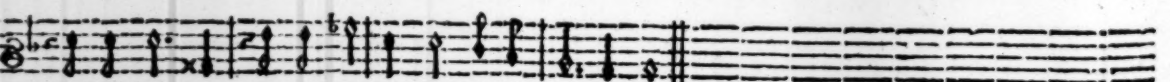
even make up one: Then



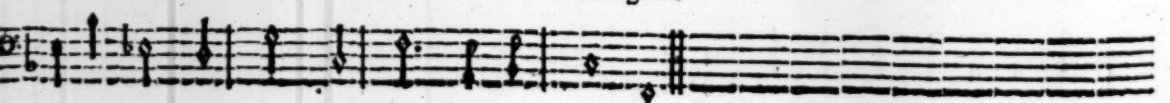
Slow.



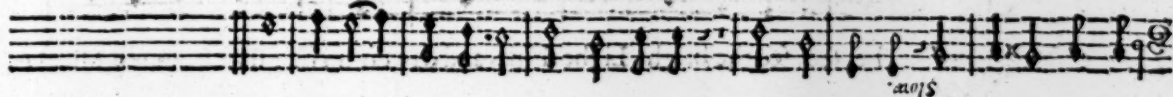
in the midst of all their jolly strain, then in the midst of all their jol-ly strain, strike a sad note,



strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again.



jol-ly, jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.



Slow.

Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain; then in the midst of all their

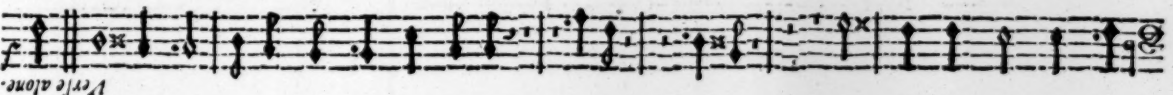


Chorus.

on a sudden, with a nimble hand, run — gently o'er the Cords, and to command the Pine to dance:



sad, some sad Requiem sing, Eccho, Eccho, and the dull Rocks repeat thy duller tone: Then



Verse alone.

Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

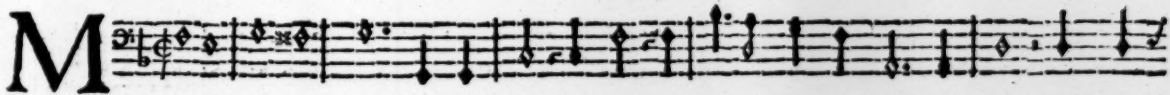


Alus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

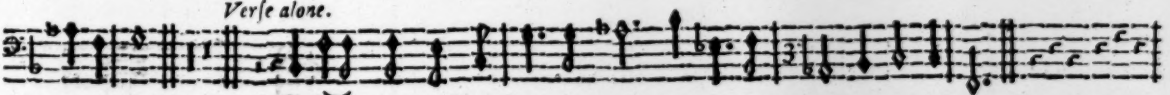
Bassus.



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerfull Lute, and some



sad some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy



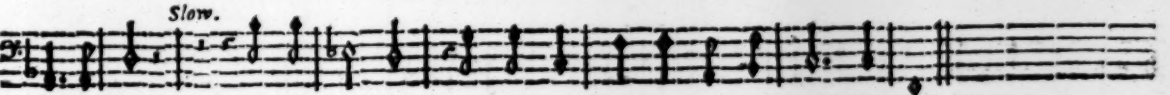
Verse alone.

duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:



Chorus.

Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain; then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

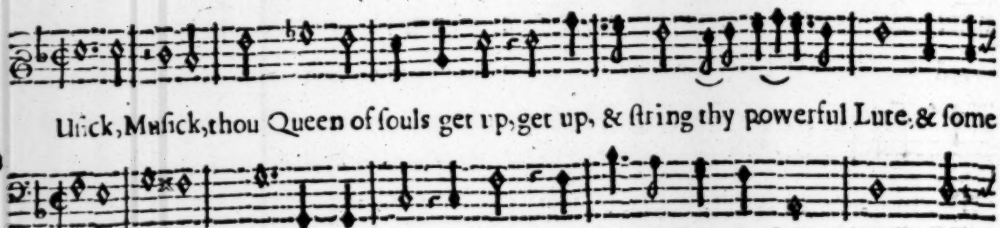


Slow.

jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

A. 3. Voc.

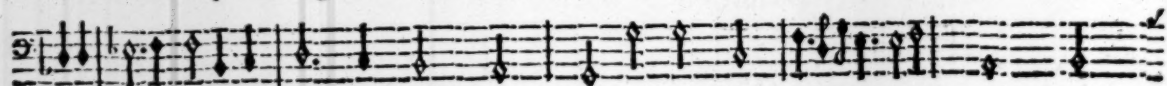
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



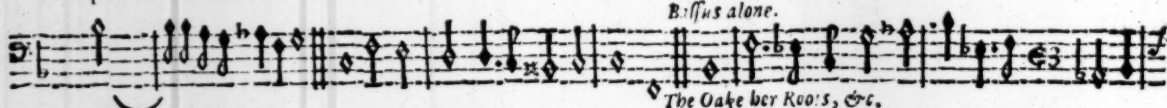
Ulick, Mafick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



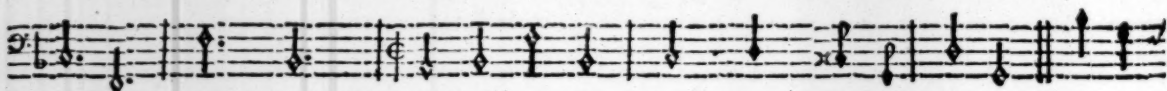
sad, some sad Requiem sing, til Cliffs requite thy Echo with a grone, and the dull Rocks

*Altus alone.**Toen on a suddain, &c.*

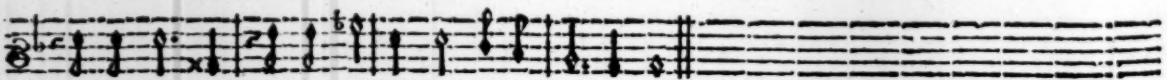
repeat the duller tone,

*Bassus alone.**The Oake ber Roo's, &c.**Verse alone.**Chorus.*

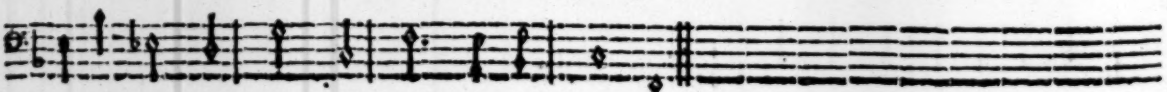
Mirtles shall caper, lofty Cedars run & call the courtly palme to make up one: Then



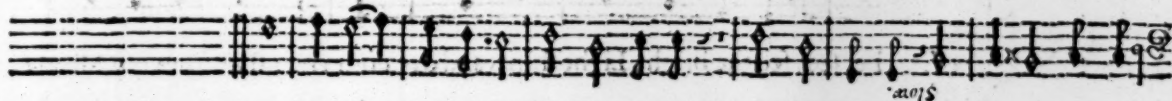
in the midst of all their jolly strain, then in the midst of all their jol-ly strain, strike a sad note,



strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again.



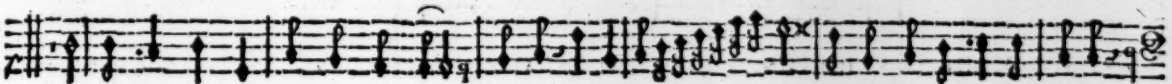
jol-ly, jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.



Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midst of all their



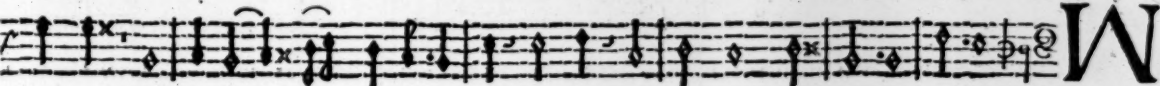
on a luddain, with a nimble hand, run — gently o're the Cords, and to command the Pine to dance:



sad, some sad Requiem sing, Eccho, Eccho, and the dull Rocks repeat thy duller tone: Then



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

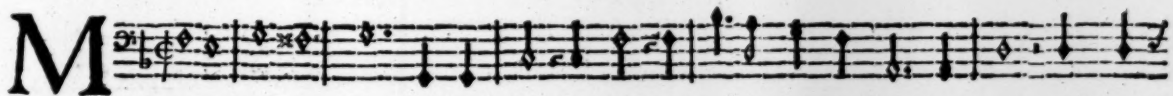


Alms.

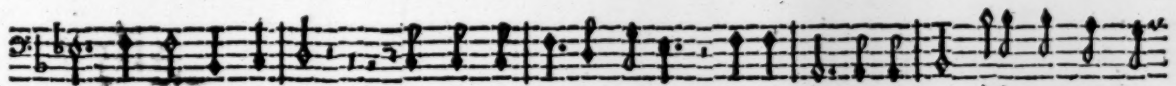
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

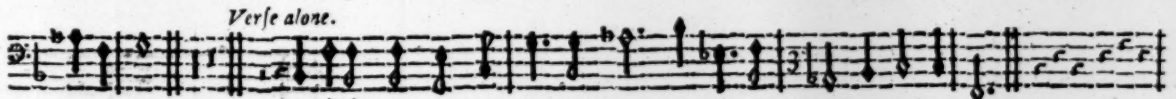
Bassus.



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerfull Lute, and some



sad some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy



duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:



Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

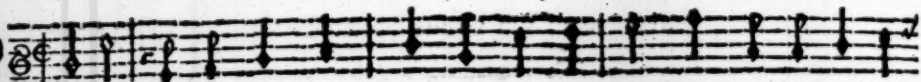


jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

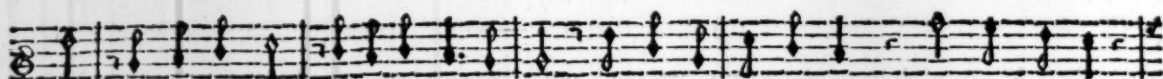
A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

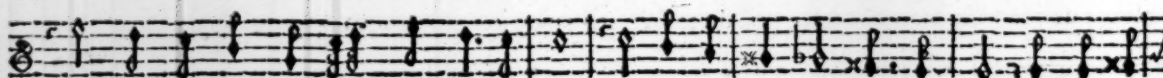
Mr. Jenkins.



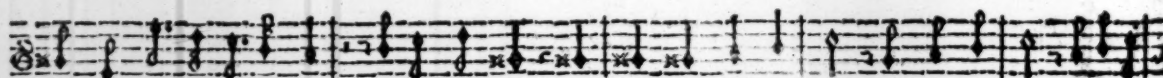
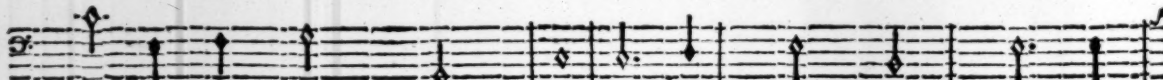
Ee, see, see the bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my Mistress



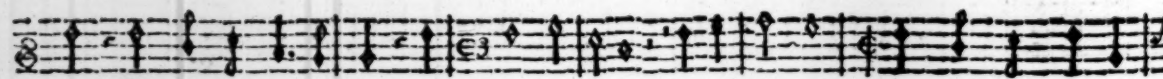
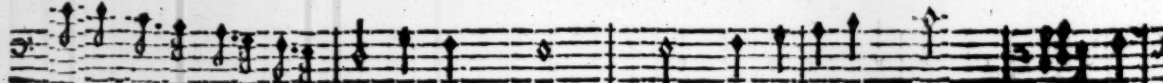
Eyes, like Beams divine her Glory doth appear, and view the purer light, Stream from her Sight



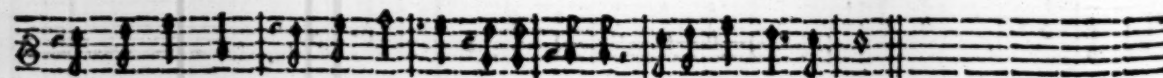
stream from her Sight, when she shines clearly here: But veil her leeds; Ah then you'll find how night is



hurl'd about the silent world, and we left blind; that darkness seems to prove, for ought we see 'tis only



She make night and day to move: Then shine fair *Celia* left our borrowed light when your Sun sets.



when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, perish, perish, perish in shades of Night.



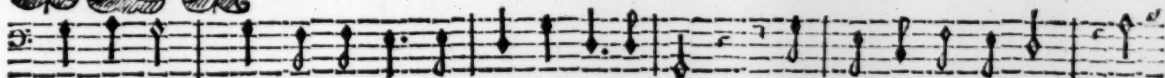
A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

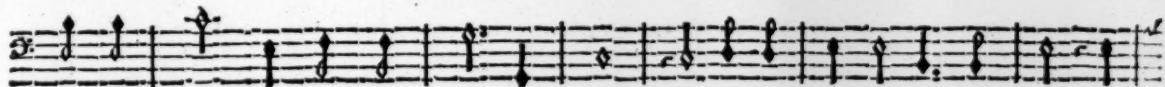
Mr. Jenkins.



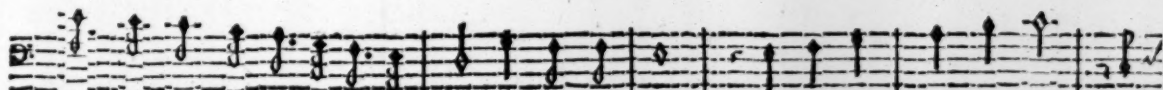
Ee, see the bright, bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my



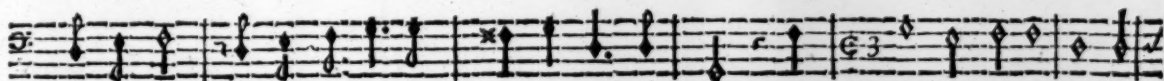
Mistress Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doe appear; and view the purer light Stream



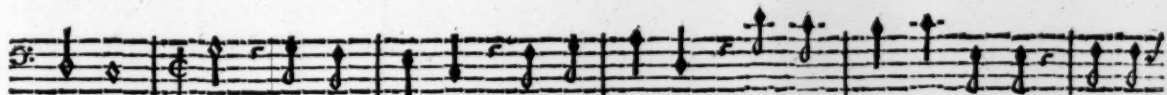
from her Sight, whilst she shines clearly here: But veil her lids: Ah then you'll find how



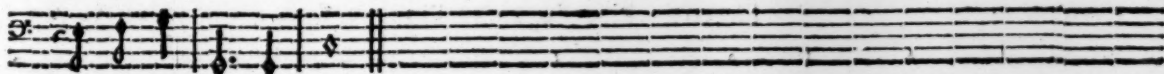
Night is hurl'd about the silent World, and we left blind; that Darkness seems to prove, for



ought we see, 'tis only She makes Night and Day to move. Then shine fair Calia, left our



borrow'd Light, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets; Perish, perish,



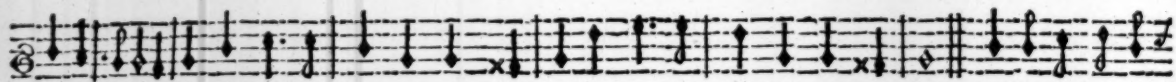
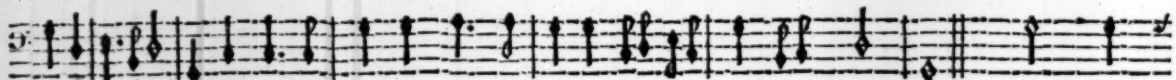
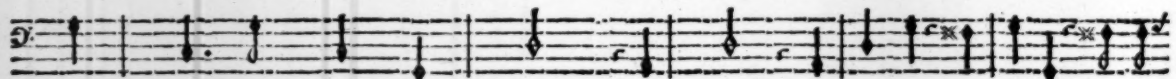
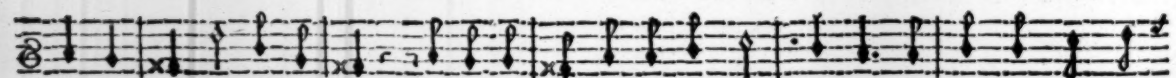
perish in Shades of Night.



A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

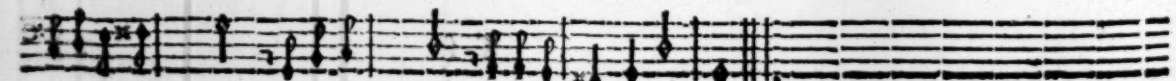
Mr. Tho. Brewer.

Urn *Amarillis* to thy Swain turn *Amaril--lis* to thy Swain turn *Amarillis*to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,cannot cannot spy, where *Apollo* cannot spy. Here let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing

to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my



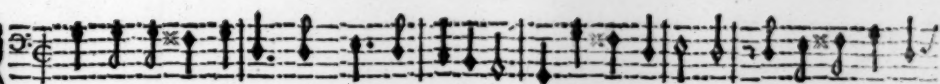
Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay.



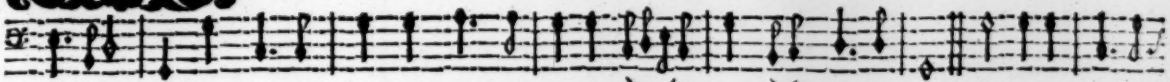
A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

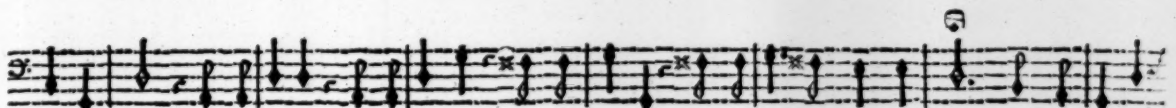
Mr. Tho. Brewer.



Urn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*



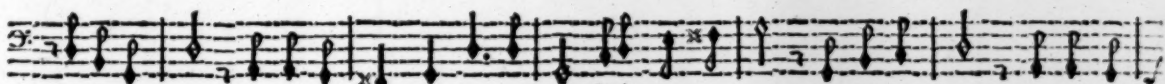
to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,



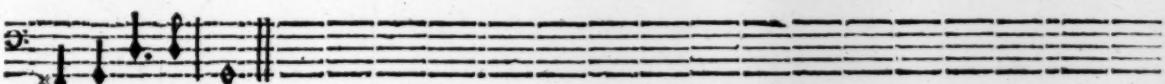
Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo* cannot spy: where *Apollo*



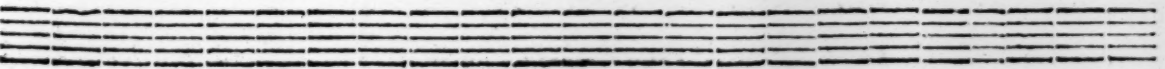
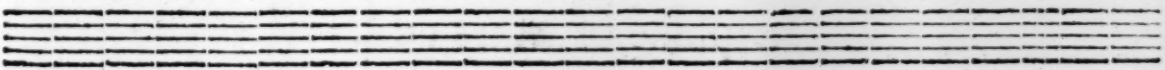
cannot spy: There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe,



sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my

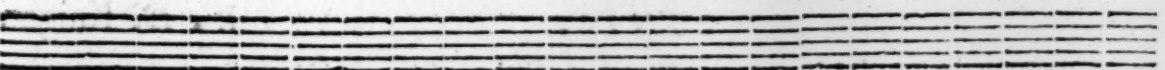


Pipe a Rounddelay.



Reader.

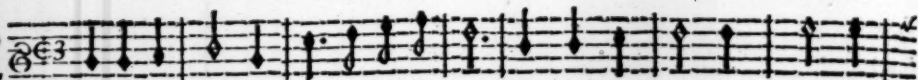
Here thou hast this Song, for Two Voyces; as it was
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though of late
Years, two inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.



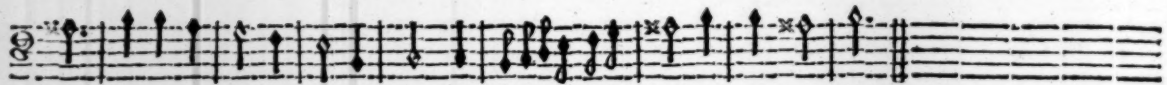
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

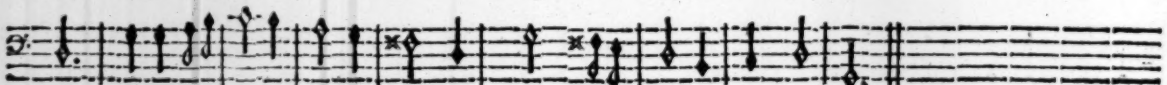
Mr. Simon Ives.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour, with mirth and



glee : To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.



Now we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :



Tchor.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's lau--gh and sing our Bellies full.

In praise of Musick.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick* ! that speak'st Sence
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

+ W. D. Knight.

J. H. Bavenant

SELECT
AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES
To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED
By M^r HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private MUSICK:
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.




LONDON,
Printed by *William Godbid* for *John Playford*, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the *Temple*, near the Church Dore. 1669.

1881
M
1881

To all UNDERSTANDERS and LOVERS
OF
Vocal MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,

 His second Book of SELECT AYRES doth chiefly consist of Mr. Henry Lawes Composition, being Transcribed from his Originals, a short time before his Death, and with his free consent for me to Publish them, if occasion offer'd: I need not make any Apology for their Excellency, the Authors Name is enough, having (while he liv'd) Published three several Books of this Nature with great Esteem and Approbation; and the Impressions of the two first, being long since Sold off, many have since sought to have them, for some particular Songs in them; but considering, that to Reprint them both again would not answer the expectation either of Buyer or Seller, I have therefore selected out of them both the best and most desired Songs, and added them to those many other in this Book of Mr. Lawes and other Authors, which were never Printed till now, together with some few Italian Ayres which have formerly passed with good Fame among our English Masters. And since it is so stored with variety, I hope it will and may please most Ears, though, I fear, not all; for our new A la mode Gallants will Object, They are old, and after the English Mode; had I fill'd it with the light Ayres of the French, or the wanton Songs of the Stage, it would have liked their Humour much better: But I study not to please such. But with sober and judicious Understanders of Musick, it will (I doubt not) gain Credit and Repute. Those are the true Lovers of Musick, who do embrace it for the Excellency therein, moving the Passions to Noble and Virtuous Ends; but others there are, who affect it for no other ends but to stir their Minds to Wantonness and Lasciviousness. Mr. Owen Feltham's Expression in his Resolves, is worth our observation, Musick (says he) is an helper both to good and ill; and therefore I honour it when it moves to Virtue, and will beware of it when it would flatter into Vice. To conclude, My intent is to bind many of these with my first Book of Select Ayres and Mr. Lawes his third Book together; which will be an intire Volume of the most choice Songs that have been Composed for Forty Years past, and I doubt not but will retain their Fame for many more to come. I must confess when I began this Book, my design was to have it comprized in fewer Sheets; but finding my Stock was large, and my resolution to make this Book the last that ever I intend to Publish of this Nature, hath swell'd it into so large a Volume. And if my pains herein, may be advantageous and acceptable to any, it will further encourage me to proceed in things of this Nature, for the publick benefit of all sober and judicious Lovers of Musick; To whose Service I devote my self, and remain their Well-wisher and Serwant,

J. P.

A TABLE of the SONGS and DIALOGUES in this BOOK.

A.
AT Dead low Ebb of Night.
Am I despis'd because you say
A Lover once I did espie
Amarillis tear thy Hair
Art thou in Love it cannot be
Ah Cloris would the gods allow
Admit thou Darling of mine Eyes
Awake my Lute, arise my String
Ah Mighty Love what power unknown
And must our Tempers ever be at War

B.
Behold and listen whilst the fair
Black Maid complain not
Boast not Blind Boy
Be not Proud pretty One for I must Love
Beauty have you seen a Toy
But that I knew before

C.
Careless of Love and free from Fear
Cloris since first our Calm
Canst thou love me and yet doubt
Come, Come thou glorious Object
Come, Come sad Turtle
Come my Lucatia
Can so much Beauty own a Mind
Cloris 'twil be for eithers rest
Cruel Cloris did you know
Clear stream who do with equal pace
Cupid's no god a wanton Child

D.
Dearest do not now delay me
Death cannot extinguish
Delicate Beauty why should you disdain
Disdain not fair one since we know

F.
Farewel fair Saint may not the Sea
Fire, loe here I burn
For that one glance I wounded lye
Fall Dew of Slumbers in a gentle stream
Farewel despairing hope I'le Love no more

G.
Gaze not on Swans on whose
Give me more Love or more Disdain
Go lovely Rose tell her that waits

H.
Help, Help O Divinity of Love
Hark how the Nightingale

I.
fol. 5 It is not that I Love the less
13 If when the Sun at Noon
21 I pretbe Sweet to me be kind
25 I laid me down upon a Pillow
45 I Lov'd thee once I'le Love no more
63 I was foretold your Rebel Sex
66 If you will Love know this to be
69 Indeed I never was but once so Mad
82 I never knew what Cupid meant
86 If still Theora you wear this Disguise
I had a Cloris my delight
36 If thou wilt know the reason why

L.
50 Ladies fly not from Loves smooth Tales
59 Love me no more or else with scorn

M.
42 Mark how the blushful Atorn
Madam your Beauty I confess may

N.
9 Now, now Lucatia now
14 No more of Tears
20 No more shall Meads be deckt
22 No more will I contemplate Love
35 Not that I wish my Mistress
42 No more fond Love give o're
44 No, no, I tell thee no though from thee

O.
70 Oh how I hate thee now
81 On this swelling bank
91 O King of Heaven and Hell
O fairest lights whose clear aspect
10 Oft have I searcht both Court and Town

P.
41 Pleasure, Beauty, Youth attend ye
88 Poor Celia once was very fair

S.
7 Seek not to know my Love
56 Swift through the yielding Ayre
58 Still to be neat still to be dress'd
64 Stay silly Heart and do not break
78 Sure 'twas a Dream how long fond Man
she which would not I would chuse
10 Strike Sweet Licoris strike
11

T.
43 That flame is born of earthly fire
1 That Transcendent Beauty thou that art
38 Tell me no more 'tis Love

fol. 12
17
19
28
30
33
62
65
76
79
85
92
27
90
53
88
3
37
54
67
72
73
57
16
41
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87
63
23
96
18
24
51
57
61
68
83
38
40
43
'Tis

A TABLE of the Songs and Dialogues.

	fol.		fol.
'Tis Christmase now	45	Why lovely Boy why flyest thou me	42
That Herald was but a dull Ass	62	When I am dead and thou wouldst	50
Thou sents to me a Heart was Crown'd	71	Wilt thou begon thou hartless Man	52
The Glories of our Birth and State	74	White though you be yet Lillies know	58
Though you are Young and I am Old	76	Will Cloris cast her Sun-bright Eye	70
Though Silvias Eyes a flame could raise	89	Wake all ye Dead what boe	60
The Thirsty Earth sucks up the Rain	94	Well well 'tis true I now am fallen in Love	73
V		What Conscience say is it in the	77
Venus redress a wrong	8	When I taste my Goblet deep	83
Up Ladies prepare your taking Faces	64	Weep not my Dear for I shall go	40
W		Y	
What shall I do I've lost my Heart	26	Yes yes 'tis Cloris Sings	15
When this Flie lived	32	Tou that think Love can convey	29
When thou fair Cælia	34	Yes I could Love, could I but find a Mistress	72
Whether so gladly and so fast	39	Tou ask my Dear if I be well	90
Where shall a Man an Object find	46		

A Table of the Italian A YRS in this Book.

- 1 Dove Dove Corri mio Corri
- 2 Intenerite voi
- 3 Occhi Belleo've Imperai
- 4 Acche Lassio Credere
- 5 Sio moro, Chi dira
- 6 Amantea Consiglio
- 7 Si tocchi Tambuco
- 8 Si garde che puo
- 9 Fugite, Fugite
- 10 De quei Belleocchi

A TABLE of the DIALOGUES in this B O O K.

Sweet Lovely Nymph	Treble and Bass	105
Why sighs thou Shepherd	Treble and Bass	106
Hast you Nymphs	Treble and Bass	108
Charon O Charon draw	Treble and Bass	109
Charon O Charon bear	Treble and Bass	112
This Mossy Bank they prest	Two Trebles	114
Shepherd well met	Two Trebles	118

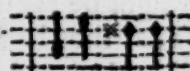
COURTEOUS FRIENDS;

I Was not negligent in overseeing the Press, yet notwithstanding all my Care some Faults are committed, but they are small, and by the skilful may be easily mended, as happening most in the Through-Bass; two whereof, being too great to pass, I beg you with your Pen to mend,

Page 48 the two last Bars of the fourth line in the Bass, must be thus,



And Page 89 in the Through-Bass the third Bar must be thus,



ADVERTISEMENT.

AT Mr. Playford's Shop is Sold all sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick; and Books of all sizes ready Bound for Musick.

Also the Excellent Cordial called *ELIXIR PROPRIETATIS*; a few drops of which drank in a glass of Sack or other Liquors, is admirable for all Coughs and Consumptions of the Lungs and inward Distempers of the Body, a Book of the manner of the taking of it is given also to those who buy the same.

Also, If a Person desire to be furnished with good new Virginals and Harpsicords, if they send to Mr. Playford's Shop, they may be furnished at reasonable Rates, to their Content.

To my much Ingenious Friend Mr. JOHN PLAYFORD,
upon his late Publication of two Excellent Books for VOCAL MUSICK,

V I Z.

SELECT AYRES and DIALOGUES,


AND,

The MUSICAL COMPANION.

TReasurer of *Musick*, how much we
Do Owe unto thy industrie !
Th' unhappy Science ne'r did sound
In a full Chord, 'till thou hadst bound
Up in one Book, the whole Consent
Of scatter'd *Musick's* Ornament.
The Choice Composers of our Age
Did each one in a private Page
Whisper unto his Muse, till now
They're made a Publick Quire by you ;
Where, like to joyful Birds by th' Spring
Call'd to a pleasant Grove, they sing
Not more their own felicitie,
And Notes, than just Applause to thee.
For why ? *Musick* ('tis true) has been
Dispos'd to Harmony, but when
Were the Musicians so much like
To be a Body Politique ?
Their Corporation incompleat
Appear'd, before thou did'st the feat :
The Order of thy Book shall be
The List of their Societie,
And none shall dare t' intrude himself,
But such into their Common-wealth.
Dispers'd *Absyrtus's* useles Parts
Might be reduc'd with half the Arts
That thou hast exercis'd upon
Thy *Musical Companion* ;
A Piece so choice, so trim, so drest,
Who would not covet such a Guest ?
Nor let vain *Momus* Carp and Cry
This Work speaks thee a *Plagiary*,
For don't we know thy depth, and skill
In *Musick* ? Thou dost change, or fill
What pleaseth not, or where it wants,
And regulate the false Descants.
Thou art as ready to translate,
As to transcribe, thy Book can say't.
Thy Composition too doth raise
Equal Advantage to thy praise,

And though thy bashful Muse holds forth
Too small a taste of her own worth,
It shews enough what thou canst do,
And to thy Commendation too,
That in a thing so rare thou art
Content thy Friends should share a part ;
When some like *Cesar* so high flown,
Resolve t' have all or none their own.
If pity'd *Ign'rance* yet should cast
Spite at thy Name, Oh ! let him hast
For better Knowledge and Instruction
To *Playford's* famed *Introduction*.
If nimble Wits begin to play,
Thou'rt full of *Catches* too, as they,
And more than they can prove, or sing,
Thy Notes give Life to what they bring.
Th' Ingenious Lover, when he looks
For Am'rous pastime in thy Books,
He'l Court thy *Ayres* with all Respect,
Thou countenanc'st none, but are *Select*.
And when the *Virtuosi* come,
For that sage Train thou fittest some
Good Entertainment, then set on
Thy *Musical Companion*.
A Man against the World, what shall
I say ? How shall I *Playford* call ?
The Field's too large, *Helicon's* too scant
To pay a drop to every plant
That sprouteth forth : And then I hear
(Methinks) thy *Genius* drawing near,
To check my vain attempt, and tell
Thy self does only speak thee well.
I will not therefore Gaul with Baies
Thy tender Brows, nor clog with Praise
Thy fertile Merit, only here
Take leave to pay my thanks, for fear
I tempt thy Native Modesty
To flush into too deep a Dye.

Cha. Pigeon, Soc. Gra. In.


 To my Beloved Friend and Fellow
Mr. HENRY LAWES,
On his Books of AYRES,
lately Published.

NOW I have view'd this Book of thine,
 And find sweet Language, Notes more
 And see thy *Fuges* wrought in the chime, (fine
 Thy Weaving far excells the Rhime;
 And still thy choice of Lines are good,
 Not like to those who get their Food
 As Beggars Rags from Dunghills take,
 (Such as comes next) ill Songs to make;
 Who by a witty blind pretence
 Take words that creep half way to sense;
Hippocrates or *Galen's* Feet,
 And sing them too with Notes as meet;
 Songs as all th' way to *Gammut* tend,
 But in *F Fa ut* make an end;
 With killing notes which ever must [*'Coriat.*]
 **Squeez the Spheres, and intimate the Dust:*
 These with their brave *Chromaticks* bring
 Noise to the Ear, but mean No-thing:
 Yet these will censure, when indeed
 Shew them good Lines, They cannot read;
 Or read them so, that in the close
 You'll hardly judge them Rhime from Prose.
 But why do I write this to Thee?
 This is for shop-sale Frippery;
 Thy richer store hath truly hit
 The whole Age for their want of wit:
 Live freely, and thy Phanſie please,
 We shall be censur'd by such Things as these.

John Wilson, Doct. in Musick.

Presented to Mr. Lawes 2^d book of Ayres

To my much Honoured Friend,
Mr. HENRY LAWES,
On his Books of AYRES,
lately Published.

THings that are thus, thus excellently good,
 Are hardly prais'd, 'cause hardly understood:
 For though at the first hearing all admire,
 Yet when into the severals men inquire,
 (which make up the *Composure*) they are lost,
 Such *Ayr*, Wit, Spirit, *Harmony* engross'd
 In every piece, as makes each piece the best,
 And yet (as good as 'tis) a Foyl to th' rest.
 How greedily do the best judgements throng
 To hear the Repetition of thy Song?
 Which they still beg in vain; for when Re-sung
 So much new Art and Excellence is flung
 Round thy Admirers (unobserv'd before)
 As takes the newly-ravish'd ravish'd more:
 For comprehend thee fully none can do
 Till like thy Musick th'are Eternal too.
 'Tis Thou hast honour'd Musick, done her right,
 Fitted her for a strong and useful Flight;
 Shee droop'd and flaggd before, as Hawks complain
 Of the sick Feathers in their Wing and Train:
 But thou hast imp'd the Wings She had before.
 Musick does owe Thee much, the Poet more;
 Thou lift'st him up, and dost new Nature bring,
 Thou giv'st his noblest Verse both Feet and Wing.
 Live then above our Praise, immortal here,
 The *Atlas*, the Support of Musicks Sphere:
 To what a darkness would our Art decline,
 Robb'd of thy glorious and diurnal Shine?
 These fixed Tapers cannot do Thee right,
 Nor fully speak thy Rays which gave them Light,
 But as small Stars by Night in Confort met,
 Would only tell the World, *Our Sun is Set.*

Charles Colman, Doct. in Musick.

Presented to Mr. Lawes 2^d book of Ayres

A Catalogue of late Printed **MUSIC BOOKS**, Sold by
John Playford at his Shop in the *Temple*.

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- Dr. William Child* his Psalms for Three Voyces to the *Theorbo* or *Organ*, Engraved on Copper Plates.
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- Musicks Recreation* on the *Lyra Vsol*, containing easie and pleasant Lessons for Beginners, with Instructions for Learners, newly Reprinted.
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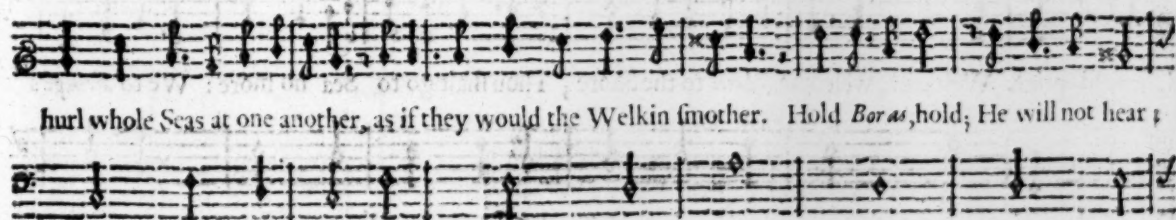
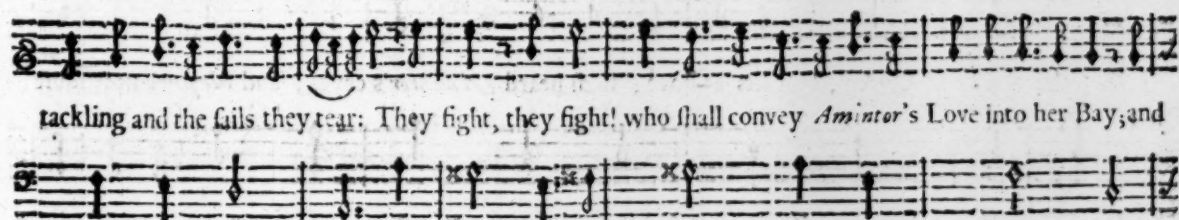
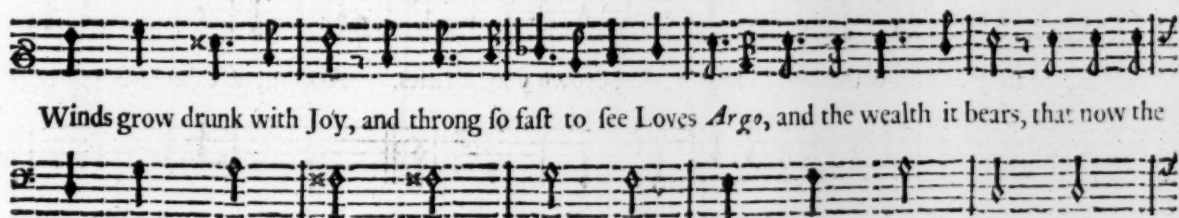
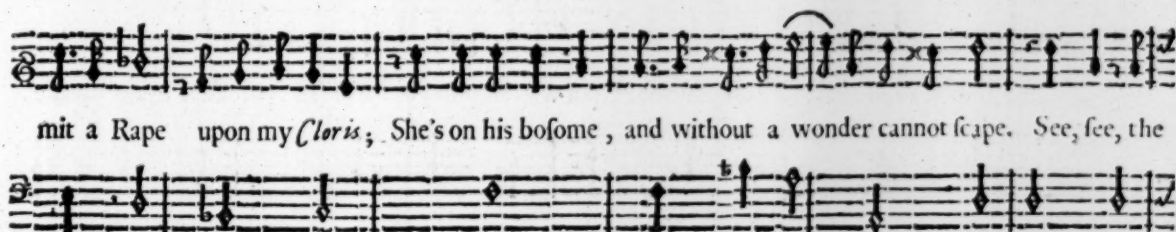
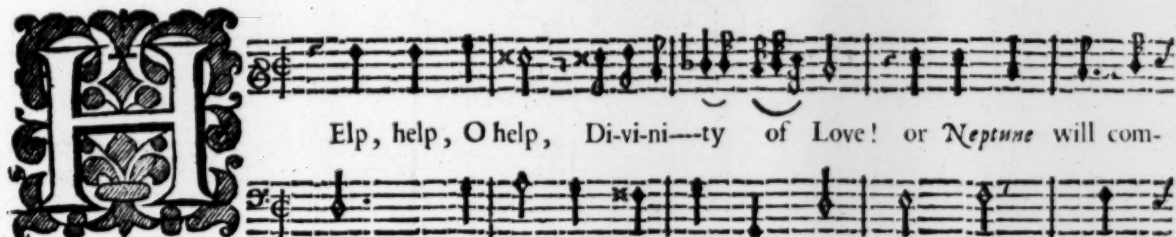
Books which are now fitted for the Press.

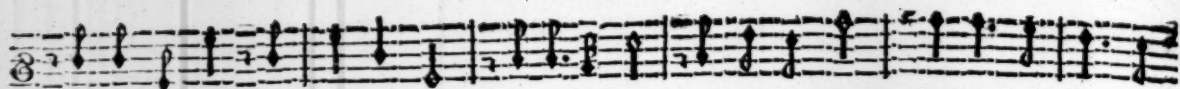
1. *A Book for the Flagelet, containing many new and pleasant Tunes and Instructions for Learners.*
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A S T O R M:

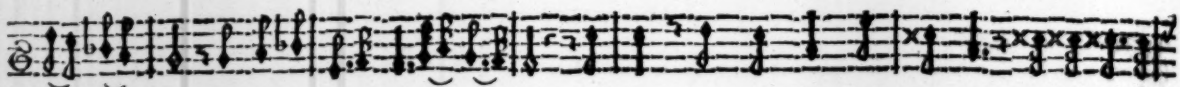
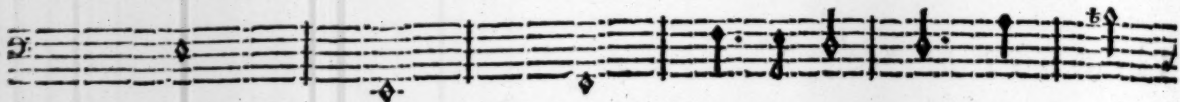
CLORIS at Sea, near the Land, is surpriz'd by a Storm:
AMINTOR on the Shore, expecting her Arrival,

THUS COMPLAINS:

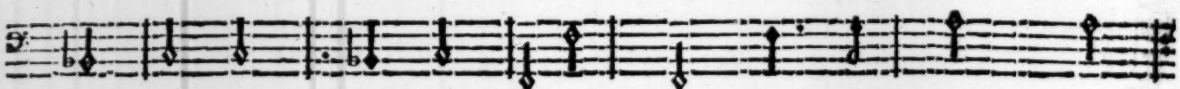




The Rudder cracks, the Main-mast falls; the Pilot sweats, the Skipper bawls; a showre of Clouds in



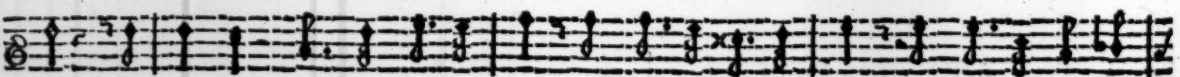
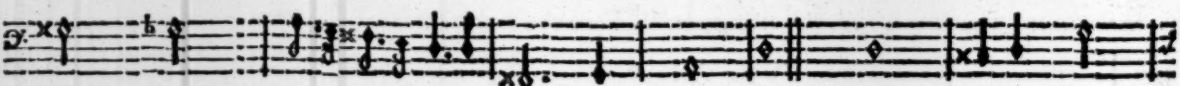
dark-ness fall, to put out *Cloris* light withall. Ye gods, where are ye? where are ye? Are ye all a-



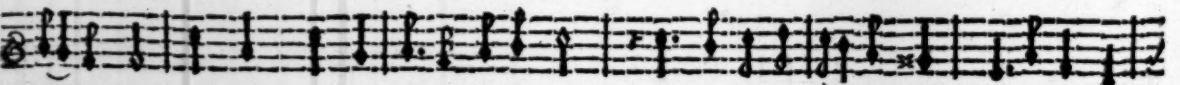
sleep, or drunk with *Nectar*: Why do you not keep a watch upon your Ministers of Fate? Tie up the



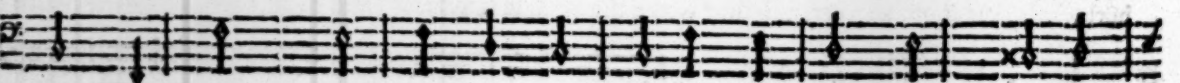
Winds, or they will blow the Seas to heav'n, and drown your Deities. A calm, a calm! Miracle of



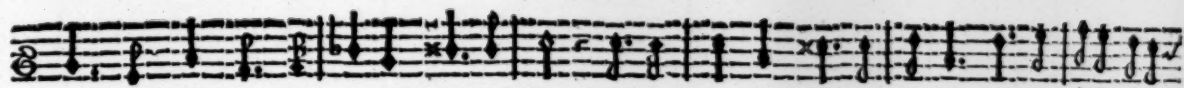
Love; the Sea-born Queen, that sits a-bovè, hath heard *Amintor's* cries, and *Neptune* now must



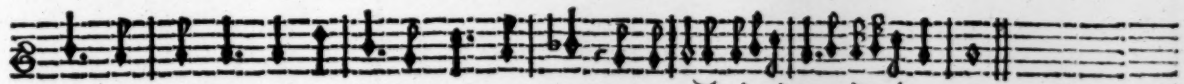
lose his prize. Welcome, welcome *Cloris* to the Shore; Thou shalt go to Sea no more: We to *Tempe's*



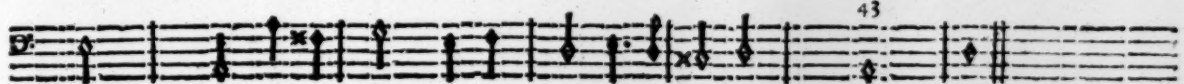
Groves



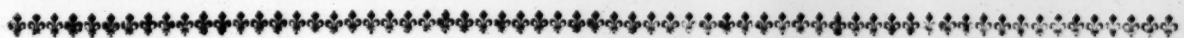
Groves will go, where the calmer winds do blow, and embarque our hearts to-gether, fearing nei-ther



Rocks nor Weather, but out-ride the storms of Love, and for e—ver con—stant prove.



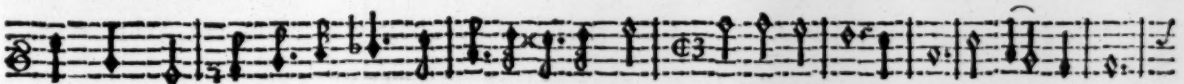
Mr. Hen, Lamer.



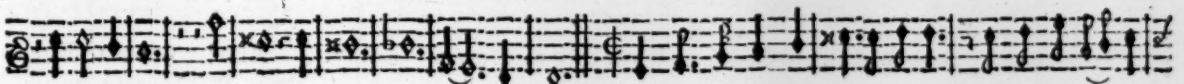
No REPRIEVE.



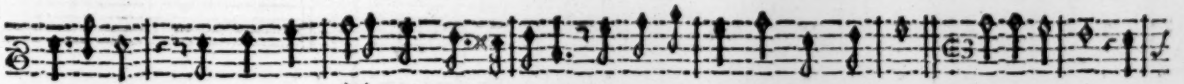
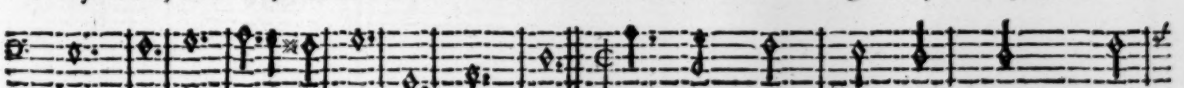
Ow now *Lucatia*, now make haft, if thou wilt see how strong thou art, there needs but



one frown more to waste the whole re-mainer of my heart. Alas! undone to Fate, I bow my head



ready to die, now die, and now now now am dead. You look to have an Age of tryal ere you a Lover

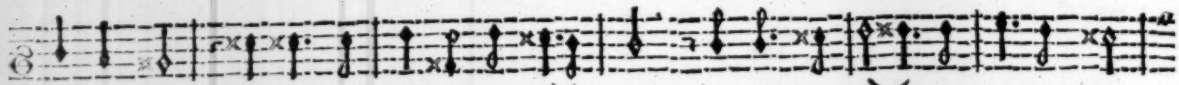


will repay; but my state brooks no more de-ni-al, I cannot this one minute stay. Alas! undone to

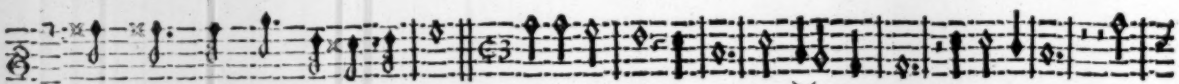
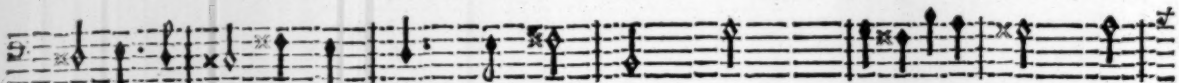




Fate, I bow my head ready to die ; now die, and now now now am dead. Look in my wound and



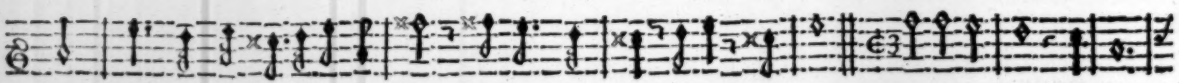
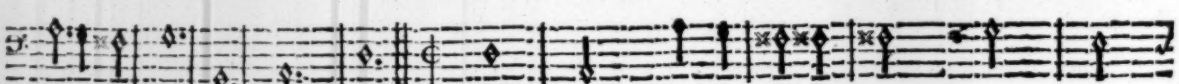
see how cold, how pale and gasping my Soule lies, which Nature strives in vain to hold ;



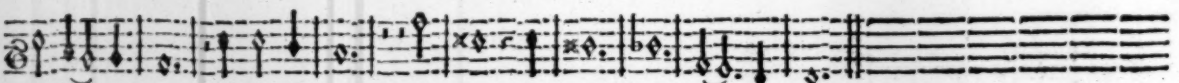
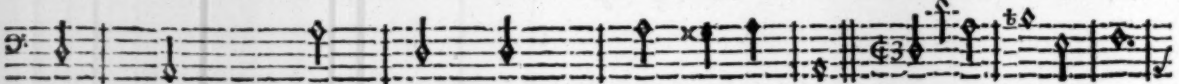
whilst wing'd with sighs away it flies. Alas ! undone to Fate, I bow my head ready to die ; now



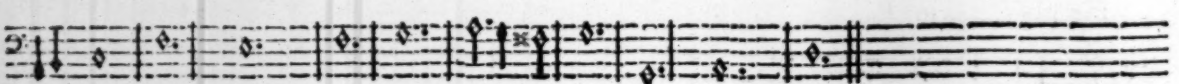
die, and now now now am dead. See see already *Charon's* boat, who grimly asks, Why all this

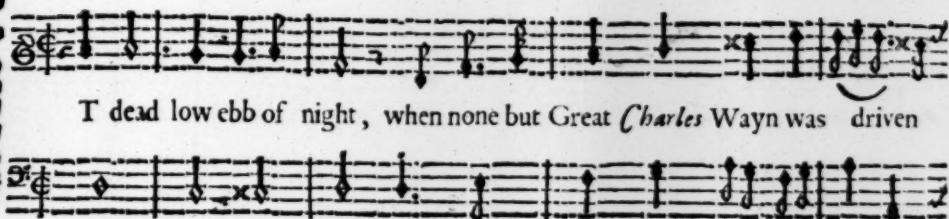


flay ? Hark how the fatal Sisters shout ! and now they call away a-way. Alas ! un-done to Fate,



I bow my head, ready to die, now die, and now now now am dead.

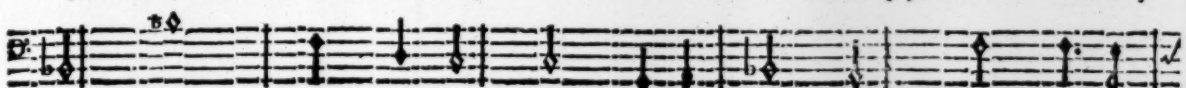


A TALE *out of* ANACREON.

T dead low ebb of night, when none but Great *Charles* Wayn was driven



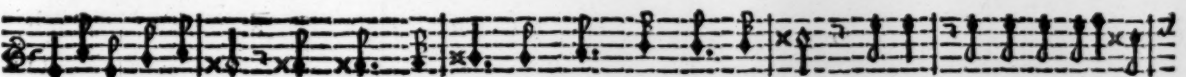
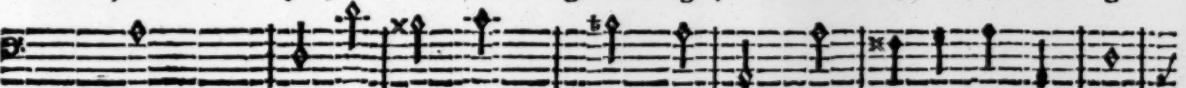
on; When Mortals strict cessation keep, to re-recruit themselves with sleep; 'Twas then a Boy



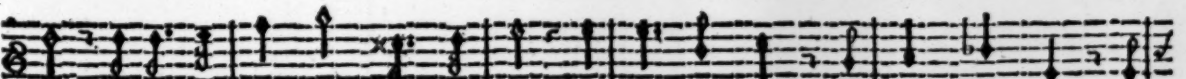
knockt at my gate. Who's there, said I, that calls so late? O let me In! he soon reply'd, I am a



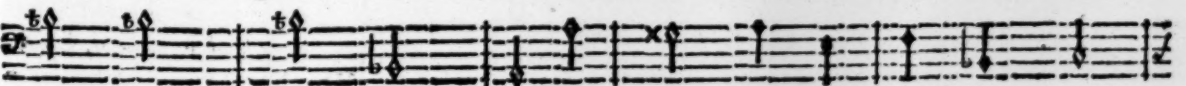
Childe; and then he cry'd, I wander without guide or light, lost in this wet, blind, Moonless night.

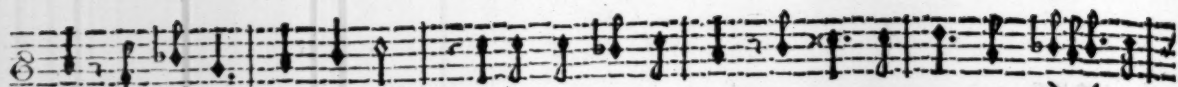


In pity then I rose, and straight unbarr'd my dore, and sprang a light: Behold, It was a Lovely



Boy, a sweeter sight ne're blest mine Eye: I view'd him round, and saw strange things; a

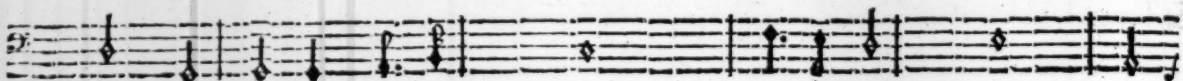




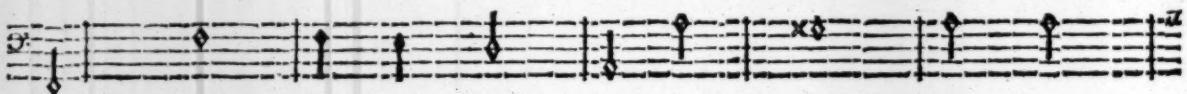
Bow, a Quiver, and two Wings; I led him to the fire, and then I dry'd and, chaf'd his



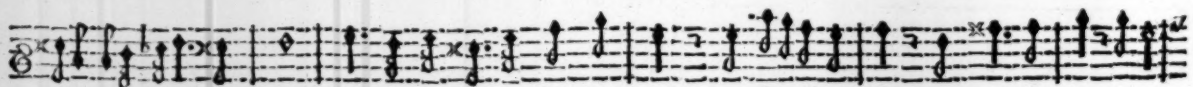
hands with mine: I gently press'd his tresses, curls, which new fallen rain had hung with pearls:



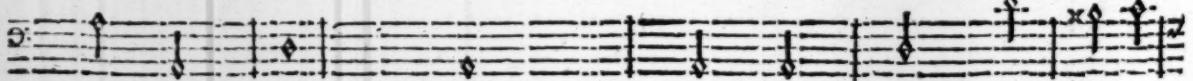
At last, when warm'd, the Yonker said, Alas my Bow! I am afraid the string is wet, 'Pray (Sir) let's



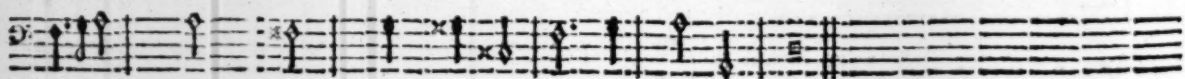
try; let's try my Bow. Do, do, said I. He bent it; Shot so quick and smart, as though my

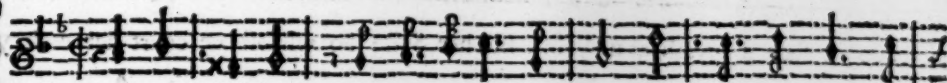


liver reach'd my heart. Then in a trice he took his flight, and laughing said, My Bow is right, it is



O 'tis! For as he spoke, 'twas not his Bow, but my Heart is broke.

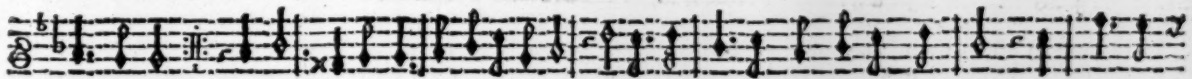
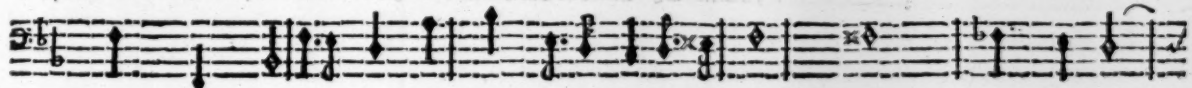


To his MISTRESS going to S E A.

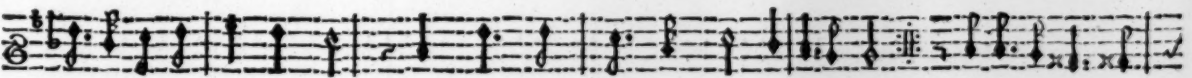
Arewell, fair Saint ! May not the Sea and Wind swell like the Hearts and



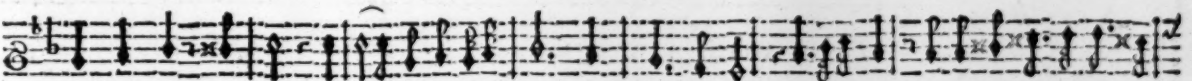
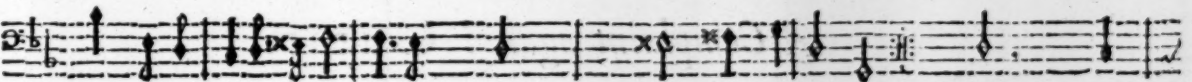
Eyes you leave behind ; but calm and gentle as the Looks you bear, smile in your face , and whisper



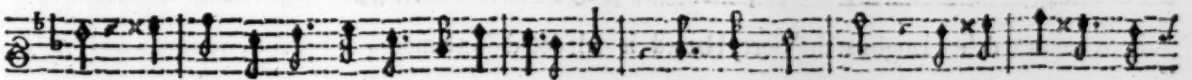
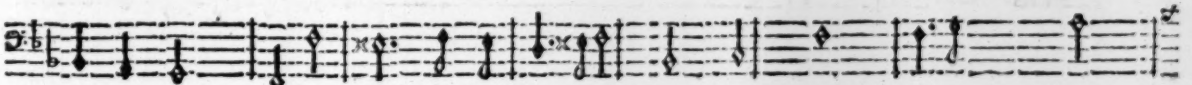
in your ear. Let no bo'd Billow offer to arise, that it may never look upon your Eyes, lest wind and



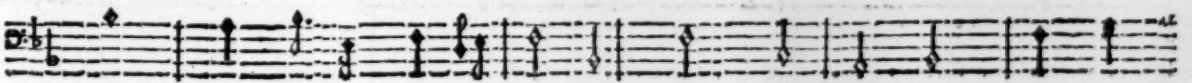
wave, enamour'd of your form, should throng and crowd themselves into a Storm. But if it be your

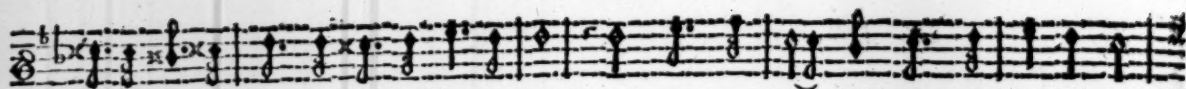


Fate, vast Seas ! to Love, of my becalmed breast learn how to move : Move then but in a gentler Lovers

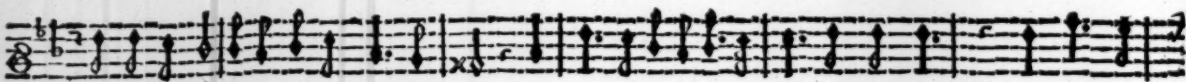
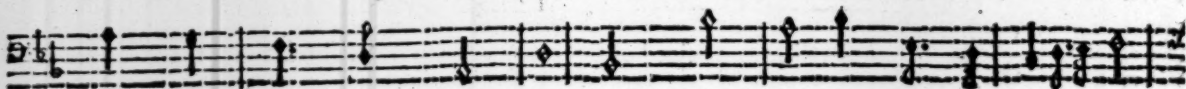


pace ; no furrows nor no wrinkles in your face : And ye fierce winds, see that you tell your

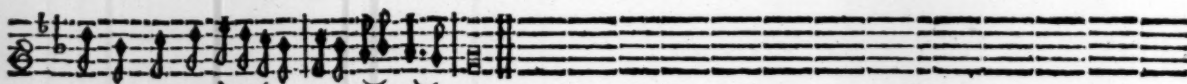
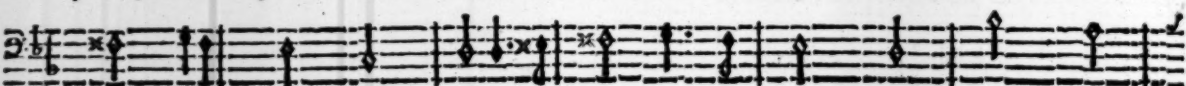




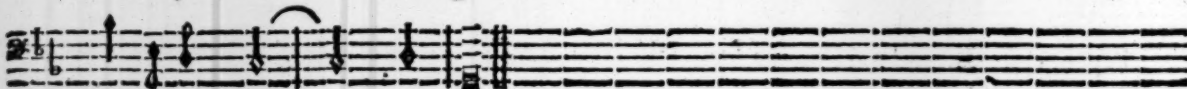
tale in such a breath as may but fill her Sail : So whilst ye court her each your sev'ral way ,



ye may her safe-ly to her Port convey ; and lose but in a noble way of Wooing , whilst both con-



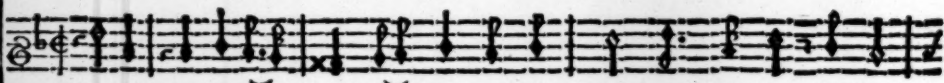
tribute to your own un—do—ing.



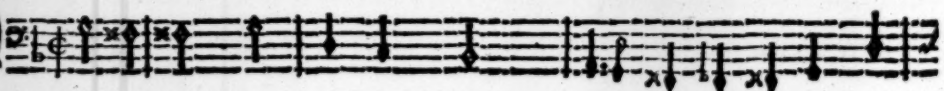
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



A Complaint against CUPID.



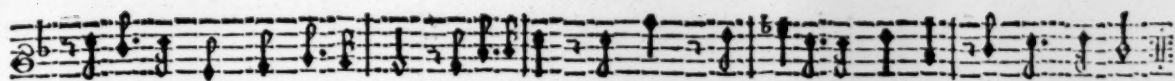
ENVIS redress a wrong that's done by that young sprightly Boy thy Son ;



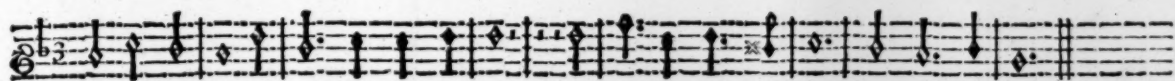
he Wounds and then laughs at the Sore, Hatred it self could do no more , If I pursue, he's small and light,



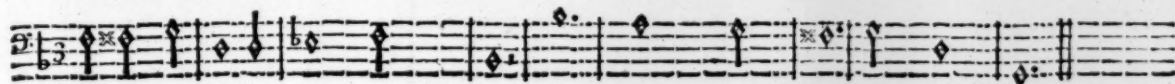
both



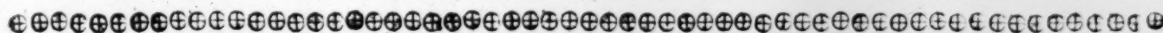
both seen at once, and out of sight; if I do fly, he's wing'd, and then at the first step I'm caught again.



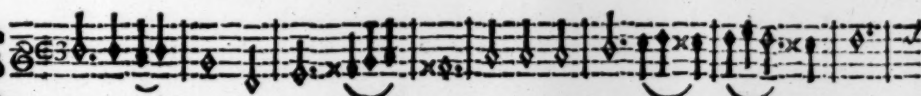
Lest one day thou thy self mayst suffer so, or clip the Wantons wings, or break his Bow.



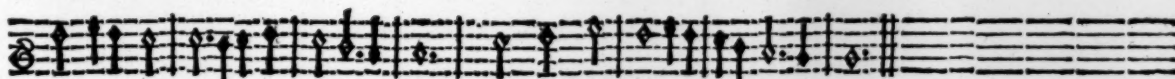
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



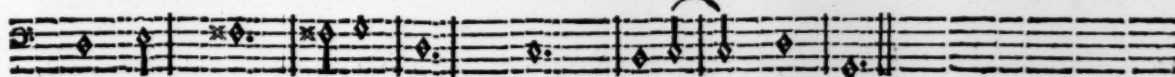
The SURPRISE.



Areless of Love, and free from Fears, I fate and gaz'd on *Stel-la's* Eyes,



thinking my Rea—son or my Years might keep me safe from all surprize.



But Love, that hath been long despis'd,
And made the Baud to others trust,
Finding his Deity surpriz'd,
And chang'd into degenerate Lust,

Summon'd up all his strength and power,
Making her Face his Magazine,
Where Virtue's grace, and Beauty's flower
He plac'd his Godhead to redeem.

So that too late (alas!) I find
No steeld Armour is of proof,
Nor can the best resolved mind
Resist her Beauty and her Youth.

But yet the folly to untwist,
That loving I deserve no blame;
Were it not Atheisme to resist
Where Gods themselves conspire her flame.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

D

BEAUTY'S

BEAUTIES Excellency.



Aze not on Swans, in whose soft breast a full hatcht beau—ty seems to nest,

nor Snow, which (falling from the Sky) hovers in its Virgini-ty.

Gaze not on Roses, though new blown,
 Grac'd with a fresh complexion;
 Nor Lillies, which no subtle Bee
 Hath rob'd by kissing Chymistrie.
 Gaze not on that pure Milky way
 Where night uses splendour with the day;
 Nor Pearl, whose silver walls confine
 The Riches of an Indian Mine.

For if my Emp'res appears,
 Swans moultring dye, Snow melts to tears;
 Roses do bluth and hang their heads,
 Pale Lillies shrink into their beds.
 The Milky way rides post, to shroud
 Its baffled glory in a Cloud;
 And Pearls do climb into her ear,
 To hang themselves for Envy there.

So have I seen Stars big with light
 Prove Lanthorns to the Moon-ey'd night;
 Which when Sol's Rays were once display'd,
 Sink in their Sockets, and decay'd.

To his MISTRES upon his going to travel.



Dearest, do not now de—lay me, since thou know'st I must be gone,

Wind and Tide 'tis thought doth stay me, but 'tis wind that must be blown from thy breath, whose

na-tive smell In—dian Odours doth ex-cel.

O then speak, my Dearest Fair!
 Kill not him who vows to serve thee;
 But perfume the Neighb'ring Air,
 For dumb silence else will starve me:
 'Tis a word is quickly spoken,
 Which restrain'd, a heart is broken.

Mediocrity in Love rejected.

Ive me more Love, or more Disdain, the Torrid or the Frozen Zone bring

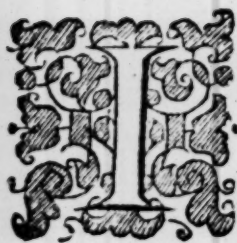
equal ease unto my pain, the Temperate affords me none; either extream of Love or Hate is

sweeter than a calm estate. Give me a storm, if it be Love, like *Dana* in that golden showre,

I swim in pleasure; if it prove Disdain, that torrent will devour my vulture hopes, and he's posselt of

Heav'n, that's but from Hell releas'd: Then crown my Joys, or cure my Pain; give me more

Love, or more Disdain.

The Self-Banished.

T is not that I love you less then when before your feet I lay, but to pre-

14

vent the sad encrease of hopeless Love I keep away: In vain a-las! for ev'ry thing that I have

known be-long to you, your form dares to my fan-cy bring, and make my old wounds bleed a-new.

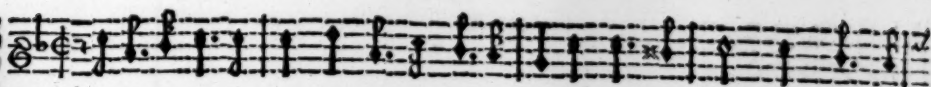
But I have vow'd, and never must your banish'd Ser--vant trouble you, for if he break, you may distrust

the vow he made to love you too.

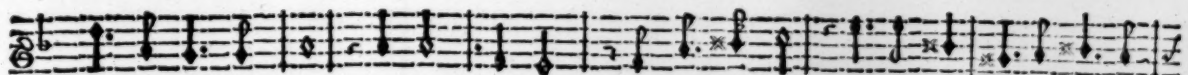
Who in the Spring from the new Sun
Already hath a Fever got;
Too late begins those shafts to shun
Which *Phæbus* through his veins hath shot;
Too late he would the pains assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire,
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.
But I have vow'd, &c.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

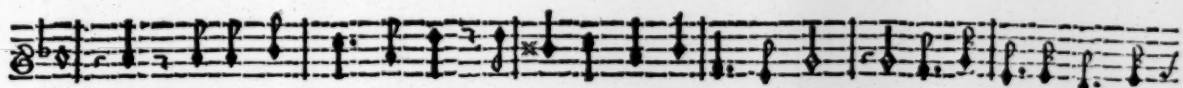
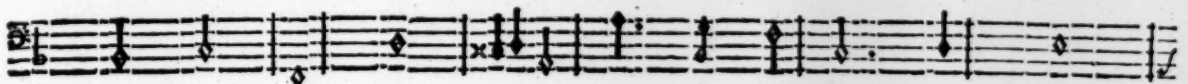
To his MISTRESS objecting his Age.



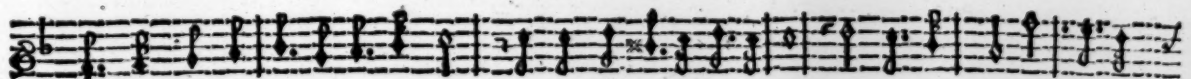
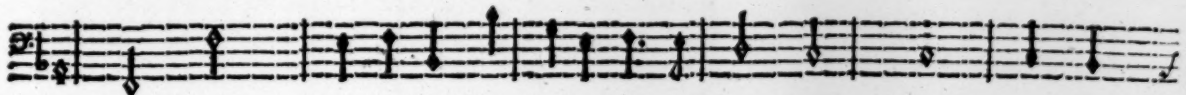
M I despis'd because you say, and I believe, that I am gray? Know, Lady,



you have but your day, and night will come, when men will swear Time has spilt snow up-on your



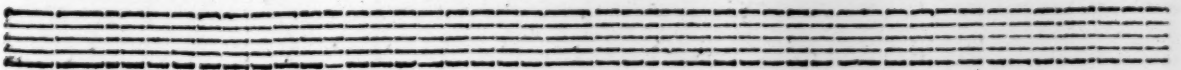
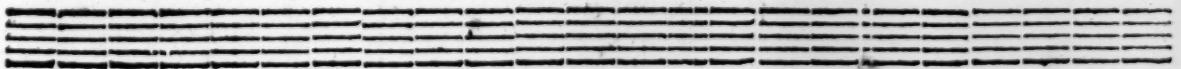
hair: Then when in your Glass you seek, but find no Rose-bud in your cheek, no, nor the red to give the



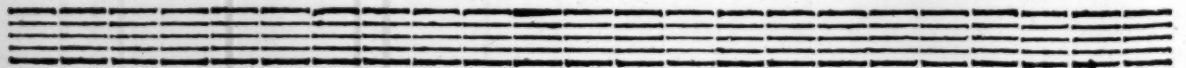
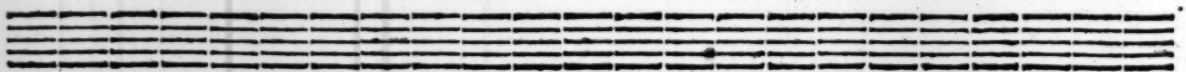
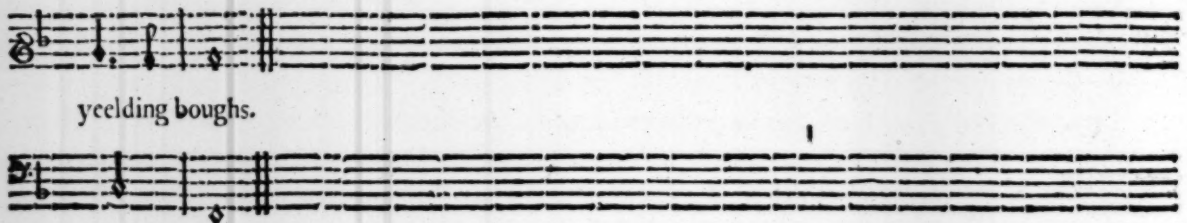
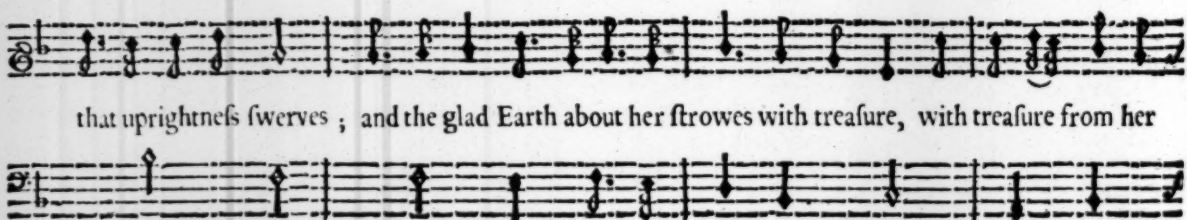
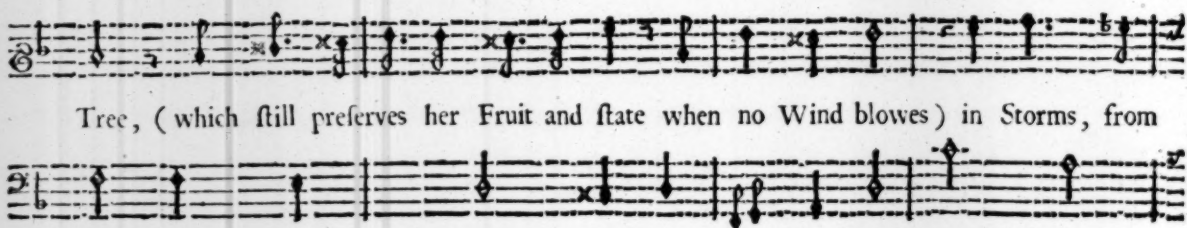
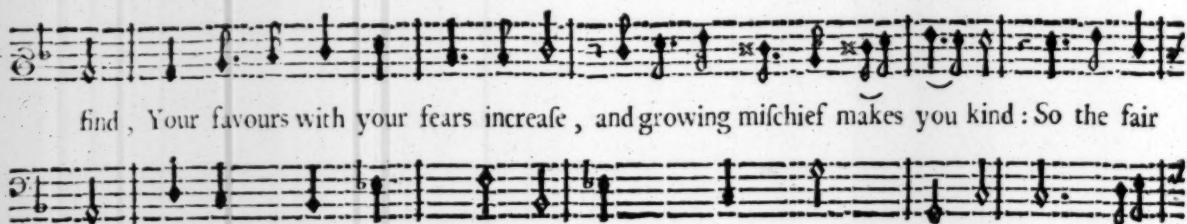
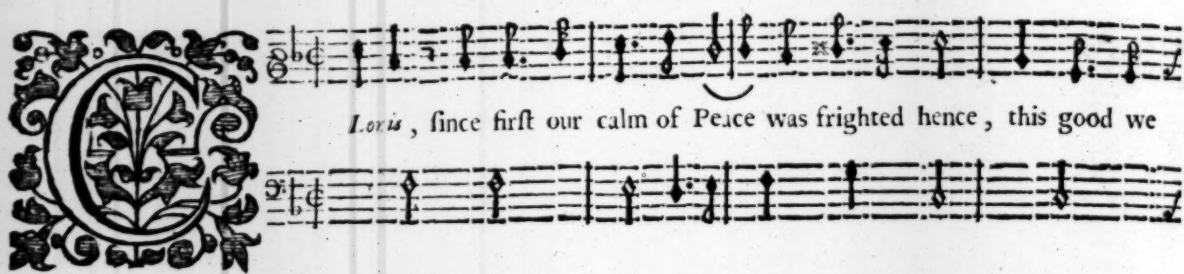
shew, where such a rare Carnation grew, and such a smiling Tulip too. Ah, then, too late, close in your



Chamber keeping, it will be told, that you are old, by those true tears y're weep-ing



To a Lady, more affable since the War began.



CLORIS *Singing.*

Es, yes, 'tis *Cloris* sings, 'tis she; Mark how the Nymphs and Shepherds all flock

to her: so the Master Bee the swarm leads with his awful call, so to the *Thracian* Lyre the floods reformed,

and the lifting woods: so shoals of Dolphins on the green waves spring, when *Doris* or her Sea-born

Daughters sing, and so her Notes their hearts benum: one looks pale, others eyes ore-flow with tears of

pleasure, perhaps some distil from sad hearts tears of woe; but as if fetter'd in a chain to soft their

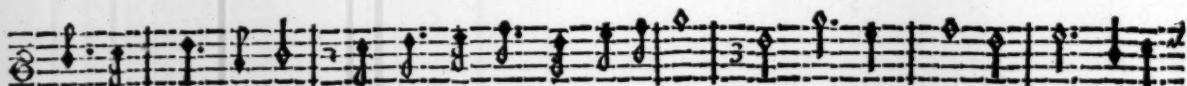
passions felt no pain, she stops no sooner, but th'enchanted throng straight cry, Sweet *Cloris* sing another Song.

The Unconstant Lover.

How I hate thee now, and my self too, for loving such a false, false thing as



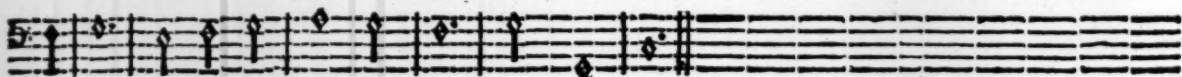
thee! who hour-ly canst depart from heart to heart, to take new har-bour as thou didst in me; but



when the world shall spie, and know thy shifts as well as I, they'l shut their hearts and take thee in



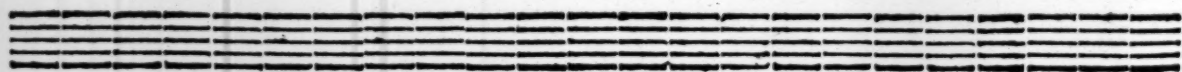
no more; he that can dwell with none, must out of dore.

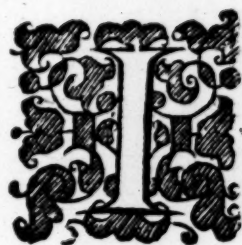


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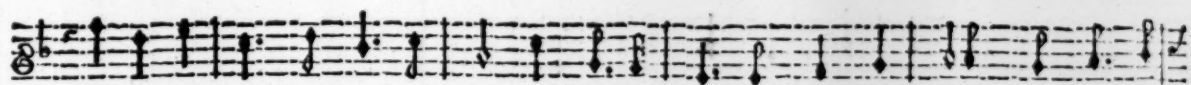
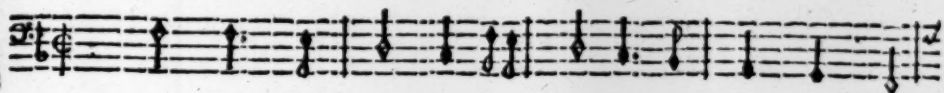
Thy pride hath overgrown
All this great Town
Which stoops, and bowes as low as I to you;
Thy falshood might support
All the new Court

Which shifts, and turn, almost as oft as thou,
But to expresse thee by,
There's not an object low, or high,
For 'twill be found, when ere the measures tride,
Nothing can read thy falshood, but thy pride.

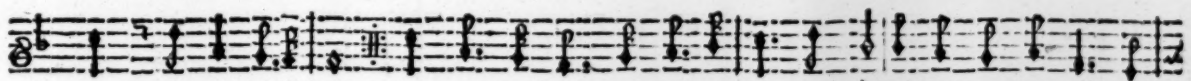


Night and day to his MISTRESS.

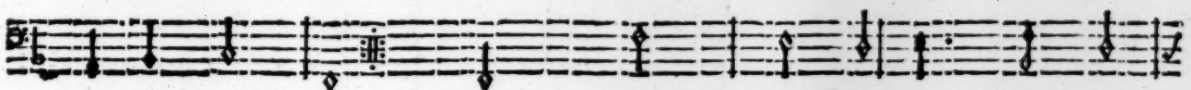
When the Sun at Noon displays his brighter rays, Thou but appear,



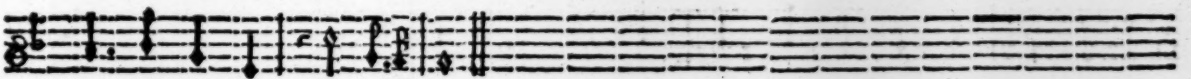
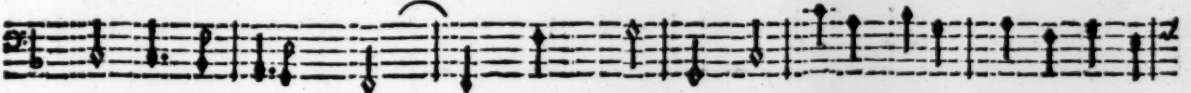
he then all pale with shame and fear, quencheth his light, and grows more dim, compos'd to



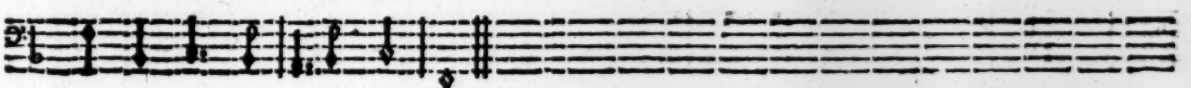
thee, then Stars to him. If thou but show thy face again, when darkness doth at midnight



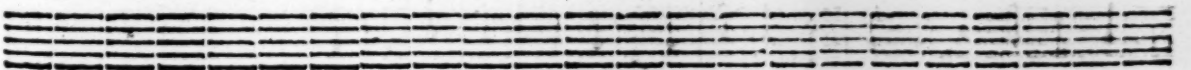
reign; darkness flies, and light is hurl'd round about the silent world, so as alike thou driv'st away both



light and darkness, night and day.



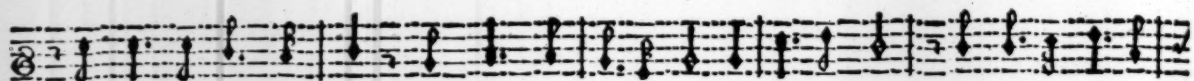
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



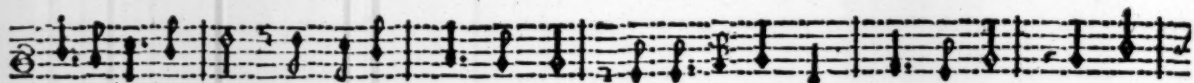
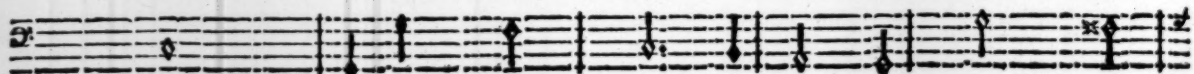
To his RIVAL.



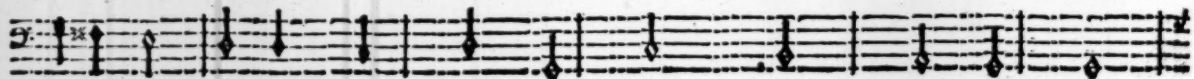
Eek not to know my Love, for she hath vow'd her Constant faith to me:



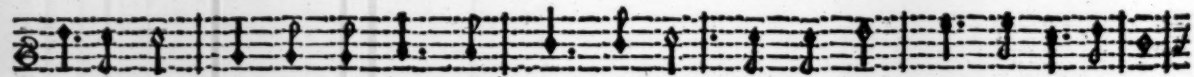
her milde Aspects are mine, and thou shalt onely find a Stormy brow, for if her Beauty



stir desire in mee, her Kisses quench the fire: Or I can to Loves Fountain goe, or dwell



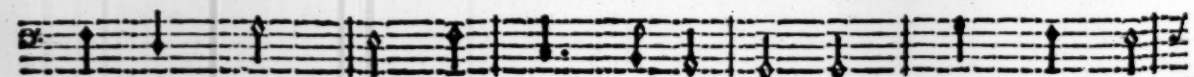
upon her Hills of Snow, But when thou burn'st, shee shall not spare one gentle Breath to



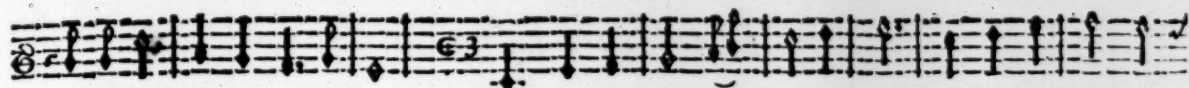
cool the Air, thou shalt not climbe those Alps, nor spie where the sweet Springs of *Venus* lie:



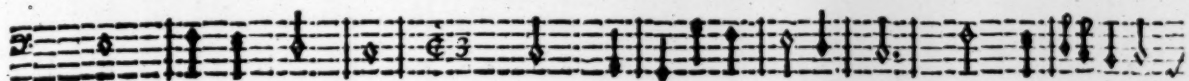
Search hidden Nature, and there find a treasure to enrich thy mind: Discover Arts not yet reveal'd,



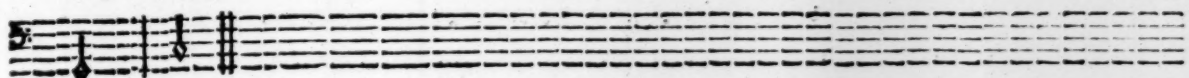
But



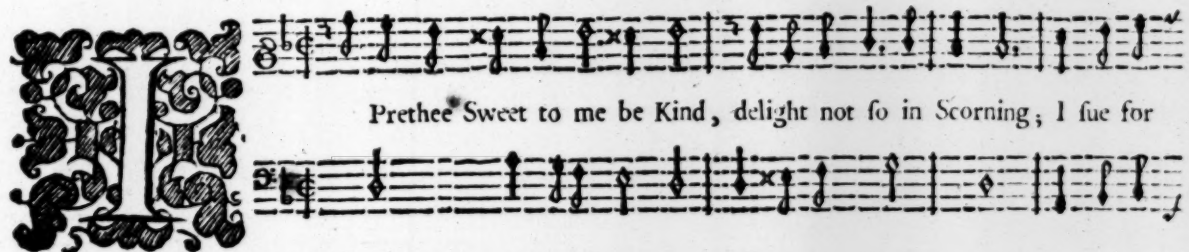
But let my Mistress live conceal'd. Though men by knowledge wiser grow, yet here 'tis wisdom



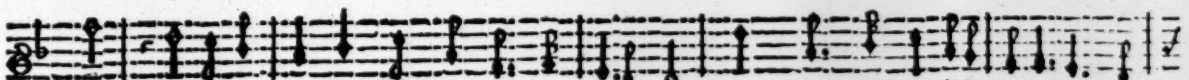
not to know.



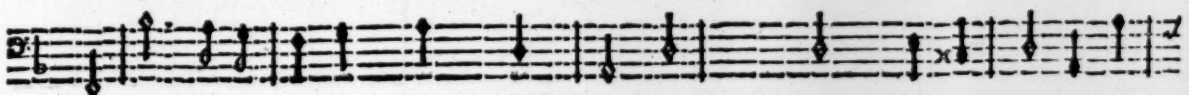
To his MISTRESS.



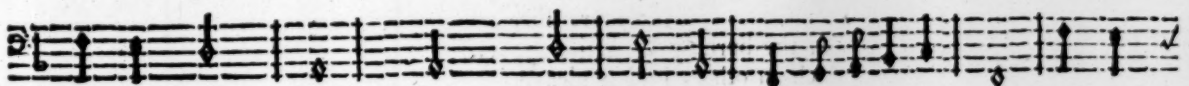
Prethee Sweet to me be Kind, delight not so in Scorning; I sue for



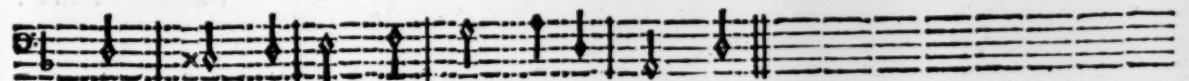
Love; O let me find some pleasure midst my mourning! What though to you I vassal be? Let



me my right in-herit: Send back the Heart I gave to thee, since thine it cannot merit. So I shall

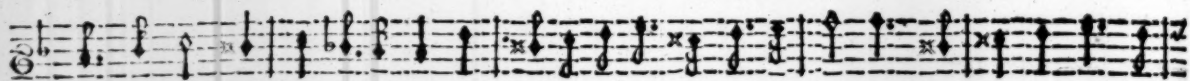


to the world declare how good, how sweet and fair you are.

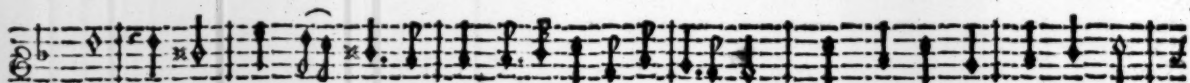
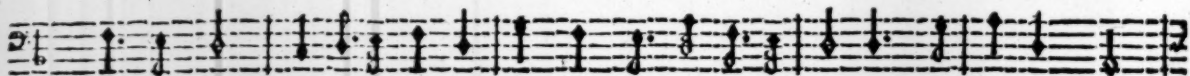


The Heart Intire.

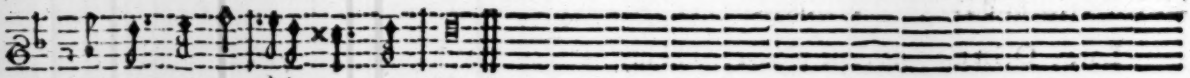
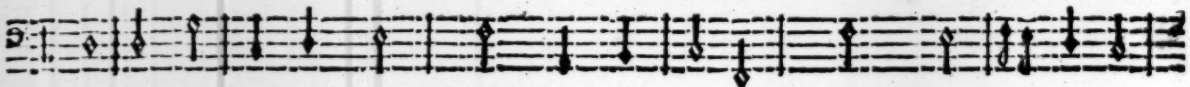
Anst thou love me, and yet doubt so much Fallhood in my heart, that a



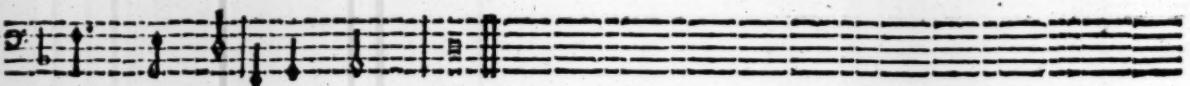
way I should find out to impart fragments of a broken Love to you, more then all b'ing left then



due: O, no ! Love must clear Distrust, or be eaten with that Rust ; short Love liking may find Jars,

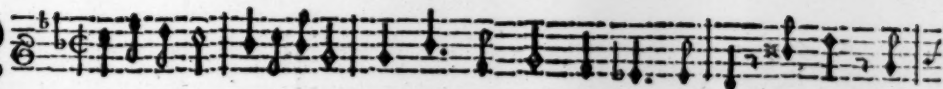


the Love that lasteth knows no Wars.

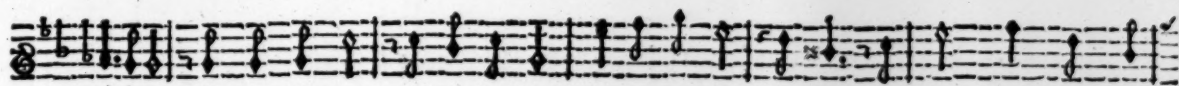
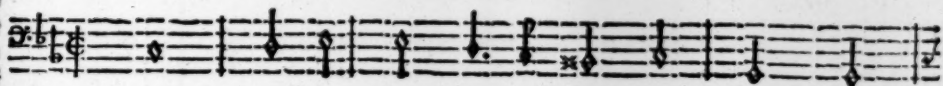


There Belief begets Delight,
And so satisfies Desire,
That in them it shines as Light
No more Fire ;
All the burning Qualities appeas'd,
Each in others joying pleas'd ;
Not a whisper, not a thought
But 'twixt Both in common's brought ;
Even to seem Two they are loath,
Love being only Soul to both.

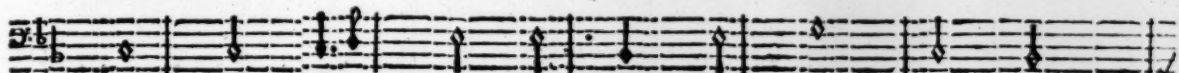
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Love in Despair.

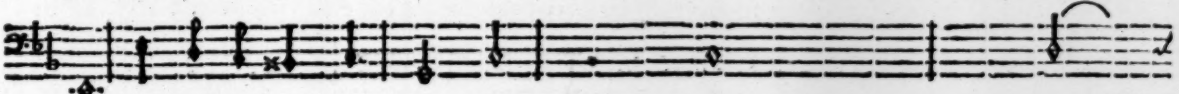
Lover once I did espie with bleeding Heart and weeping Eye, he sigh'd and



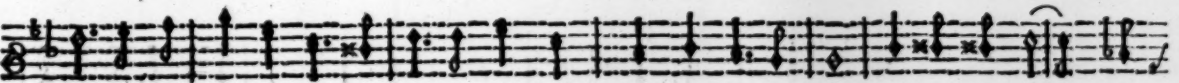
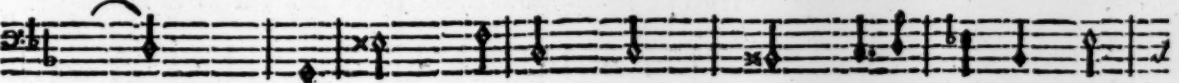
groan'd, and curst the Boy that planted woe, supplanted joy; he wept and cry'd, How great's his



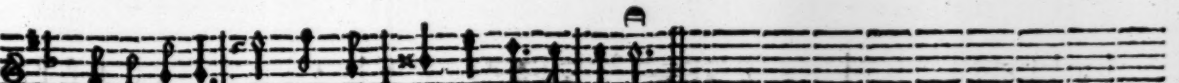
pain that lives in Love, and loves in vain! Can there (says he) no Cure be found, but by the



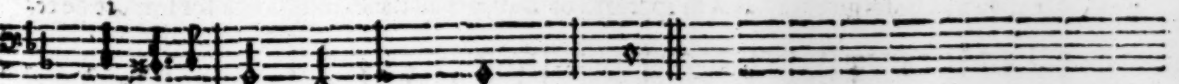
hand that gave the wound. Then let me die, which Ile endure, since she wants Charity to Cure:

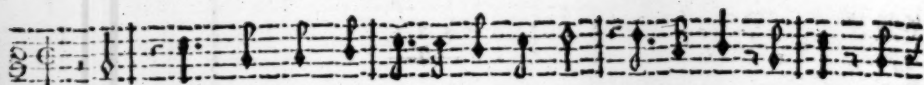


Yet let her one day feel the pain to wish sh' had cur'd, but wish in vain; for wither'd cheeks may



chance recover some sparks of Love, but not a Lover.

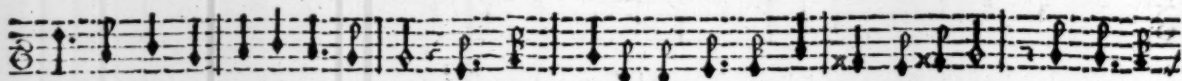


Loves Fruition.

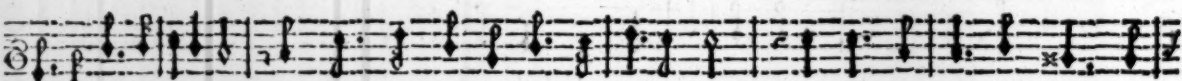
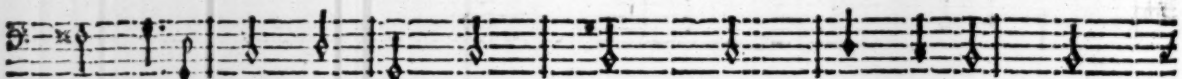
Ome come, thou glorious object of my sight: O my Joy, my Life, my



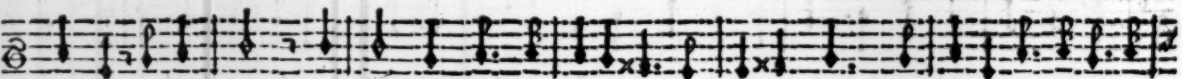
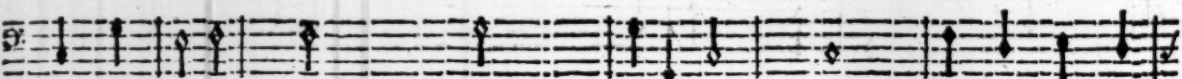
only Delight! May this glad Minute be blest to Eternitie. See how the glim'ring Tapers of the Sky do



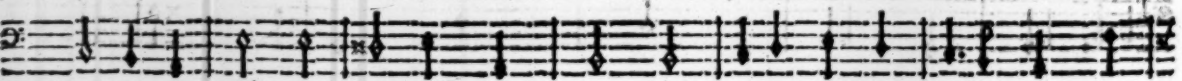
gaze and wonder at our Confrancy: How they croud to behold what our Arms do unfold! How all do



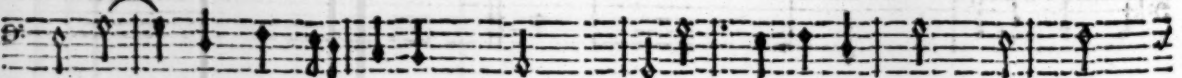
envy our Felicities, and grudge the Triumph of *Se-lindras* Eyes! How *Cynthia* seeks to shroud her

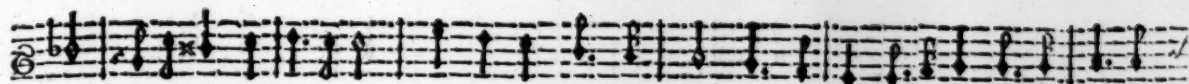


Crescent in yon Cloud, where sad Night puts her fable Mantle on thy Light; mistaking hasteth to be

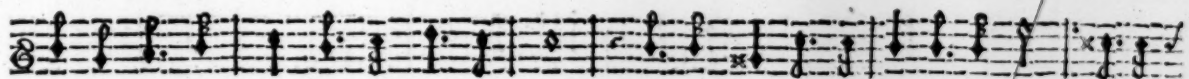


gone, her gloomy Shades give way as at th'approach of Day, and all the Planets shrink for fear to be ec-

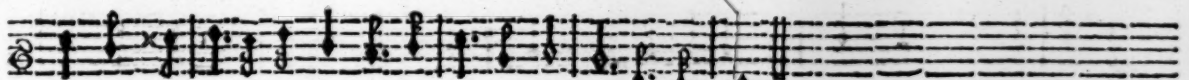




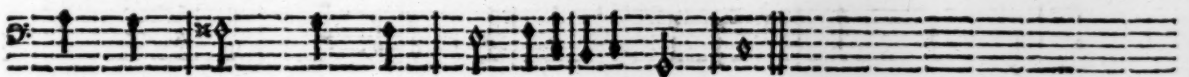
clips'd by a brighter De-i tie. Look, O look, how the small Lights do fall and adore what before the



Heavens have not shown, nor their godhead known. Such a Faith, such a Love as may move Mighty



Love from a-bove to descend and re-main amongst Mortals again.

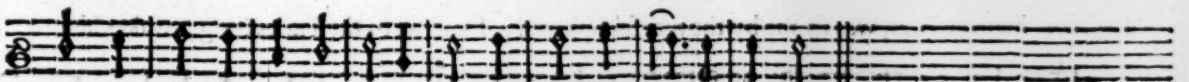
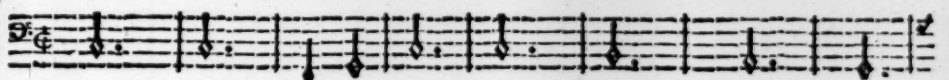


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

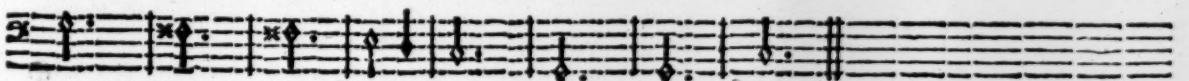
Love in the Spring.



Leasure, Beauty, Youth attend ye; Love and Melting thoughts befriend ye:



While the spring of Nature lasteth use your time ere Winter hasteth.



II.

Active blood and free delight,
Place and Privacy invite:
O be kind as you are fair,
Lose no advantage got for Air.

III.

She is cruel that denies it,
Stealth of sport in love supplies it:
Bounty best appears in granting,
Else the Ears of Love are wanting.

IV.

There's the sweet Exchange of Bliss
Where each Whisper proves a Kiss:
In the Gain are felt no pains,
For still in all the Loser gains.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The LARK.

Swift through the yielding Air I glide, while nights shall be, shades abide :

Yet in my flight (though ne're so fast) I Tune and Time the wilde winds blast : And ere the Sun be

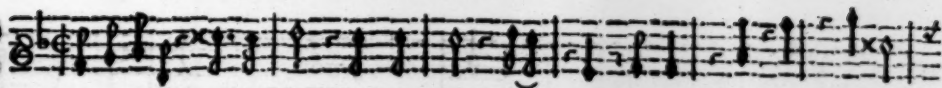
come a-bout, teach the young Lark his Lesson out ; who early as the Day is born sings his shrill

Anthem to the ri-sing Morn : let never Mortal lose the pains to imi-tate my Aiery strains, whose pitch too

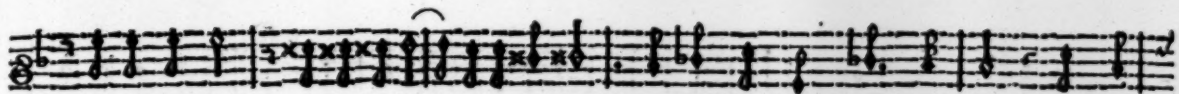
high for humane Ears, was set me by the tuneful Spheres. I carrol to the Faries King, wakes him a

mornings when I sing : And when the Sun stoops to the deep, Rock him again and his fair Queen a-sleep.

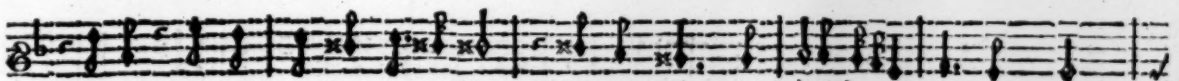
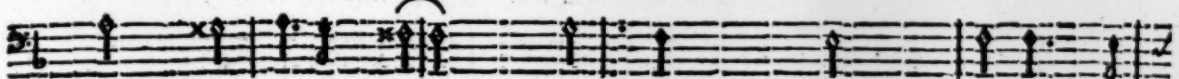
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Loves Dying Passion.

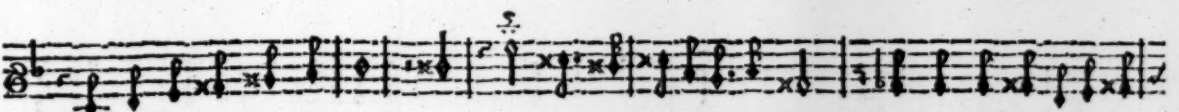
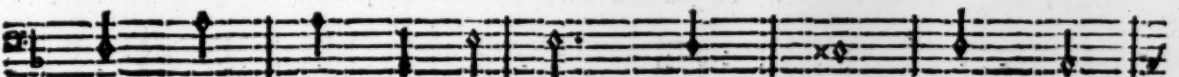
Amarillis tear thy hair, beat thy breast, sigh, weep, despair; cry cry Ay me!



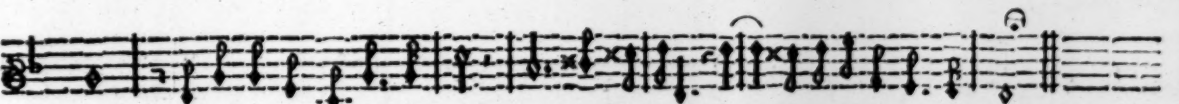
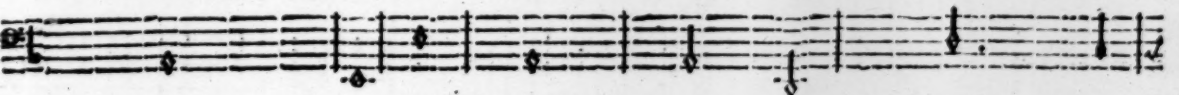
Is *Daphne* dead? I see a paleness on his brow, and his cheeks are drown'd in snow; Whether,



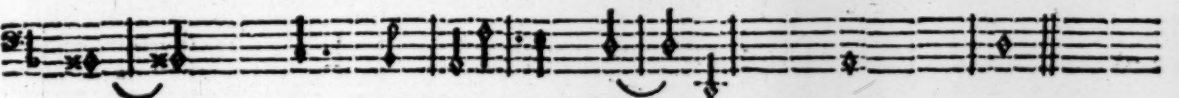
whether, whether are those Roses fled? O my heart! how cold, how cold he's grown!



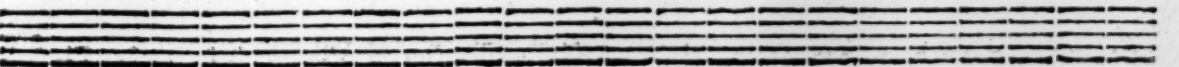
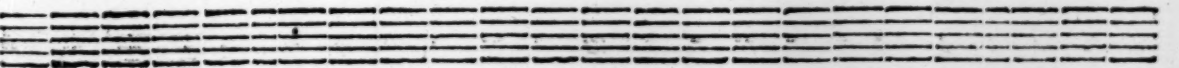
Sure his Lips are turn'd to stone. Thus, Thus then I offer up my blood, and bathe my body in his



shroud. Since living accents cannot move, Know *Amarillis*, know *Amarillis* dy'd for Love.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.



On a lost Heart.



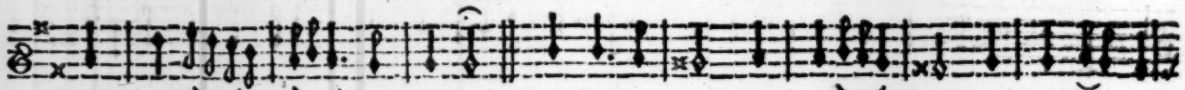
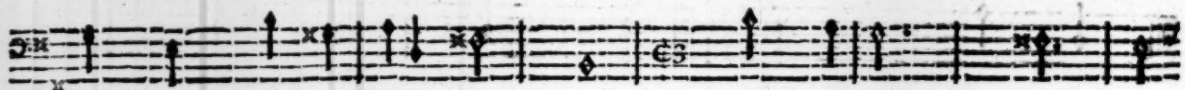
What shall I do? I've lost my Heart; 'tis gone I know not whether:



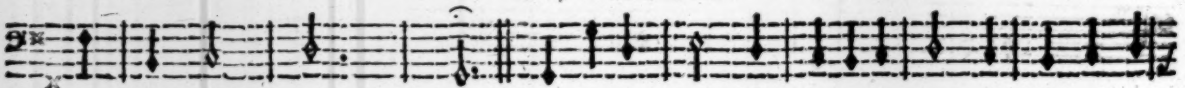
Cupid cut's strings, then lent him wings and both are flowne together. Fair Ladies, tell,



for Loves sweet sake, Did any of you find it? Come come, it lies in your Lips or Eyes,



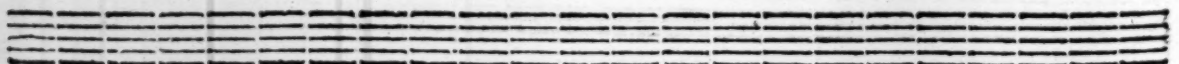
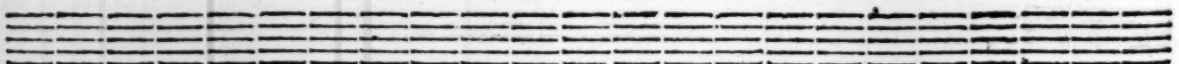
though you'l not please to mind it. Well, If 'tis lost, then farewell frost, I will enquire

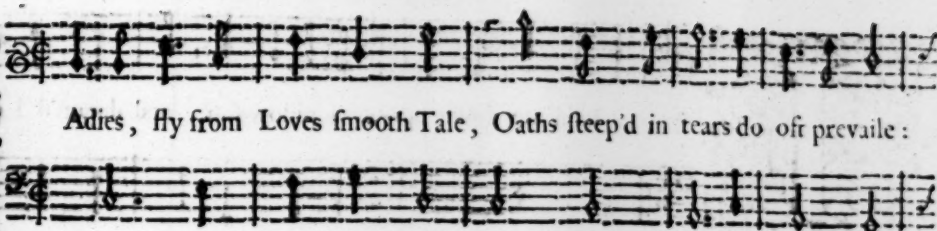


no more; for Ladies they steal Hearts a-way but on—ly to restore.

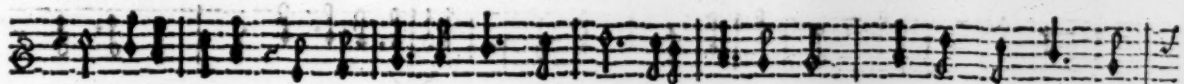


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

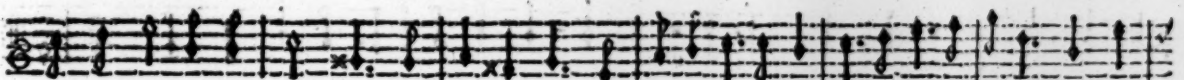
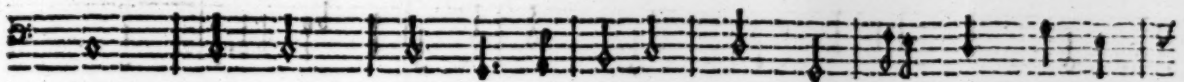


Loves Flattery.

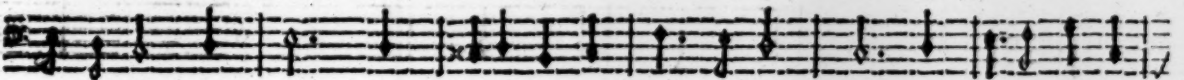
Adies, fly from Loves smooth Tale, Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevaile:



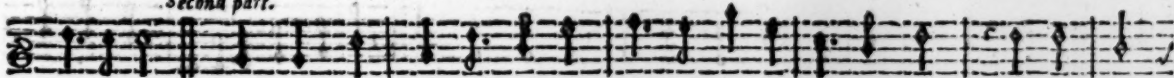
Grief is Infectious, and the Air inflam'd with sighs will blast the Fair: Then stop your Ears when



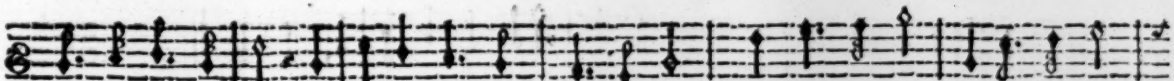
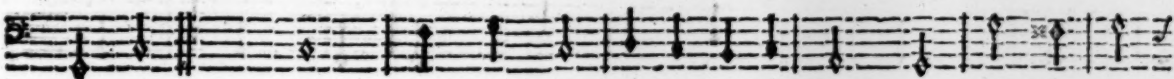
Lovers cry, lest your selves weep when no lost Eye shall with a forrowing tear repay that pity which you



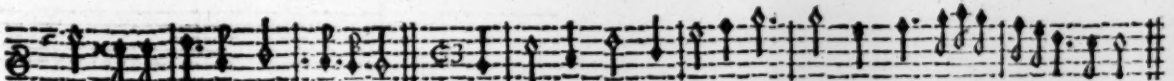
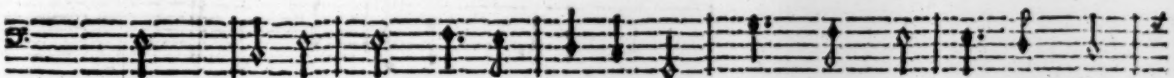
Second part.



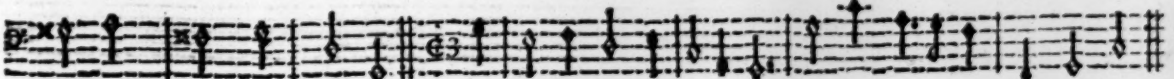
cast away. Young men, fly when Beauty darts Am'rous glances at your hearts; the fixt mark



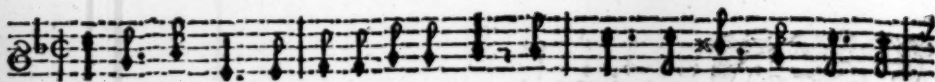
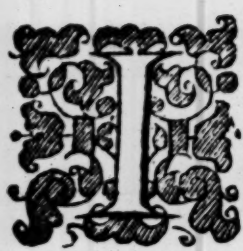
gives the Shooter aim, and Ladies looks have power to maim: Now 'twixt the Lips, now in their Eyes,



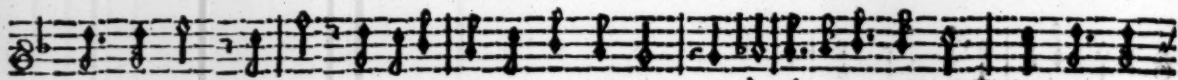
wrapt in a Kiss or Smile Love lies. Then fly betimes, for only they Conquer Love that run away.



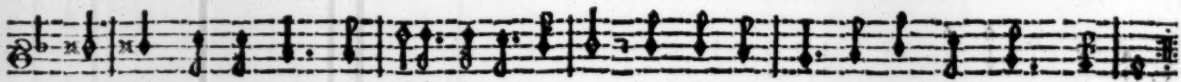
A DREAM.



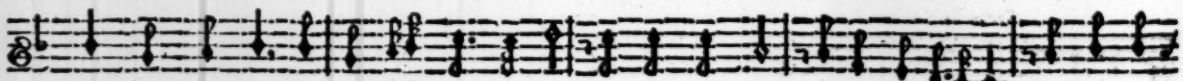
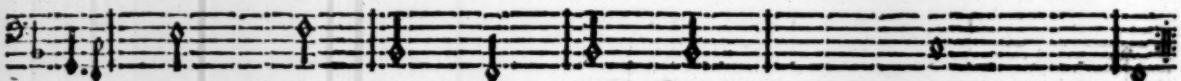
Laid me down up-on a pillow soft, and dream'd I clypt and kist my



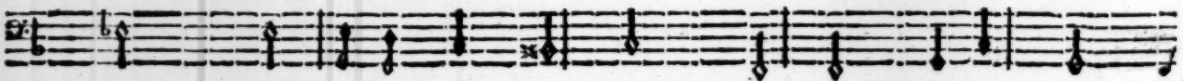
Mistress oft: She cry'd, Fie fie, away, you are too bold. I pray'd her be content, though she were



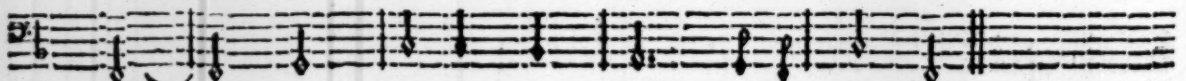
cold, my veins did burn with flames of hot desire, and must not leave till she had quench'd my fire.



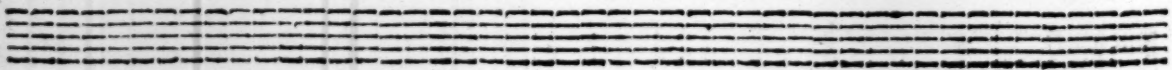
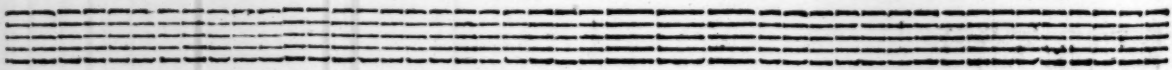
Well, since (said she) I may not from you fly, do what you please, I give you liberty. With that I



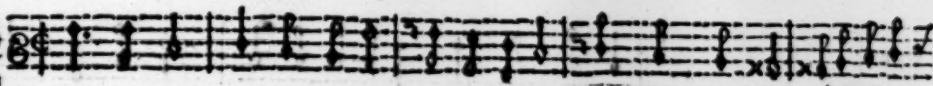
wak'd, but found I was deceiv'd; for which I storm'd like one of sense bereav'd.



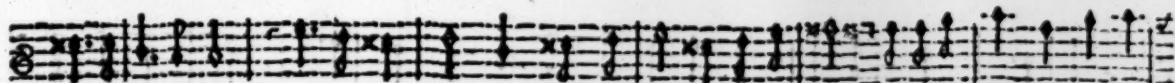
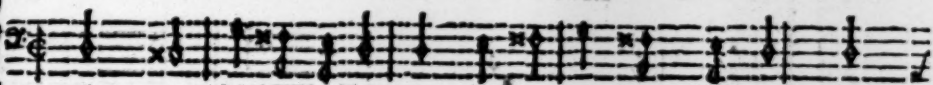
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



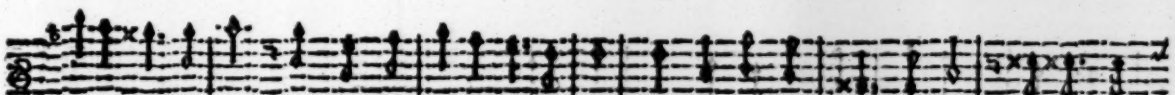
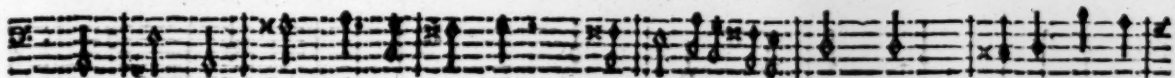
Upon the Hearing Mrs. MARY KNIGHT Sing.



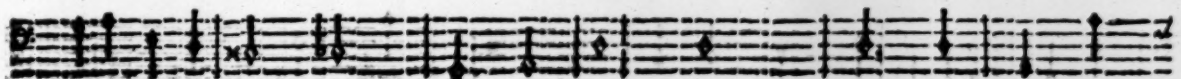
On that think love can convey no other way but through the Eye in-to the



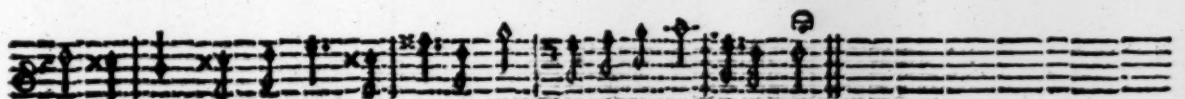
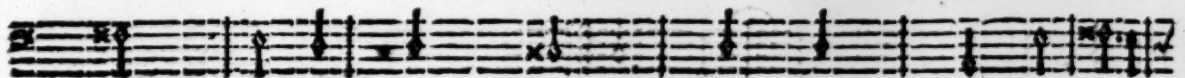
heart his fatal dart, Close up those Casements, and but hear this Syren sing, and on the wings of her clear



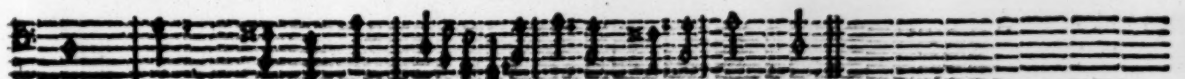
voyce it will appear that Love can enter at the Ear. Then unweil your Eyes, behold the Curious



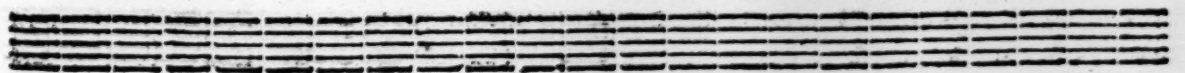
mold where that voyce dwells: and as we know when the Cocks crow we freely may gaze on the day,

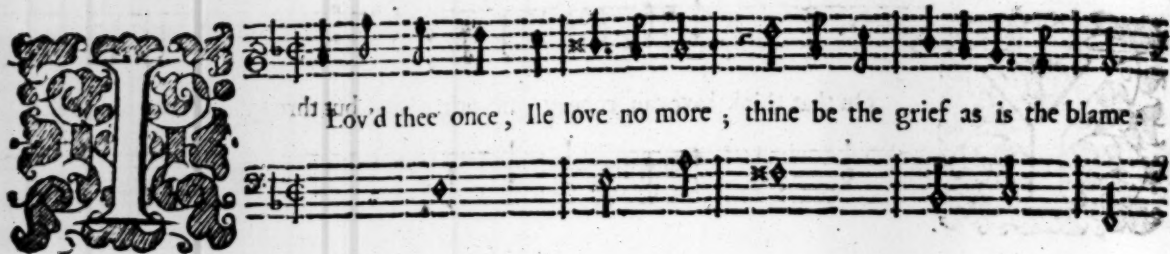


So may you when the Musicks done, awake and see the Ri—sing Sun.

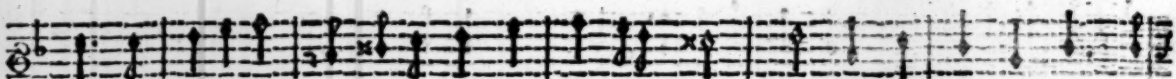


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

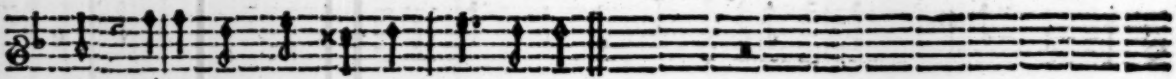
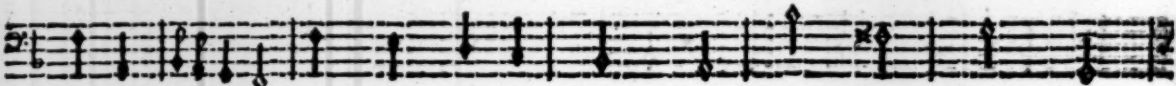


The Thrifty L O V E R.

Thou art not what thou wert before ; What rea-son I should be the same ? He that can



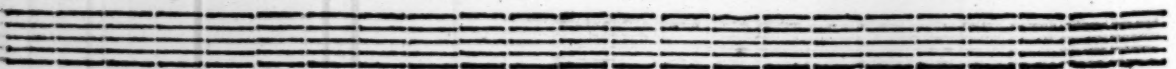
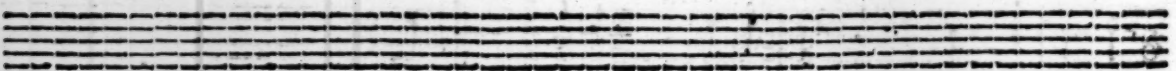
love un-lov'd again, hath better store of Love than Brain. God send me Love my Debts to



pay, whilst Unthrifts fool their Love away.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.



A LOVER on his Dying MISTRES.



Eath cannot yet extinguish that entire pure flame her Eys did kindle in my breast:

now they are clos'd, and she is laid to rest, my heart hath embers left of chaste desire, which as the

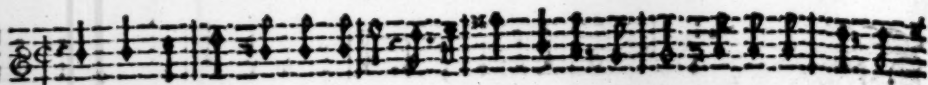
Elements, so they require something to feed and keep alive the rest, that heart in which her Image

was exprest, shall be the fuel, sighs shall blow the fire: There now she seems to move her sweetest Lips,

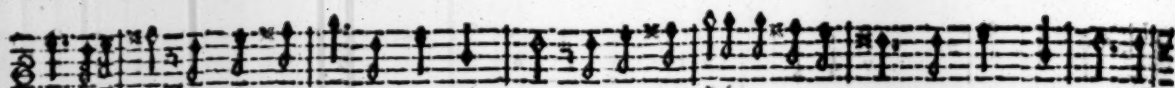
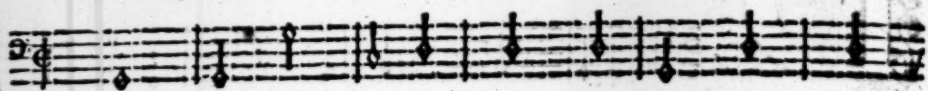
which ever must be so till they be none, bids me not grieve, she's but eclips'd who from the Eys, not from the

Heart is gone, yet with mine Eys my Heart shall bear a part, because mine Eys first brought her to my Heart.

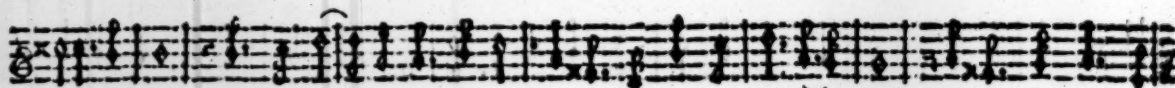
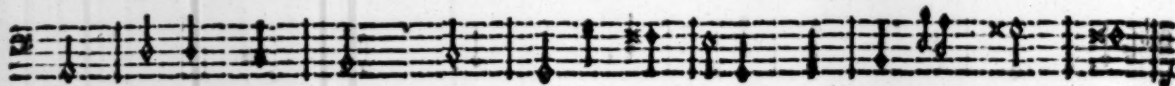
The FLY.



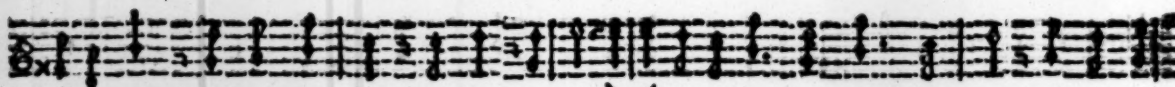
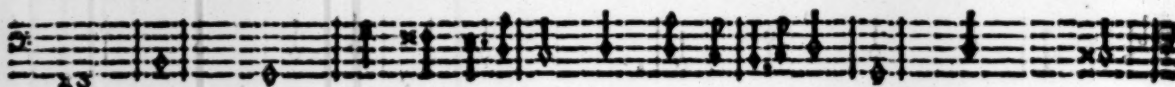
Hen this Fly liv'd she us'd to play in the Sunshine all the day, till coming neer my



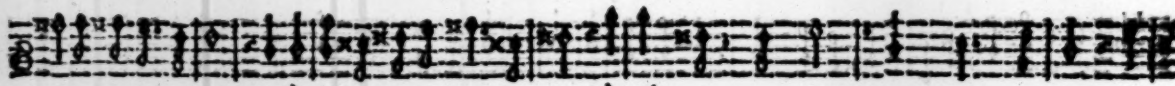
Calia's light, she found a new and unknown light, so full of glory as it made the Noon-day Sun a



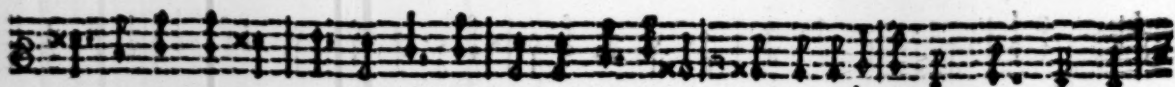
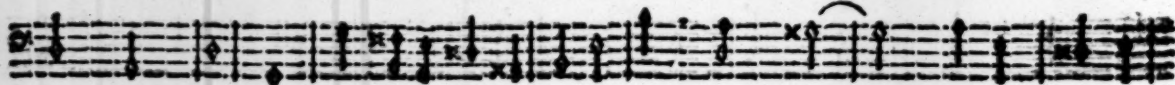
gloomy shade. Then this am'rous Fly became my Rivall, and did court my flame, she did from hand to



Bosome skip; and from her breath, her cheek, her lip, suckt all the Incense, Mirrhe and Spice, and grew a



Bird of Paradise. At last in-to her Eye she flew, there scorcht with flames, and drown'd in dew, like



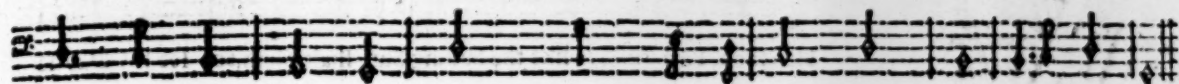
I baston from the Suns sphere she fell, and with her dropt a Tear, of which a Pearl was streight compos'd,



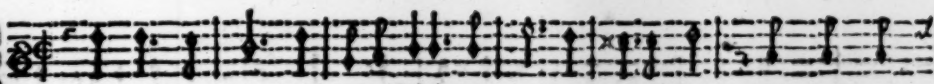
wherein



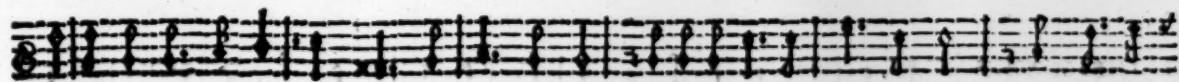
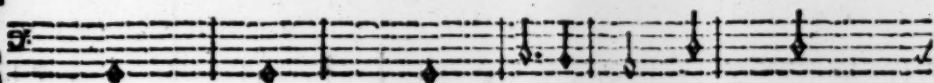
wherein her Ashes lie inclos'd: Thus she receiv'd from *Calia's* Eye, Funeral flame, Tombe Obsequie.



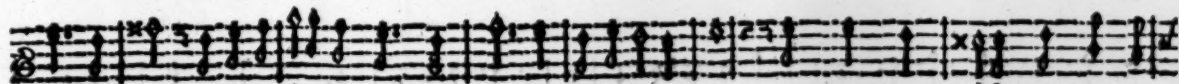
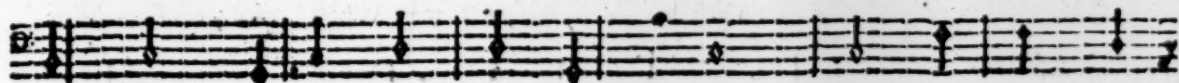
Loves Torment.



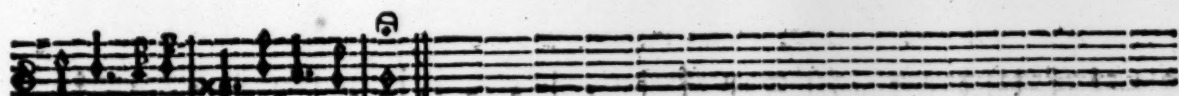
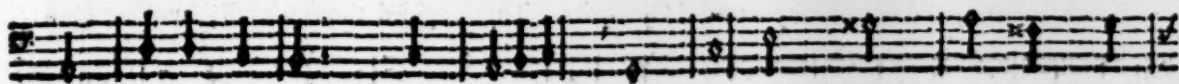
Was foretold your Rebel Sex nor love nor pi-ty knew, and with what



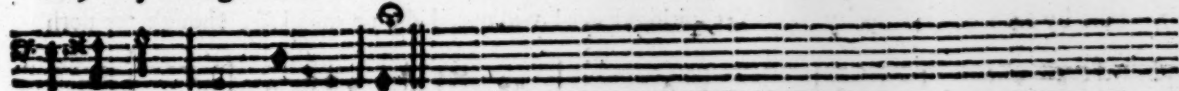
scorn you use to vex poor Hearts that humbly sue: But I believe, to crown our pain, could we the



fortress win, A happy Lover sure should gain a Paradise within. I thought Loves plagues like Dragons



fate, only to fright us at the Gate.



If I did enter and enjoy what happy Lovers prove,
I would Kifs, and Sport, and Toy, and taste those Sweets of Love:
Or had they but a lasting fate, or if in *Calia's* breast,
Or of Love might not abate, *Love* was too mean a Guest:
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts than did her Scorn before.

Hard Fate! to have been once possesst as Victor of a Heart,
Achiev'd with labour and unrest, and then forc'd to Depart.
If the stout foe will not resign when I besiege a Town,
I lose but what was never mine, but he that is cast down
From Injoy'd Beauty, feels a woe
Only deposed Kings can know.

Love Unveil'd.

Hen thou, Fair *Calia*! like the Setting Sun, shalt blush to see thy Day is

done: And I a Martyr in thy Virgin flame, though dead bespot thy living fame, and call thee

Murders; Then thou shalt see thou hast deceiv'd thy self, not me: When from my constant Ashes

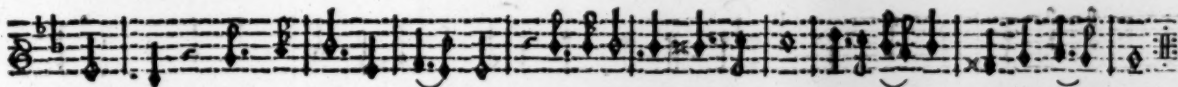
Truth shall rise, and silence thy intended Obsequies. Then unpitied thou shalt fall, and we both

die by each others Cruelty. Yet, pitious Fates! will not I die un-mourn'd, though we both

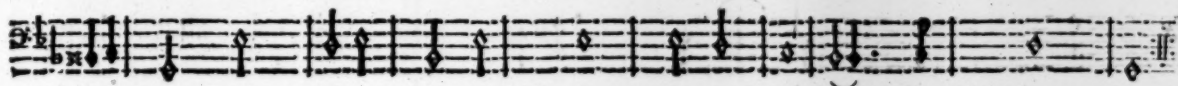
die, and both die scorn'd.

The Mournful Lovers.

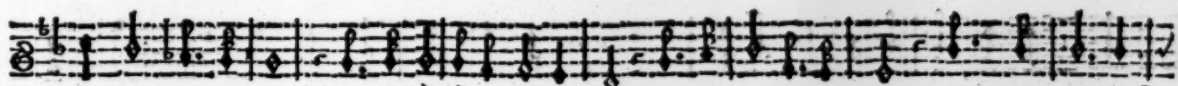
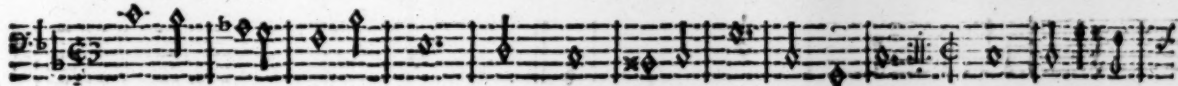
Ome, come, sad Turtle, mateless moaning ; droop no more for want of



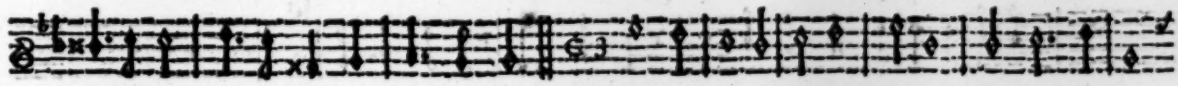
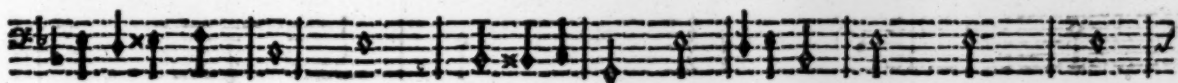
Owning : Here's a Breast for your Nest, like an Altar Cypress drest, sa-cri-fi-cing grievful groaning.



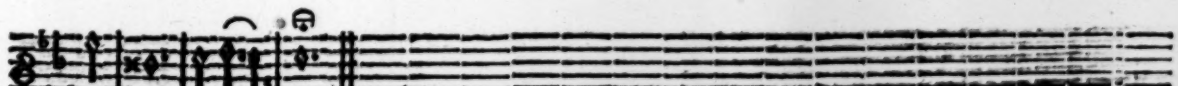
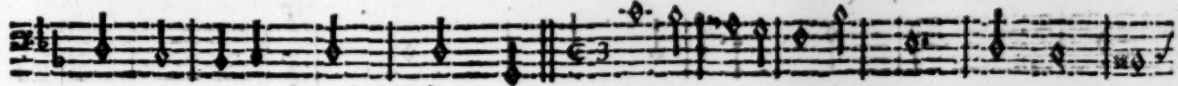
Come, sad Turtle, O come hither, our fate's a-like, let's die to-ge-ther. Come come, and



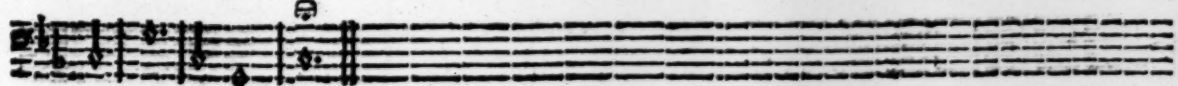
use sigh-foothing skill, and with Loving gently kill, soon as Asps fatal clasps, whilst your sad glad



feeder gasps, feed on woe, and feast your fill. Come, sad Turtle, O come hither, our Fate's alike,

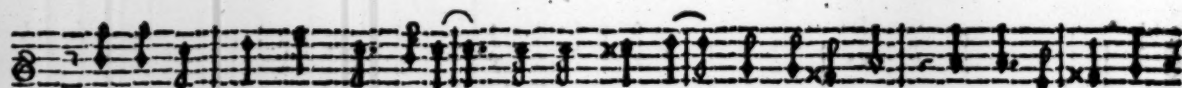


Let's die to-ge-ther.

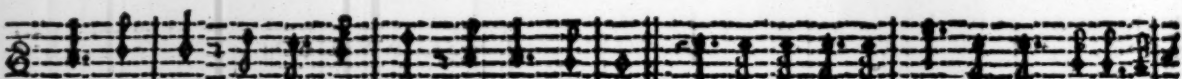
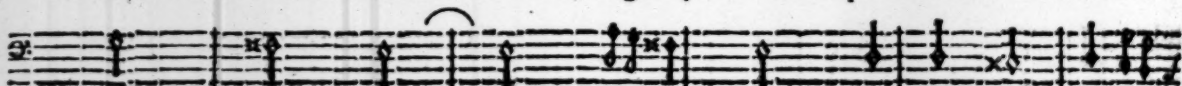


Loves Power.

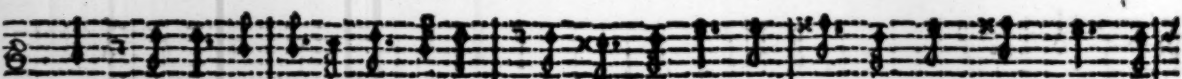
Ehold and listen whilst the Fair breaks in sweet sound the willing Air.



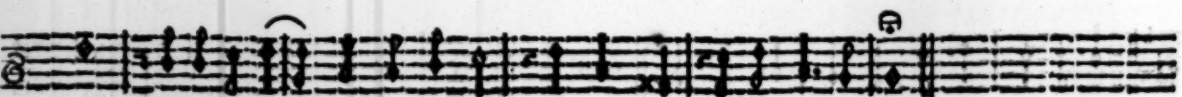
And with her own breath fans the fire which her bright Eyes did first inspire. What reason can that



Love controll which two such ways commands the Soul. So when a flash of Lightning falls on our a-



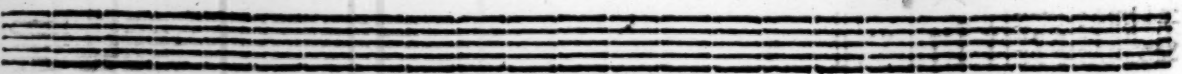
bodes, the danger calls for humane aid, with hopes the flame to conquer though from Heaven it

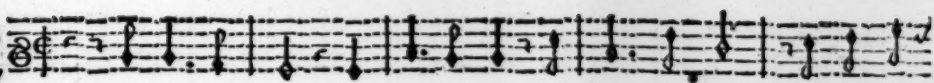


came: But if the winds with it conspire, Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

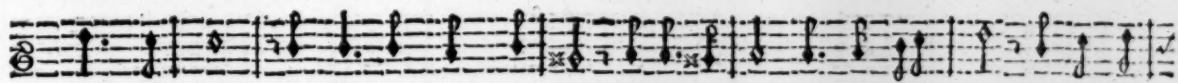
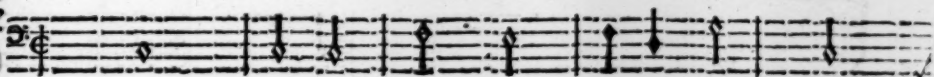


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

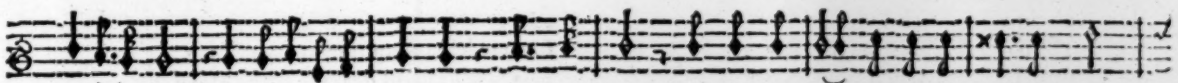


Loves Ardency.

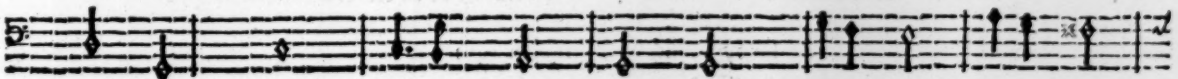
O more of Tears, I've now no more to quench my flame, but make it



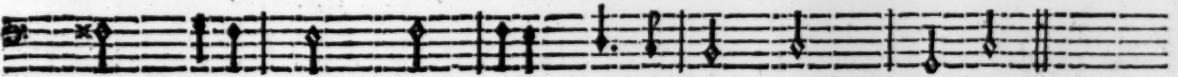
scorch the more : My sighs that should have cool'd my hot desire, blow my flame high, and set me



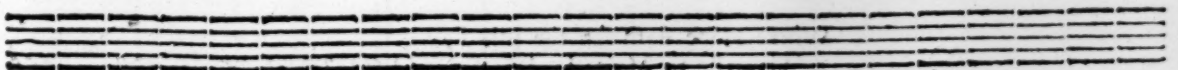
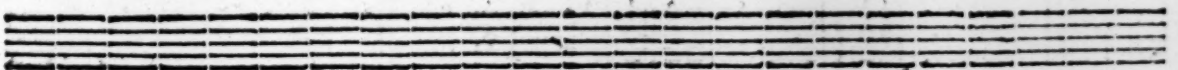
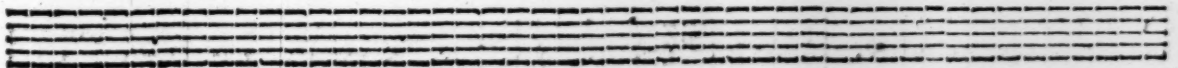
all on fire. No remedy to Cure me ? Yes, there's one : If thou wilt girt me in thy Frozen Zone,



then may I be as thou art, or make thee melt thy white snow, and turn to fire like me.



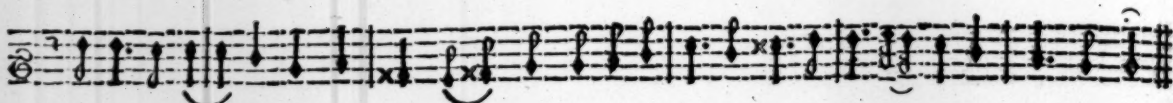
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



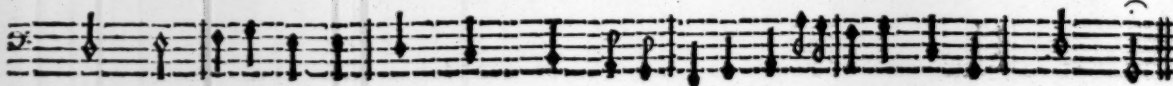
The NIGHTINGALE.



Ark how the *Nightingale* displays the latest pleasures of her throat,



and dies content, if her poor Note might serve but as one step to raise a Trophie to your Beauties praise.



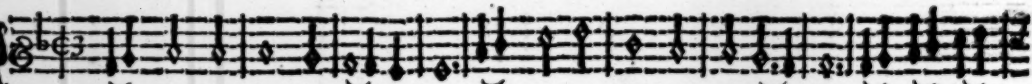
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The Rose, in whose rich Odours lie
The perfum'd Treasures of the Year,
Doth blush to death when you appear,
And Martyr-like towards you doth fly,
To wear your Cheeks fresh Livery.

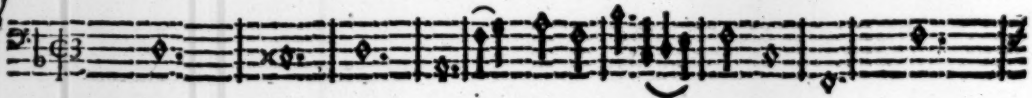
Aurora weeps to see a light
Outvie her splendour in your Eyes;
The Sun's ashamed to walk the skies;
And th' Envious Moon, grown pale for spight,
Vows ne're to Revel but with Night.

The faucy Wind with senseless care
(Seeming to feel soft sense of bliss)
Steals through your hair, your lips to kifs,
So Rivals me, who now despair
To touch your Lip, Cheek, Eye or Hair.

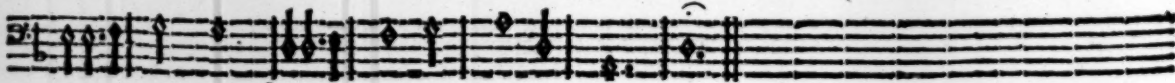
Loves Constancy.



That flame is born of Earthly fire that soon enjoys, and soon expires: His love with



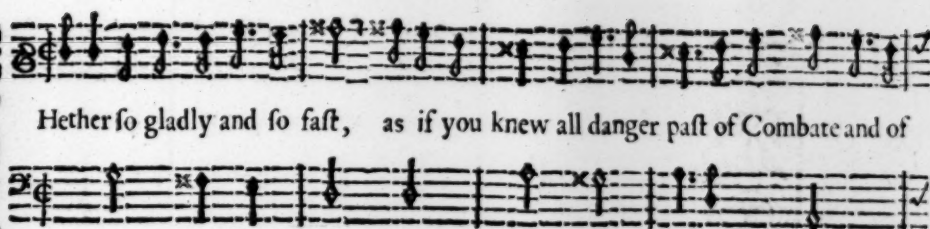
wings Ill-feather'd flies, that cannot reach beyond his Eyes.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Where Hope doth fan the Idle fire
Tis easie to Maintain desire;
But that's the Noble Love that dare
Continue Constant in Despair.

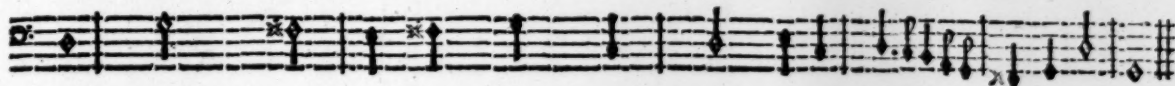
CUPID'S Alarm.



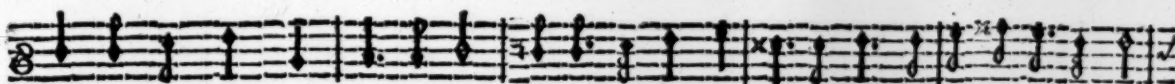
Hether so gladly and so fast, as if you knew all danger past of Combate and of



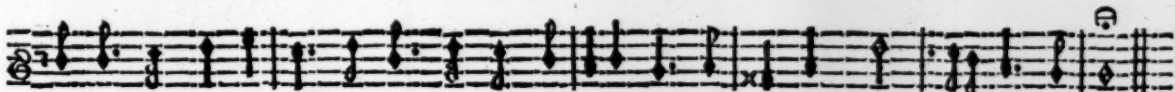
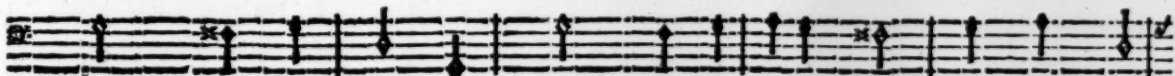
War: As you believ'd my arms were bound, or when I shoot, that ev'ry wound I make is but a Scar.



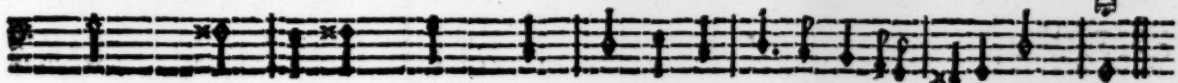
The Second part.



Arm now your breasts with shields of Steel, and plates of Brass, yet you shall feel my Arrows are so keen,

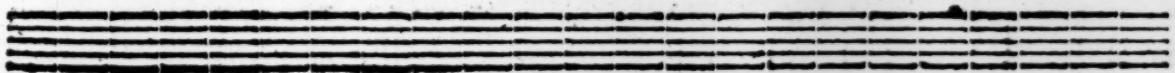


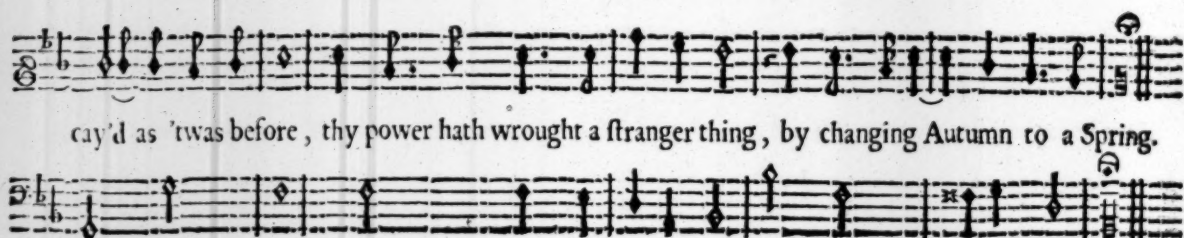
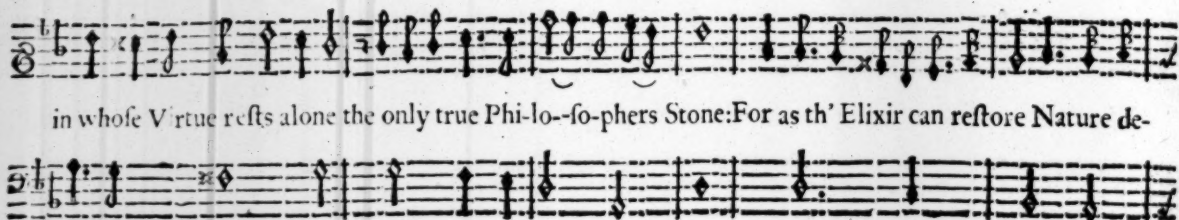
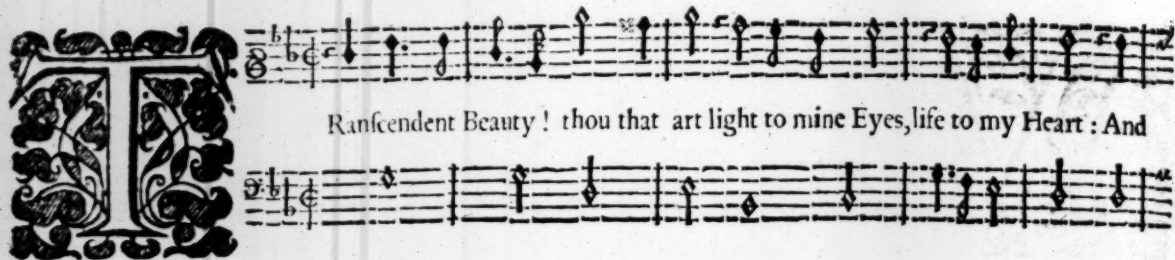
like Lightning that not hurts the skin, yet melts the solid parts within, they'll wound although unseen.



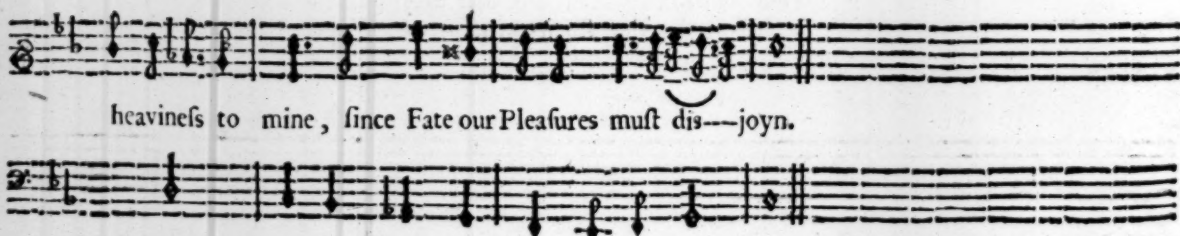
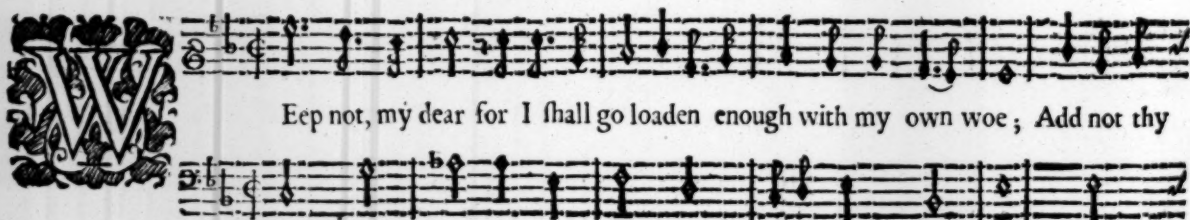
Mr. Henry Lawes.

My Mother taught me long ago
To aim my Shafts, and draw my Bow;
When She did Mars subdue:
And now you must resigne to Love
Your warlike Shafts, that She may prove
Those Antique stories true.



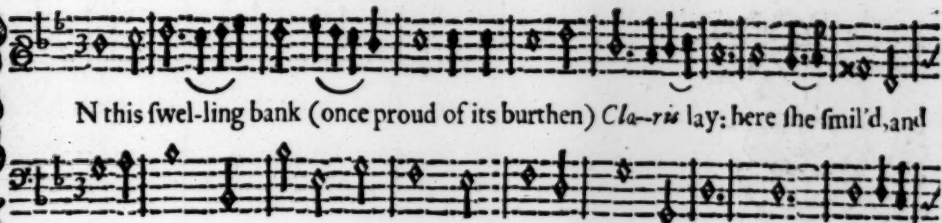
Beauties Excellency.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

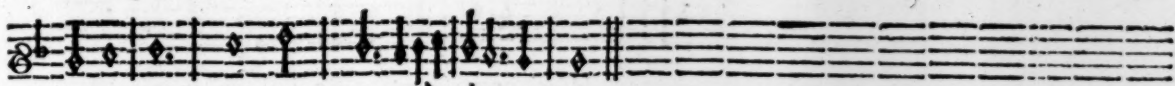
Sympathy in Love.

Why should our Sorrows meet, if I
Must go and leave thy Company ?
I wish not there's it shall relieve
My Heart, to think thou dost not grieve.

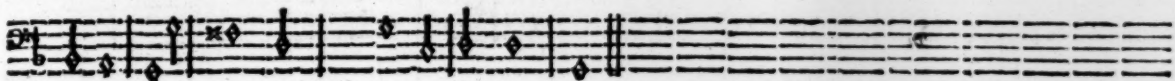
Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
Every Sigh and every Tear ;
And it shall glad my Heart to see
Thou wert thus loth to part from mee.

A Remembrance.

N this swel-ling bank (once proud of its burthen) *Clas-*us lay: here she smil'd, and



did uncloud those bright Suns ec-clipse the day.



(2)
Here we fate, and with kind art
She about me twin'd her arms,
Clasp'd in hers my hand and heart
Fetter'd by those pleasing charms.

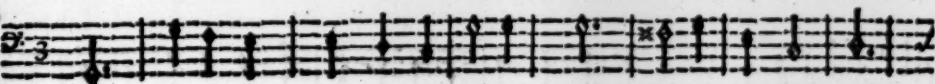
(3)
Here my love and joys she crown'd
Whil'st the hours stood before me,
With a killing glance did wound
And a melting kiss restore me.

(4)
On the doun of either breast
Whil'st with joy my soul retir'd,
My resigning heart did rest
Till her lips new life inspir'd.

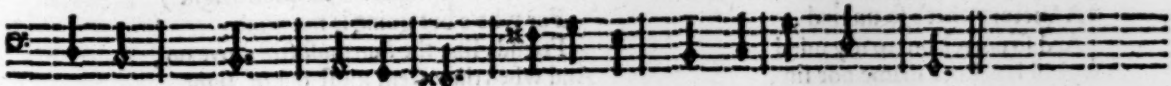
(5)
The renewing of these sights,
Doth with grief and pleasure fill me,
And the thought of those delights
Both at once revive and kill me.

Sufferance.

Elicite Beauty, why should you disdain with pity at least, to lessen my pain?



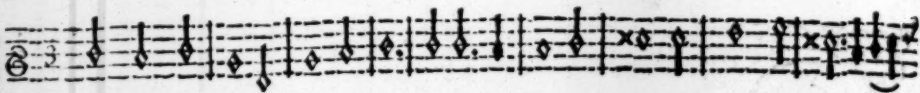
Yet if you purpose to render no cause, Will, and not Reason, is judge of those Laws.



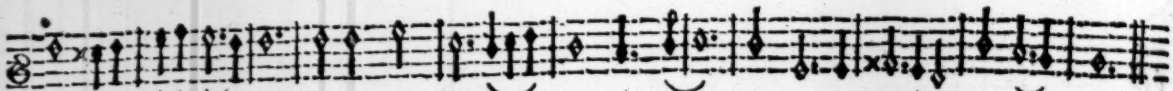
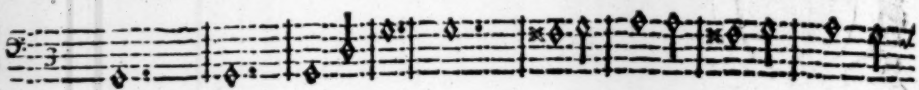
(2)
Suffer in silence I can with delight
Courting your anger to live in your sight;
Inwardly languish, and like my disease,
Always provided my sufferance please.

(3)
Take all my comforts in present away,
Let all but the hope of your favour decay;
Rich in reversion I'll live as content,
As he to whom Fortune her fore-lock hath lent.

Mutual affection between ORINDA and LUCATIA.



Come, my *Lucatia*, since we see that miracles mens faith do move by wonder



and by prodigie: to the fierce an-gry world let's prove there's a Re-li-gi-on in our Love.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

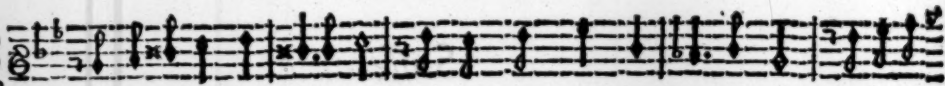
For though we were design'd t'agree,
That Fate no liberty destroys,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joys.

We court our own captivity,
Then Thrones more great and innocent,
I were banishment to be set free,
When we wear fetters, whose intent
Not bondage is, but ornament.

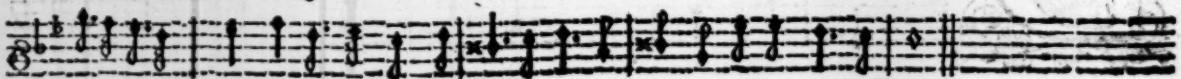
Our hearts are doubled by their loss,
Here mixture is addition grown,
We both diffuse, and both ingross,
And we whose minds are so much one;
Never, yet ever are alone.

Divided joys are tedious found;
And griefs united easier grow,
We are our selves but by rebound;
And all our titles shuffl'd so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

Loves Parting.



Ut that I knew before we met, the hour would come that we must part, and so had



fortifi'd my heart, I hardly could escape the net, my Passions for my Reason set.

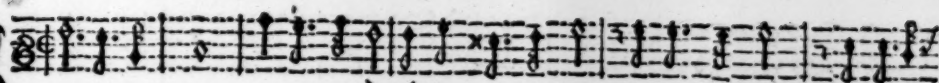


But why should Reason hope to win
A Victory that's so unkind,
And so unwelcom to my mind;
To yield is neither shame nor sin,
Believ'd without, betray'd within.

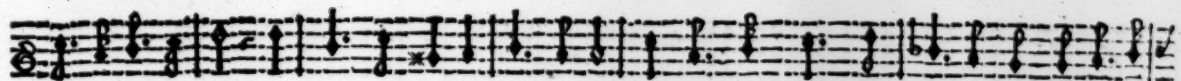
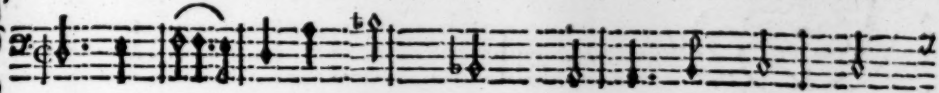
And though that night be ne're so long,
In it they either sleep or wake:
And either way enjoyments take,
In Dreams or Visions which belong
Those to the old: these to the young.

But Friends ne're part (to speak aright)
For who's but going is not gone;
Friends like the Sun must still move on,
And when they seem most out of sight,
There absence makes at most but night.

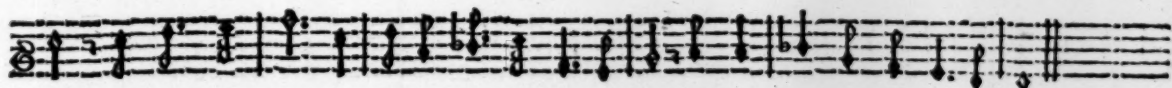
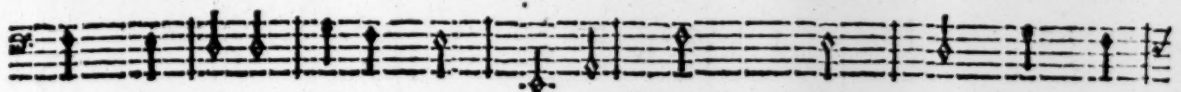
I'm old when going, gone 'tis night,
My Parting then shall be a Dream,
And last till the auspicious Beam
Of our next meeting gives new light,
And the best Vision that's your sight.

The ROSE.

O lovely Rose, tell her that waits her time and me, that now she knows when I re-



semble her to thee, how sweet and fair she seems to be. Tell her that's young, and shuns to have her graces



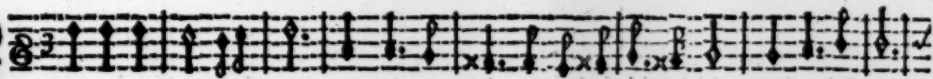
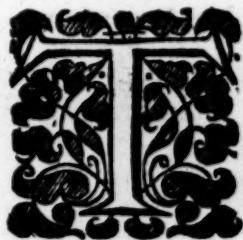
spi'd, that hadst thou sprung in Desarts where no men abide, thou must have uncommended dy'd.



Mr. Hen. Lawes

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush to be admir'd.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Active Love.

Tell me no more 'tis Love your passions move in a fantastick sphere, and only there:



Thus you confine what is divine, when Love hath pow'r, and can dispense sufficient to the soul and sense.



'Tis Love the sense informs,
And cold blood warms,
Nor gives the soul a Throne
To us alone,

But bids them bend
Both to one end;
And then 'tis Love when thus design'd
They make another of their kind.

Not to be altered from Affection.

An so much Beauty own a mind? orefway'd by tyranny, as new af-

fecting ways to find a doubtless faith to try, and all example to out-do, to scorn and make me

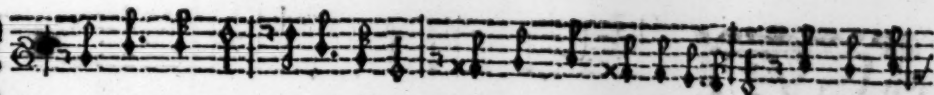
jealous too: Alas! she knows my fires are too too great; and though she be stone ice to me, her

thaw to others cannot quench my heat.

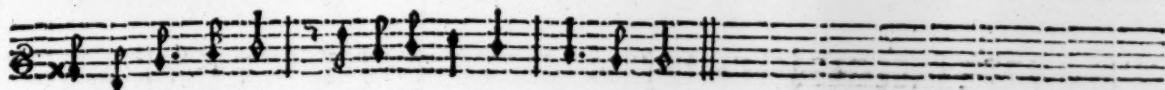
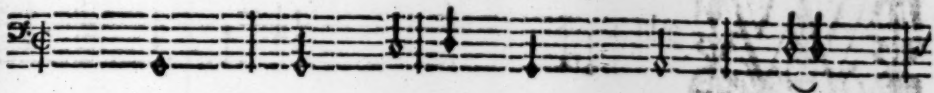
Mr. Henry Lawes.

That Law which with such force o're-ran
The Armies of my heart,
When no one thought I could out-man,
That durst once take my part.
For by assault she did invade,
No composition to be made:
Then, since all must yield as well as I
to stand in aw
of Victors Law!
There's no prescribing in captivity.

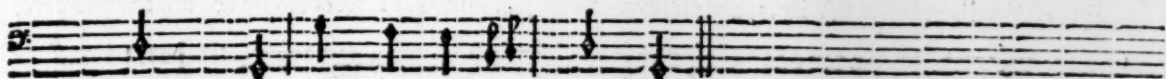
That Love which loves for common ends,
Is but self-loving love;
But nobler conversation tends
Soul mysteries to prove.
And since Love is a passive thing,
It multiplies by suffering.
Then, though she throw life to the waning Moon,
on him her shine,
the dark part mine,
Yet I must love her still when all is done.

Policy in Love.

Art thou in Love? It cannot be; 'twill prove too great a Raritie: For Love is



banisht from the mind; and every Creature proves unkind.



Your sex we know hath too much power

To be confin'd above an hour,

And Ladies are become so wise

They'l please their own, not others Eyes.

No Archers from above are sent

Poor Cupid's Bow lies now unbent,

And Women boast that they can find

A nearer way to please the mind.

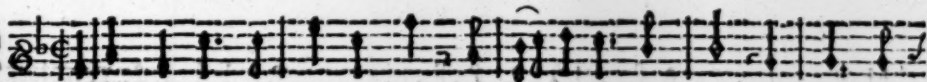
Yet still you sigh and keep adoe

Only to tempt poor men to wooe:

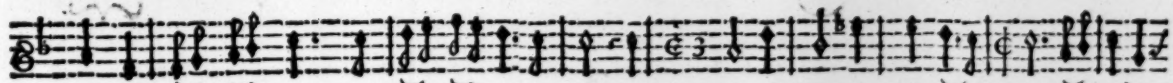
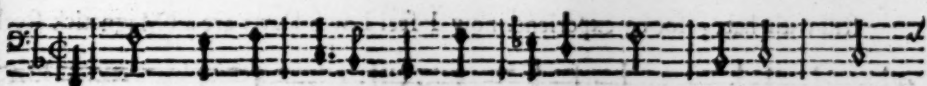
But sure if thou a Lover be

'Tis of thy Self, but not of Me.

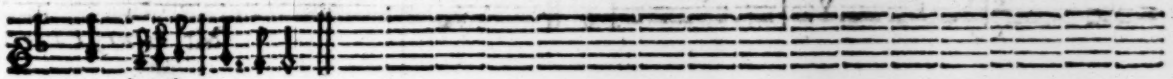
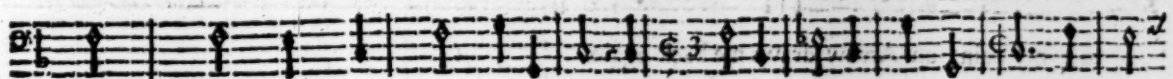
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

A Glee at CHRISTMAS.

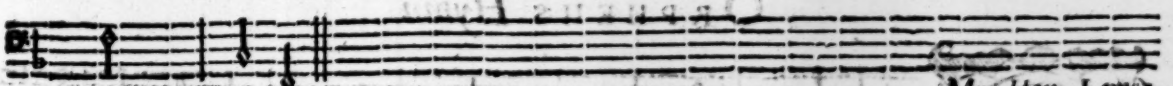
Is Christmas now, 'tis Christmas now, when Cato's self would laugh, and smoothing



forth his wrinkled brow, gives li-ber-ty to Quaff, to Dance, to Sing, to Sport and Play, for ev'ry



hour's a Holy-day.



And for the Twelve days, let them pass

In mirth and jollity:

The Time doth call each Lad and Lass

That will be blithe and merry

Then Dance, and Sing, &c.

And from the Rising of the Sun

To th' Setting cast off Cares;

'Tis time enough when Twelve is done

To think of our Affairs.

Then Dance, and Sing, &c.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The Power of Love.

Here shall a man an object find that may preserve a quiet mind? Sad

sorrow dwells in Loves fair Eyes, and Beauty stirs up Jealousies: A Lovers Hopes are mixt with Fears,

and all his Joys, and all his Joys do end in Tears: Yet I must love, though't be my fate to be rewarded

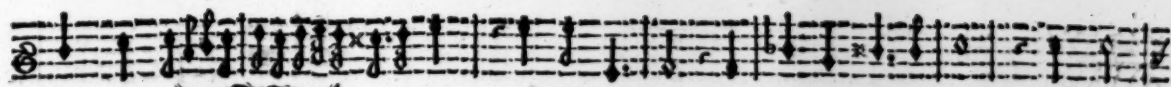
still with hate; for by experience now I feel Loves Darts are all Magnetick steel: For when I fly to

ease my pain, an Arrow draws me back again.

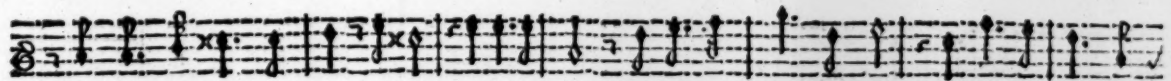
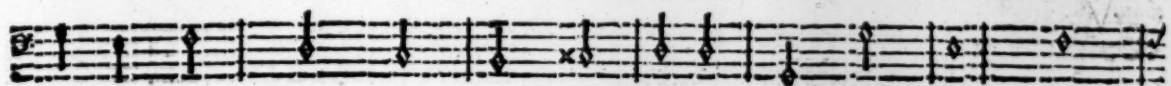
Mr. Henry Lawes.

ORPHEUS Hymn.

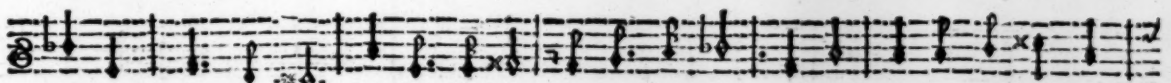
King of Heaven and Hell, of Sea and Earth! who shak'st the world when



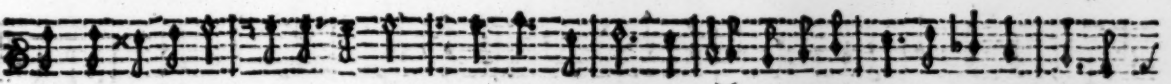
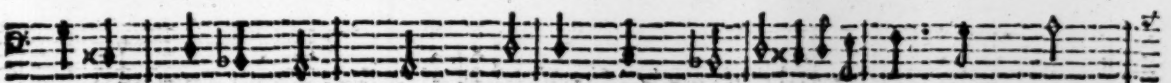
thou shour'st Thun — — — der forth ; whom Devils dread, and Hosts of Heaven praise ; whom Fate



(which masters all things else) obeys: Eternal Cause ! who on the Winds dost ride, and Natures face with



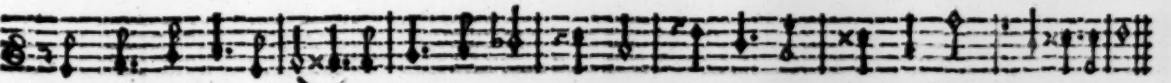
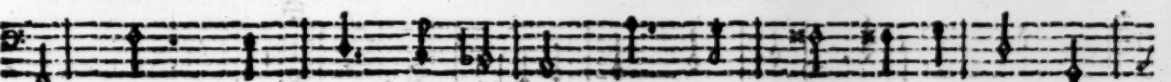
thick dark Clouds dost hide ; Cleaving the Air with Balls of dreadful Fire ; Guiding the Stars which



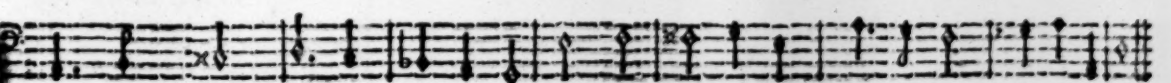
run, and never tire. About thy Throne bright Angels stand, and Bow to be dispatch'd to Mortals here be-



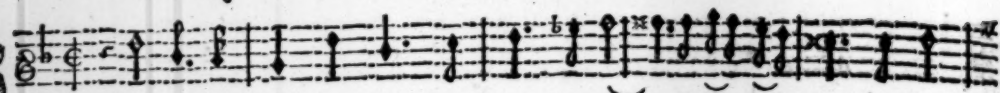
low. Thy early Spring in Purple robes comes forth : Thy *Summers*, *South* does conquer all the *North* :



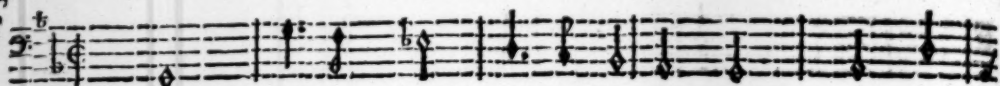
And though thy *Winter* freeze the Hearts of Men; glad wine, glad wine from *Autumn* cheers them up agen.



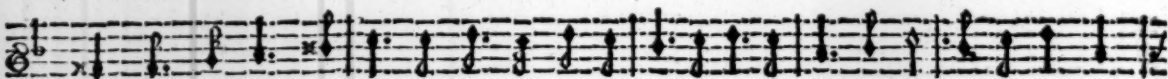
Here endeth the *AYRES* of Mr. HENRY LAVVES.

A Blackmore Maid wooing a Fair Boy.

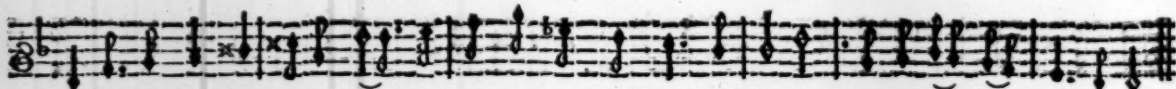
Hy, Lovely Boy, why fly'st thou me, that languish in these flames for thee?



I'm Black, 'tis true; why, so is Night, and Love doth in Dark shades de-light. The whole



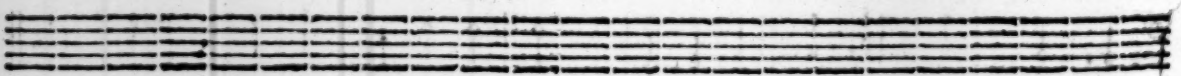
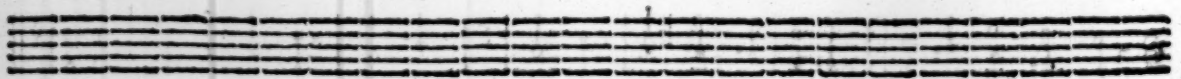
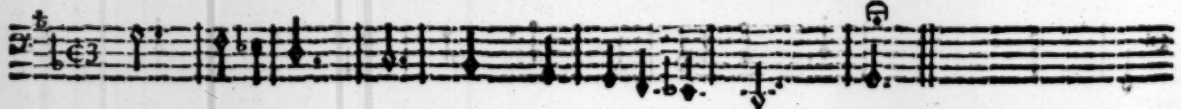
world, do but close thine eye, will seem to thee as Black as I; or op't, and see what a Black shade



is by thine own fair body made, that follows thee where ere thou go: O who allow'd would not do so?



Let me for ever dwell so nigh, and thou shalt need no other Shade than I.



Dr. John Wilson.

The Boys Answer to the Blackmore Maid.

Lack Maid, complain not that 'I fly, since Fate commands Antipathy : Prodigious

* might that Union prove, where Night and Day together move ; and the Conjunction of our Lips, not

Kisses make, but an Eclipse; in which the mixed Black and White pretends more Terrour than Delight:

Yet, if my Shadow thou wilt be, enjoy thy dearest wish: But see thou take my Shadows property, that

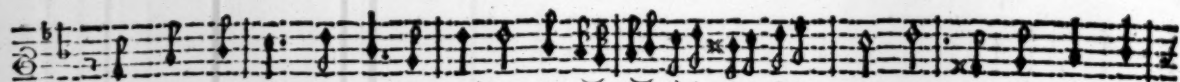
hastes away when I come nigh. Else stay till Death hath blinded me ; and then I will bequeath

my self to thee.

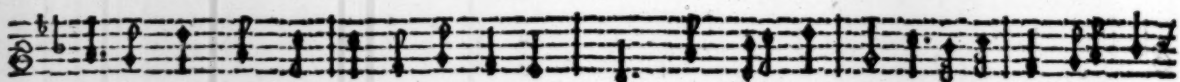
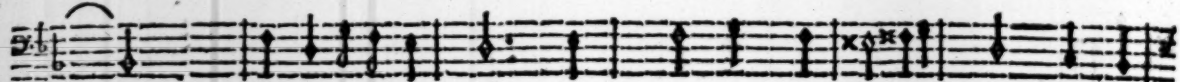
Dr. John Wilson.

A Sacrificed Heart.

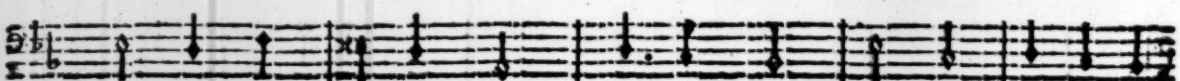
Hen I am Dead, and thou wouldst try the truth of Loves great Myserie,



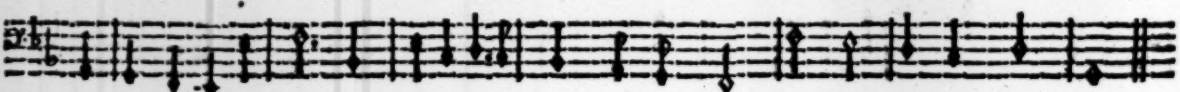
When thou a Sparkle dost e-spie Dancing be-fore thy brighter Eye, O! do not doubt that



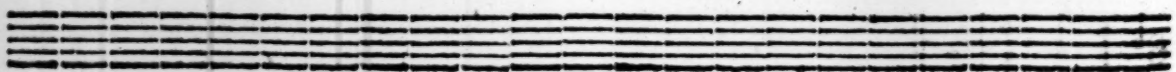
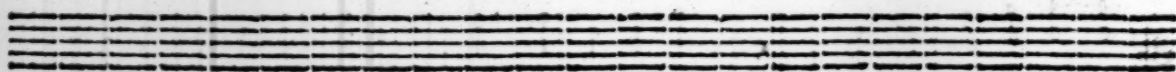
Sparkle came from the Fervour of my Hearts flame; which thus to prove, open the Urn wherein



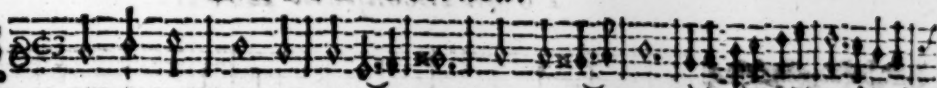
my restless Ashes burn: Then rake that Dust, and thou shalt see the Fire remains that burns for thee.



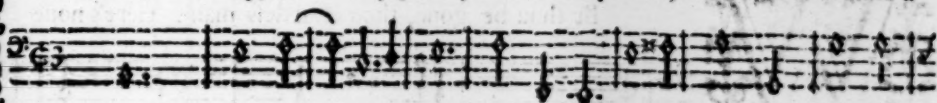
Dr. John Wilson.



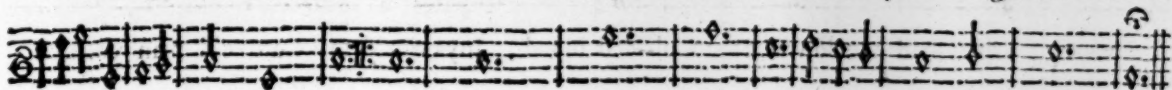
CUPID Scorned.



Oast not, Blind Boy, that I'm thy prize; 'twas not thy Dart, but these that feather'd



with her Eys first took my heart. Th' ill tutor'd Shafts, and childish Bow on faintly Lo-ving hearts bestow.

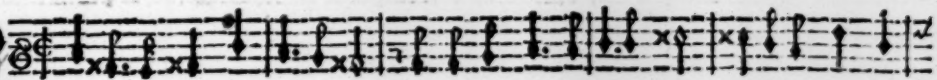


Dr. John Wilson.

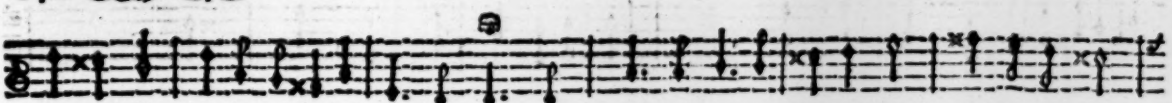
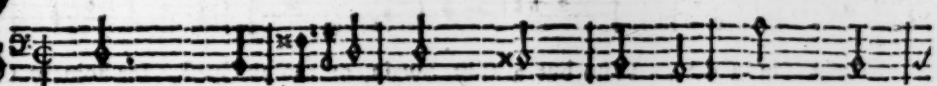
I vaunt my Flames, and dare defie
Those Bug-bear Fires
Which only serve to satisfie
Fools fond Desires:
Hord up for such thy Painted flame
As tremble when they hear thy Name.

My Heart thy Fires nor Shafts could peirce,
But holy Flashes
Swifter than Lightnings, or more fierce,
Burnt mine to Ashes;
Where let them sleep in unknown rest,
Since Fate concludes thy Urn her Breast.

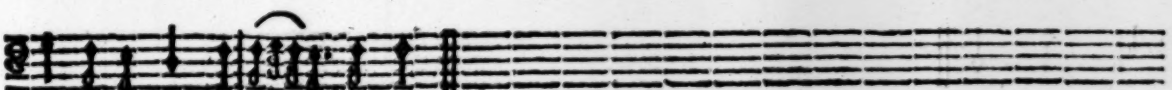
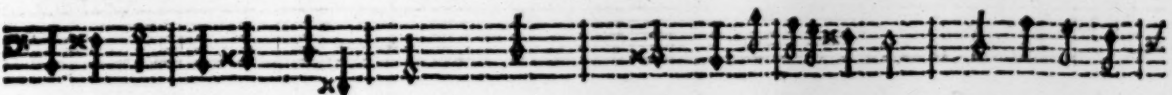
On a Proud Lady.



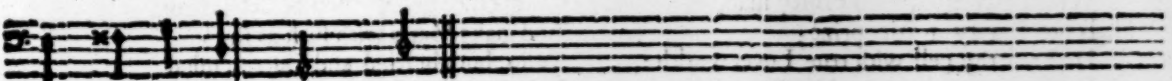
Till to be Neat, still to be Drest as you were going to a Feast: Still to be powder'd



still perfum'd! Lady, it is to be presum'd, Though Arts hid Causes are not found, All is not sweet,



All is not sweet, All is not found.



Give me a Look, give me a Face
That makes Simplicity a Grace;
Robes Loosly flowing, Hair as Free;
Such sweet neglects more taketh me
Then all th' Adult'ries of Art;
They strike my Eyes, but not my Heart.

To an Inconstant Lover.

Wilt thou be gone, thou Heartless man? Here's none seeks to do thee

wrong: Here's food would warm the Coldest blood, Joys would make an old man young:

Here are Eyes that would move Stones to pity, Rocks to Love, Cheeks of a Vermilion hue sweet as

Roses in a dew. Who but a silly Swain, or foolish Guest, for homely Cates would leave so

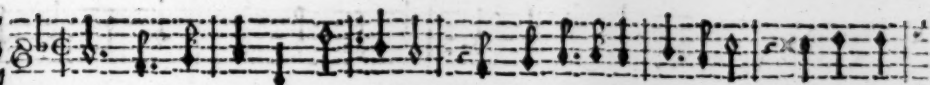
dainty a feast.

Wilt thou begone, thou Frosty man,
Is not Beauty a fair prize;
Dost rate thyself with true Loves wealth:
Foolish man, where are thine Eyes?
Here are Lips both fresh and fair,
Red as Cherries in their prime,
Globe-like Breasts both smooth and white,
Full of pleasure and delight:
Who but Asses would leave such dainty store
To feed on Thistles, when better meat's before.

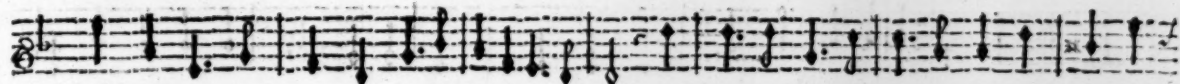
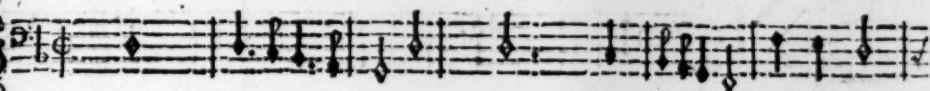
Dr. Charles Colman.

Go get thee gone, thou Senseless man,
And make Marts with such as she
Who, both in Kind and Curious mind
Every way's as base as thee;
That hath Eyelids like some Witch,
Wrinkled Cheeks as black as pitch,
Lips as pale; and for her Breast,
Lank and loathsome as the rest:
May she disgrace her Sex, and thee so far
That thou mayst languish 't death with Loathing her.

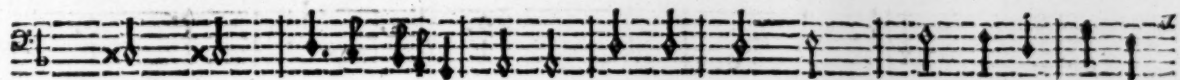
The MARIGOLD.



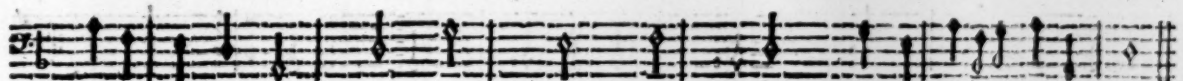
Ark how the Blushful morn in vain courts the Amorous *Marigold* with sighing



Blush, and weeping Rain, yet she re-fu-ses to unfold. But when the Planet of the Day approacheth



with his powerful Ray, then She spreads, then She receives his warmer beams in-to her Virgin Arms.



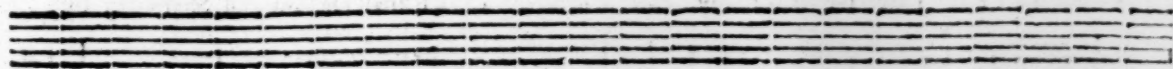
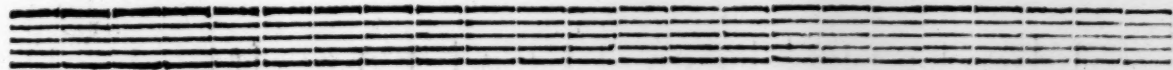
Mr. Nich. Laneare.

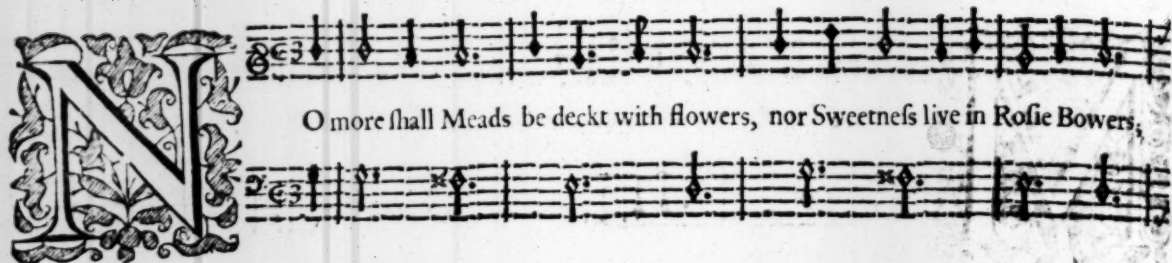
2.

So may'st thou thrive in Love, fond Boy,
If silent tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold Lover.

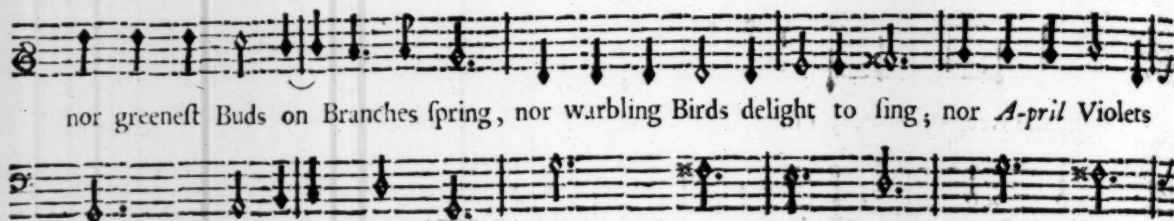
3.

But when with moving accent thou
Shalt constant Faith and Service vow,
Thy *Celia* shall receive those charms
With open Ear, and with unfolded Arms.



Loves Constancy.


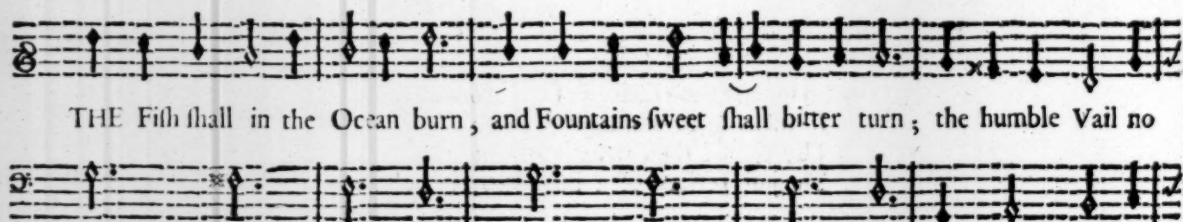
N O more shall Meads be deckt with flowers, nor Sweetness live in Rosie Bowers,



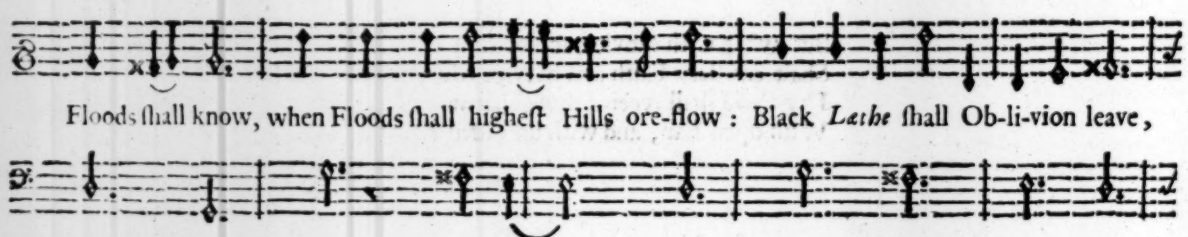
nor greenest Buds on Branches spring, nor warbling Birds delight to sing, nor *A-pril* Violets



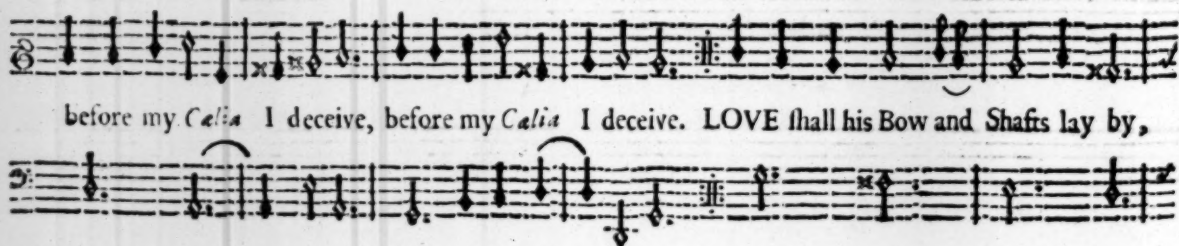
paint the Grove, when once I leave my *Calia's* Love, when once I leave my *Calia's* Love.



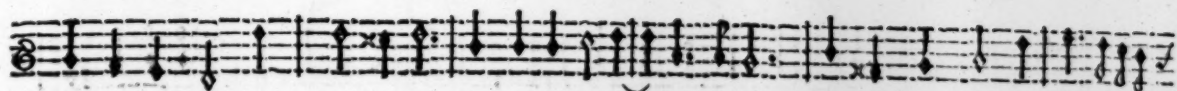
THE Fifth shall in the Ocean burn, and Fountains sweet shall bitter turn; the humble Vail no



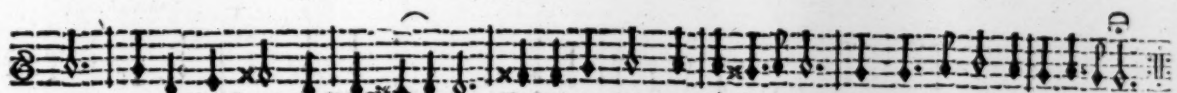
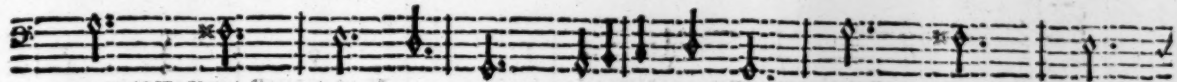
Floods shall know, when Floods shall highest Hills ore-flow: Black *Lathe* shall Ob-li-vion leave,



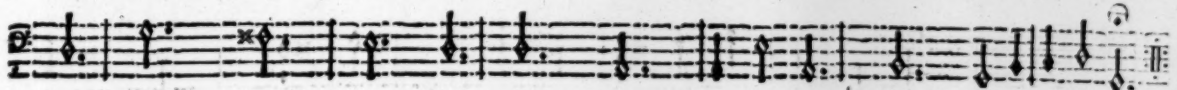
before my *Calia* I deceive, before my *Calia* I deceive. LOVE shall his Bow and Shafts lay by,



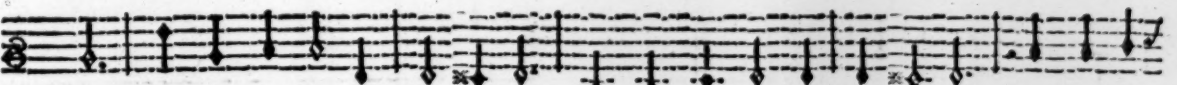
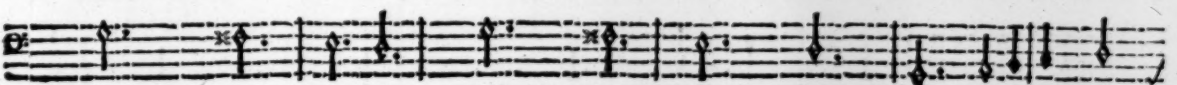
and *Venus* Doves want wings to fly: The Sun refuse to show his Light, and Day shall then be turn'd to



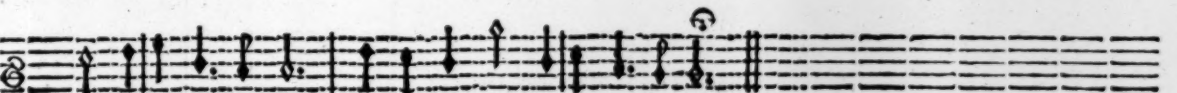
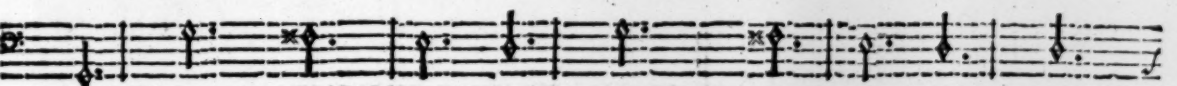
Night, and in that Night no Star ap-pear, when ere I leave my *Ca-lia* dear, when ere I leave my *Ca-lia* dear.



LOVE shall no more inhabit Earth, nor Lovers more shall love for Worth, nor Joy above in Heaven



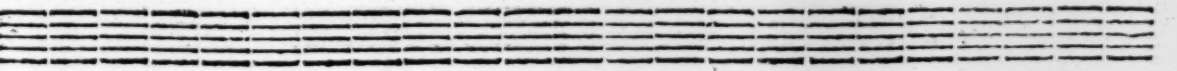
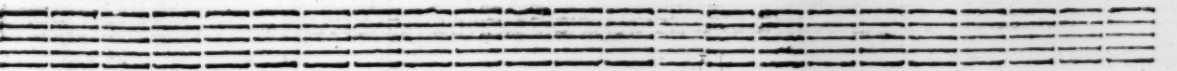
dwell, nor pain torment poor Souls in hell: Grim Death no more shall horrid prove, when ere I

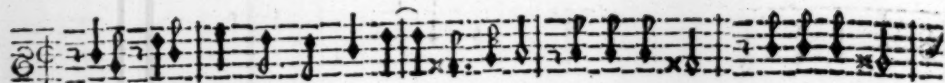


leave bright *Calia's* Love, when ere I leave bright *Calia's* Love.

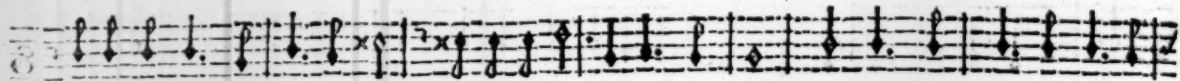
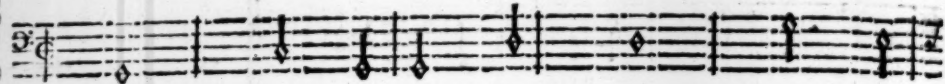


Mr. Nich. Lanneave.

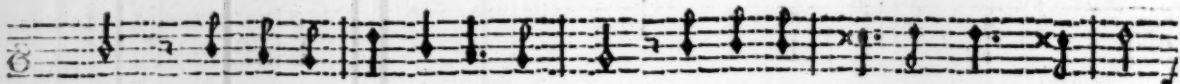
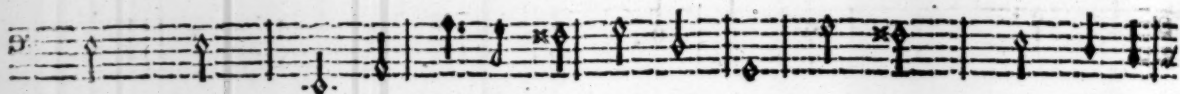


Love Enflamed.

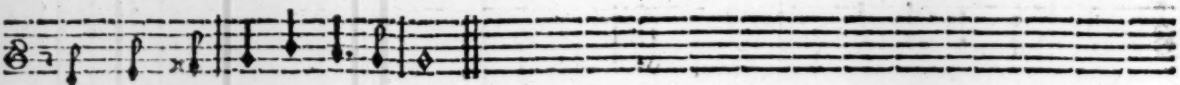
Fire, Fire, Lo here I burn in such desire, that all the tears that I can strain



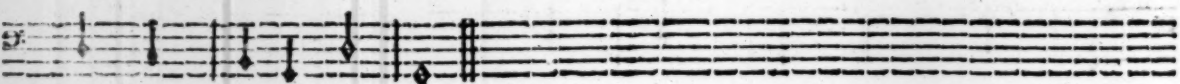
out of my Love-lick empty brain, cannot allay my scorching pain. Come *Humber, Trent*, and silver



Thames: Dread Ocean haste with all thy Streams, and if thou canst not quench my Fire,



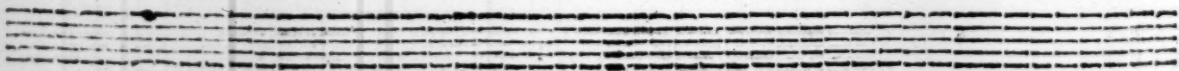
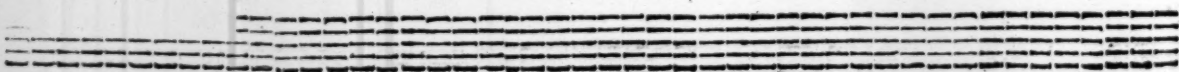
O drown both me and my Desire.



Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

2.

Fire, Fire, there is no Hell to my desire;
 See all the Rivers backward fly,
 For fear my Heart should drink them dry;
 Come Heavenly showers, come pouring down,
 Come you that once the World did Drown,
 And if you cannot quench my Fire,
 O Drown both me and my Desire.

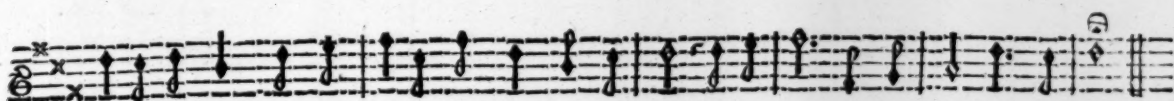
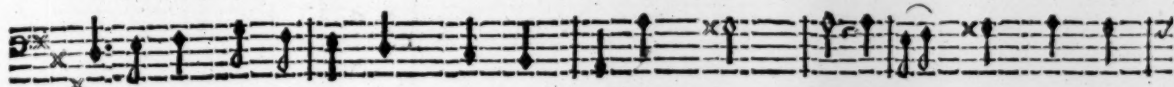


Unwilling Parting.

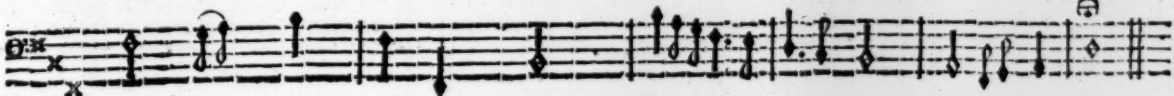
O no, I tell thee no, though from thee I must go, yet my Heart says not so :



It swears by *Stella's* eyes, in whose daz'ling surprize it in Loves fetters lies: It swears by those Roses and



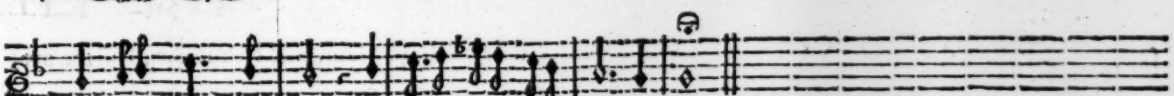
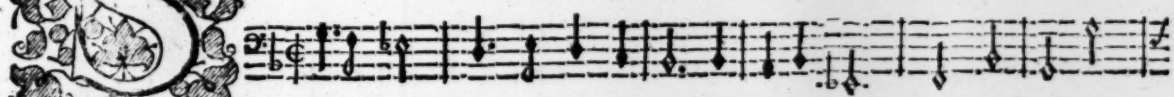
Lillies so white, and those Rubies so bright, ne'r to part, ne'r to part from my dear dear Delight.



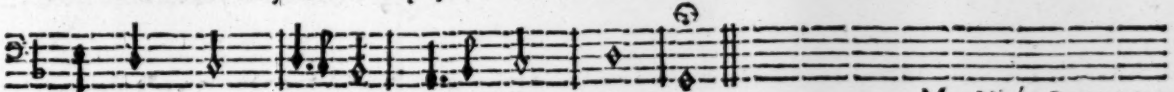
Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

The Dying Lover.

Tay, Silly Heart, and do not break, but give a Lover leave to speak, to tell a



Tale that Stones may move to pity me that dies for Love.



Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

2. Thy Heart is harder far than flint,
And will not suffer *Cupid's* print;
But beats his Arrows back to *Jove*,
By which, alas! I die for Love.

3. When I am gone, true Lovers mourn,
Deck all your heads with Wither'd Corn;
Wear on your Hand a Sable Glove,
To testifie I dy'd for Love.

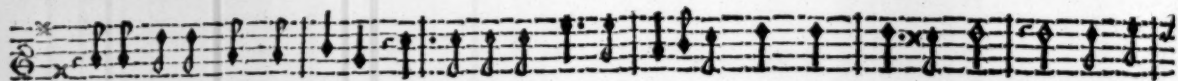
4. Then bear me softly by her dore,
And there with Mourning Heads deplore,
Cry loud, look down you Pow'rs above,
On her that slew me for her Love.

5. Then in an unfrequented Cave
Where Fairies haunt, prepare my Grave
Among wilde Satyrs in a Grove,
That they may sing, I dy'd for Love.

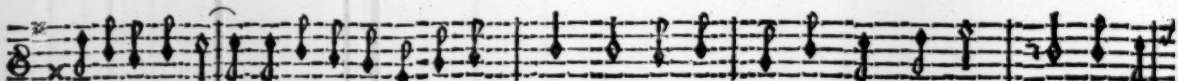
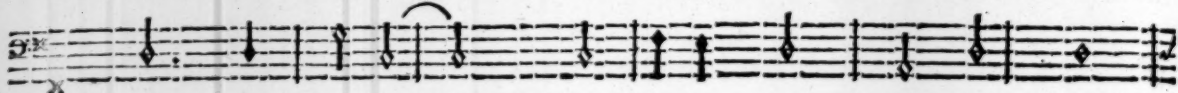
6. Last, build my Tombe of Lovers bones,
Set round about with Marble-stones;
My Scutch'on bearing *Venus Dove*;
My Epitaph, I dy'd for Love.

The LILLY.

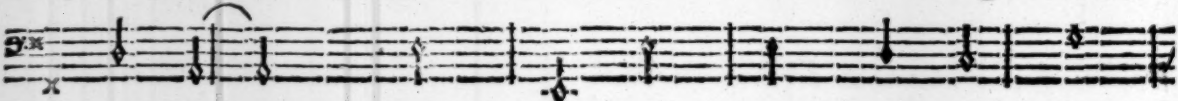
Hite though you be, yet Lil-lies know from the first ye were not so:



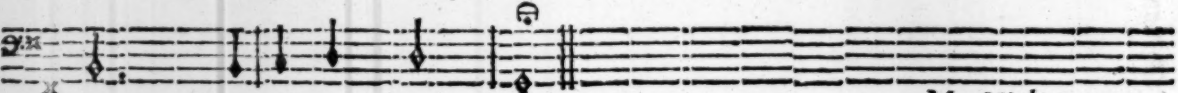
But Ile tell ye what be-fell ye; *Cupid* and his Mother lay in a Cloud while both did play: He with his



pretty finger prest the Ruby Nipple of her Breast, out of the which the Cream of Light like to a



dew fell down on you, and made you White.



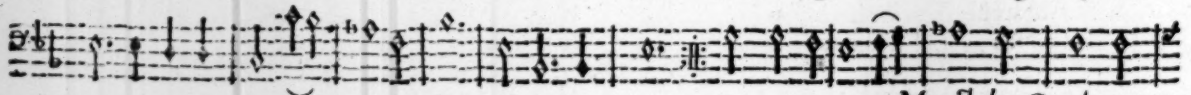
Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

Wounded in Love.

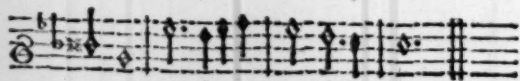
Or that one glance I wounded lie, O look again, and let me die: Kill me out-



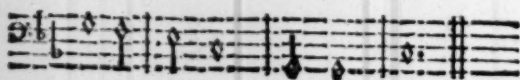
right, I cannot brook to live like one that's Planet strook. Bless me again with those bright rays that



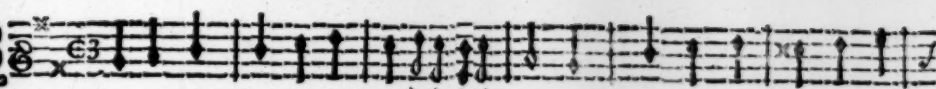
Mr. John Goodgroome.



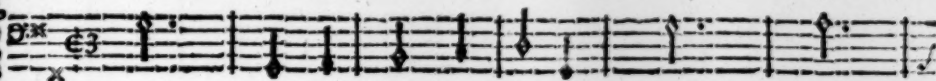
shorten, yet make sweet my days.



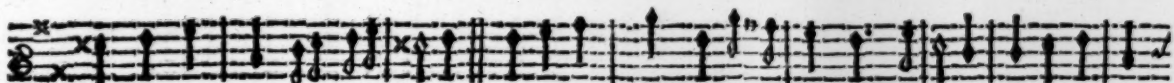
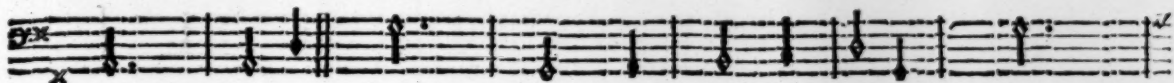
O shoot more Glances with thine Eyes
To shew th' accept't the Sacrifice
Of my poor Heart, which now doth burn
Whilest I both Priest and Offering turn.
Ile blame no more those Eyes that prove
My ruin, since they caus'd my Love.

Loves Affection.

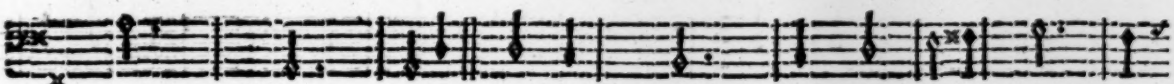
E not proud, Pretty one, for I must love thee ; Thou art Fair, but Unkind,



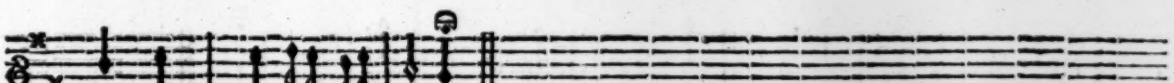
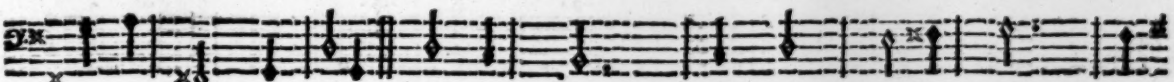
yet dost thou move me. Red is thy Lips, and Cheeks like to thy Blushes: The Flame that's



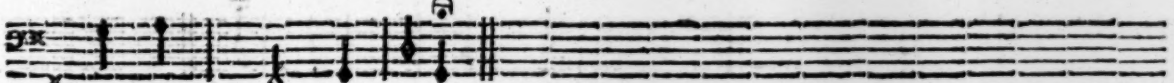
in thine Eye burns mine to Ashes. And on thy Breast, the place of Loves abiding, sits Cupid high



enthron'd my pain de-ri-ding. O! if a god thou art, wound Her that scorns me, or fall from that



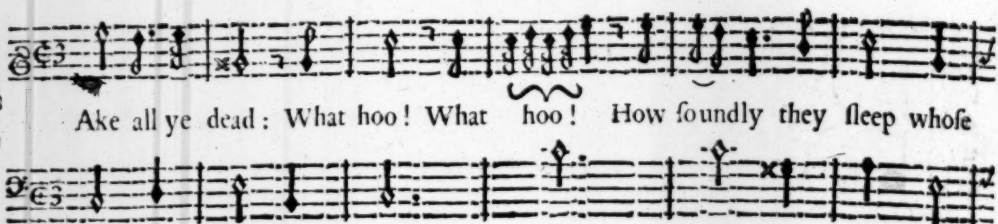
bright Sphere which so adorns thee.



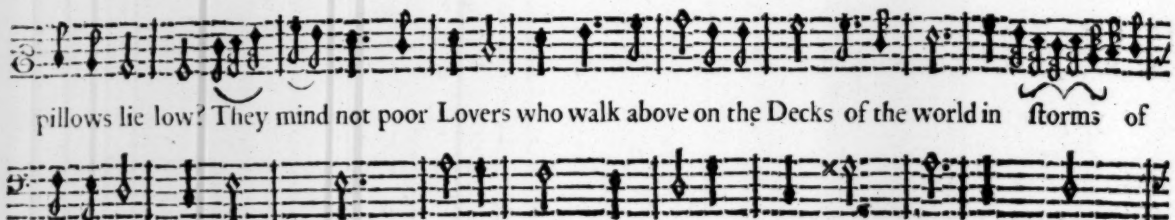
Mr. *Simon Ives.*

Then might my Sighs and Tears move her Compassion ;
And on her Heart of Flint make some Impression ;
Knowing her Beauty hath so far insnar'd me ,
And all the Joys of Peace hath quite debarr'd me.

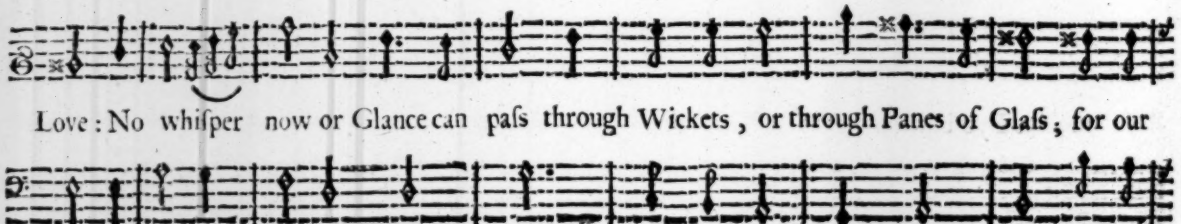
O Gentle Nymph ! thy Frown now would destroy me ,
Having liv'd but in hope Once to enjoy Thee :
And sure my Death would add nought to thy Glory ;
But rather all your Fame die in the Story.

CUPID'S *Doomsday*.

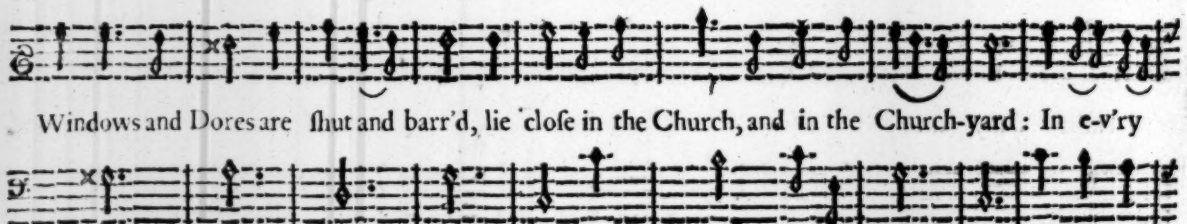
Ake all ye dead: What hoo! What hoo! How soundly they sleep whose



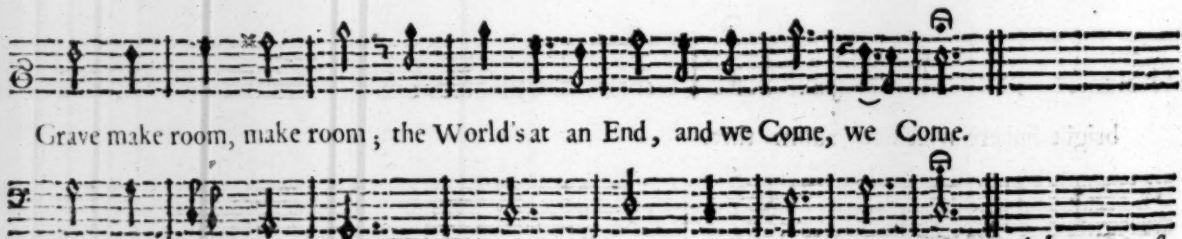
pillows lie low? They mind not poor Lovers who walk above on the Decks of the world in storms of



Love: No whisper now or Glance can pass through Wickets, or through Panes of Glas, for our



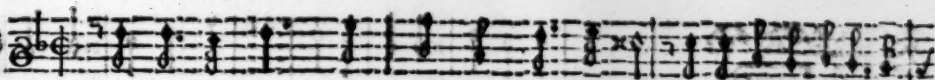
Windows and Dores are shut and barr'd, lie close in the Church, and in the Church-yard: In e-v'ry



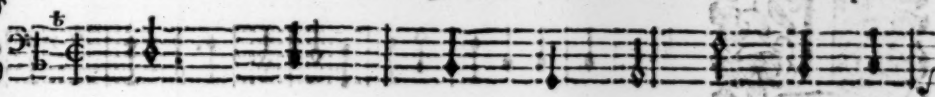
Grave make room, make room; the World's at an End, and we Come, we Come.

Mr. Alphon. Marsh.

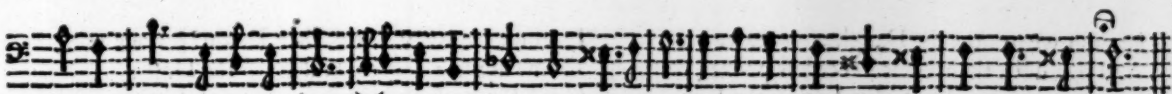
The State is now Loves Foe, Loves Foe;
 T'has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bow;
 T'has pinion'd his Wings, and fetter'd his Feet,
 Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet:
 But oh sad chance! his Judge was old;
 Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold:
 No Man being young, his Process would draw;
 Oh Heav'ns! that Love should be subject to Law;
 Lovers go Wooe the Dead, the Dead!
 Lye two in a Grave, and to Bed, to Bed.

Madness in Love.

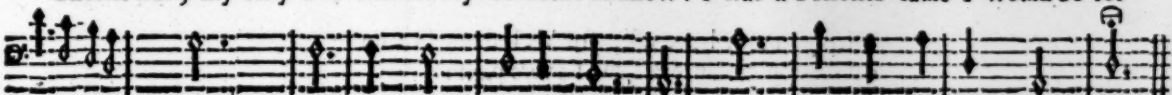
Uce 'twas a Dream: How long, Fond Man, have I been lull'd into Captivi-



ty? My Newgate was my Want of Wit, I did my Self commit, my Bonds I Knit: I my own



Gaoler was, my only Foe that did my freedom difallow: I was a Prisoner 'cause I would be so.



Mr. Alph. Marsb.

II.

'Twas a fine life I liv'd when I did dres
My self to Court your peevihness;
When I did at your foot-stool lye,
Expecting from your eye to live or dye.

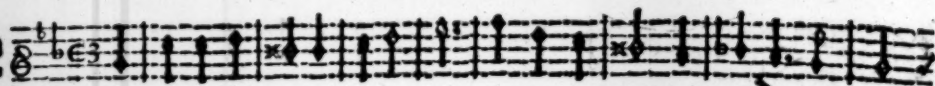
Now frowns or smiles, I care not which I have;
Nay, rather than I'll be your slave,
I'll Court the Plague to send me to my grave.

III.

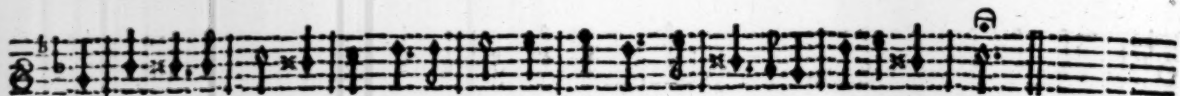
And now I will shake off my chains, and prove
Opinion built the Gaol of Love;
Made all his Bonds, gave him his Bow,
His bloody Arrows too which murder so.

May all the Oaths which idle Lovers dream,
Be all contriv'd to make a Theam
For some carousing Poets drunken Flame.

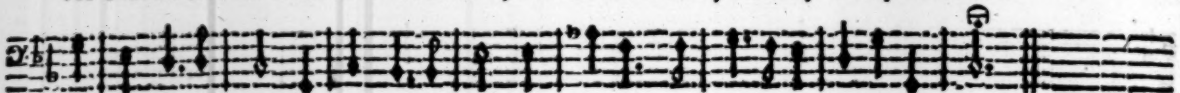
LOVE and HONOUR.



Hat Herald he was but a dull Ass who before Love gave Honour the place ;



for Nature and Love are both of a date, and Honour but yesterday set up her State.



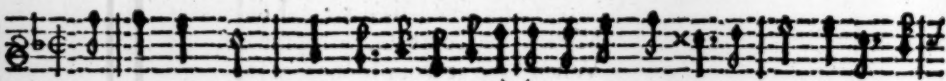
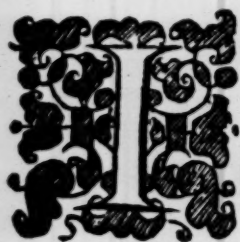
Mr. Alph. Marsh.

Honour we grant's the Daughter of Love,
And this doth them their Precedents prove;
For Honour's but Heat, 'tis Love is the Fire;
This may Preserve, but that Kindles Desire.

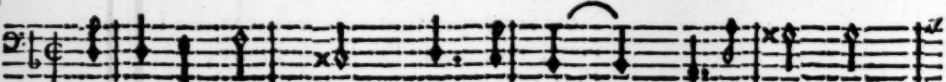
If you take away Love, then Dame Honour must
Come down a degree, and lie in the Dust:
'Tis a Green-sickness fancy to famish Love,
And feed upon Honour, which fatal may prove.

Then you may leave off, for 'tis Labour in vain
By Reason to Cure a True Lovers pain:
Then farewell dull Mortall, since it is most true
That with Honour and Love thou hast nothing to doe.

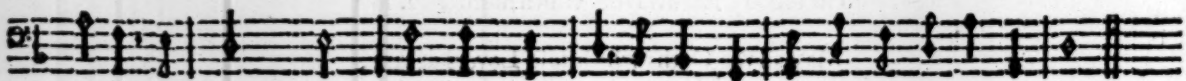
CUPID'S Monarchy.



If you will Love, know this to be the Laws of Cupid's Monarchy, That to Re-



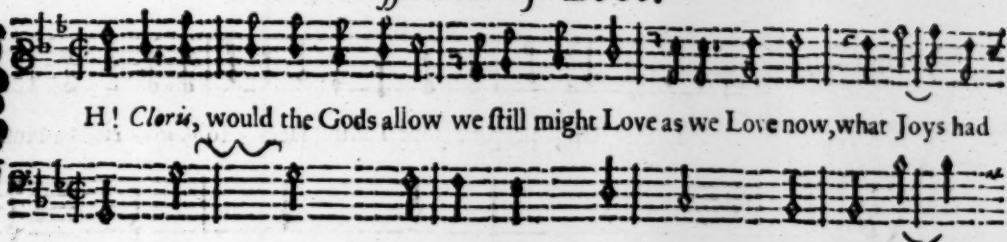
fuse is to abuse Loves Government; and I declare, that such Loves Rebels, not his Subjects are.



Mr. Alph. Marsh.

To Love is not to be your Owne,
Love studies to please them alone
Whom it affects
With most respects
Of ought beside; for Love confin'd
Is but by Usurpation Love defin'd.

If you did Love as true as I,
You nothing would or cold deny,
But would conceive
That you receive
What you bestow: If this were true,
Your Heart would dwell in me as I in you.

The Vicissitude of Love.

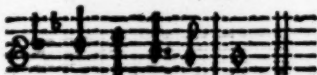
H! *Clorin*, would the Gods allow we still might Love as we Love now, what Joys had



all the world in store, or Heav'n it self to give us more, for nothing sure so sweet can prove as pleasures



Mr. *Alphon. Marlb.*



of beginning Love.

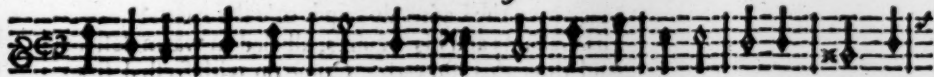
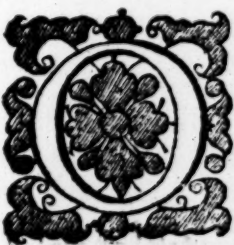


II.

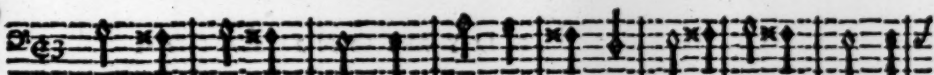
But Love when to its height arriv'd
Of all our Joys is shortest liv'd;
His Morning past, he Sets so soon
That none can find an Afternoon:
And of that little time is lent
Half in Unkindness is mispent.

III.

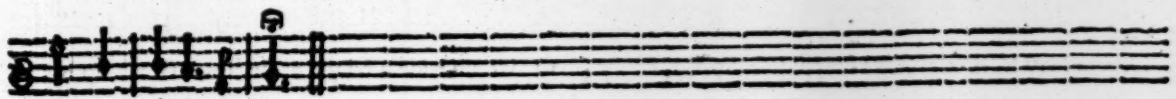
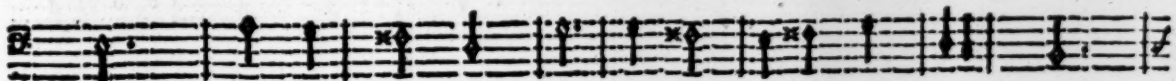
Since Fate to Love such short Life gives
And Love so tender whilest he lives,
Let us remove Mean fears away,
So to prevent his first decay:
For Love, like blood, let out before,
Will lose his pow'r, and Cure no more.

Loves Hue and Cry.

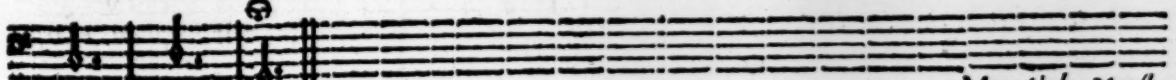
It have I searcht both Court and Town, and Country Village too, the Black, the



Fair, the lovely Brown, Bold, Coy and Simple too; yet amongst all I ne'r could find one that's more



Constant than the Wind.



Mr. *Alph. Marlb.*

If nobly born, She scorns to be Confined in her Love;
If Riches make her melt, we see varietie she'll prove:
And She whom Want betrays, no less
Counts Change her only happiness.
Since all will try, Ile now no more court dangerous Constancy;
But Ile change Objects, and adore this sweet Variety:
For, taught by their Example, I
Love nothing now but Liberty.

R 2

CUPID'S Progress.



P Ladies, Up; prepare your Taking faces; for *Cupid* rides a Hunting to day in

Secret places, his Bow is ready bent, to shew you his Intent; his Quiver full of Darts, to wound the chiefeft

Hearts: Then follow follow me all you that Gamesome be.

Mr. *Alphon. Marsh.*

See where he comes with all his Am'rous Train!
Mark how the Ladies do trip it or'e the Plain!
His Gallants and his 'Squires, all clad in warm desires;
And those that did retire, Come on with fresh desire:
Then follow follow me, all you that Gamesome be.

ENDYMION'S Dream.

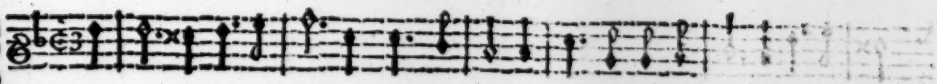


All dew of Slumbers in a gentle Stream, and my *Endymion* blefs, that he is the Banquet of a

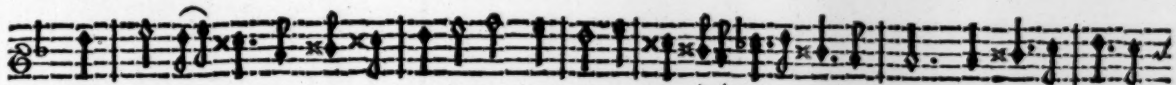
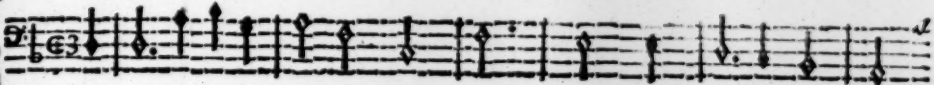
Dream may taste his future Happines. Softly, softly, O let no rude affright as he lies! Break up his

eyes, but open them to real new Delight.

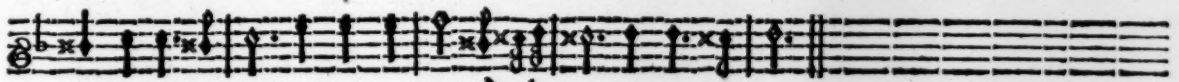
Drest Seraphins, put on your softest wings,
Glide eas'ly from above:
With blisses Heavens fruition brings
Refresh the panting hopes of Love.
Charm him, Charm him:
Then with a Bee-like Hum
Gently wake
For *Hero's* sake
Leander from *Elizium*.

LOVE *admits no Rivall.*

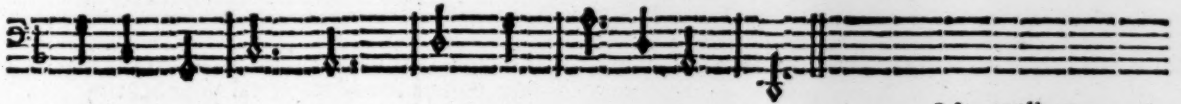
Ndeed, I never was but once so mad to dote upon the Beauty of a Face;



and then, a-las! my fortune was so bad, to see a--no-ther chosen in my place; and yet I courted



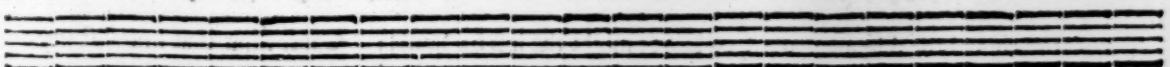
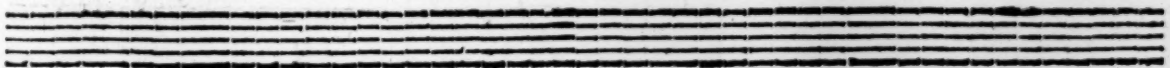
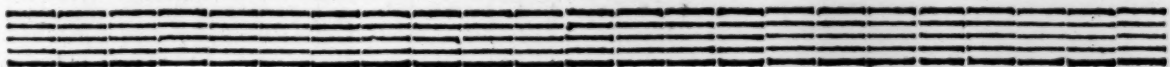
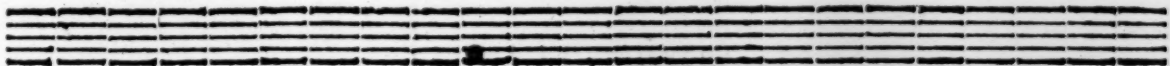
Her I'm very sure with Love as true as his, and full as pure.

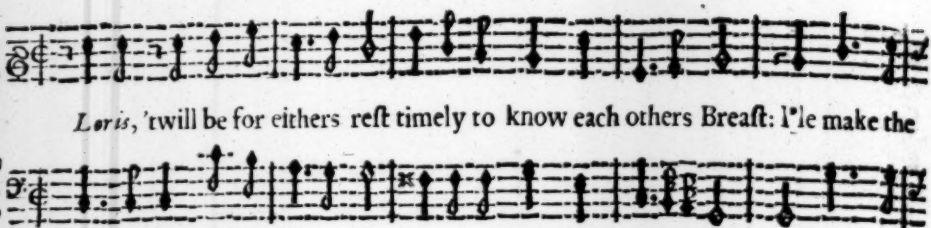


Mr. Will. Gregorie.

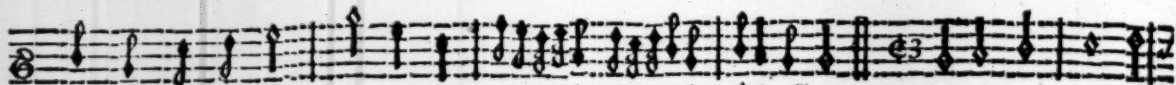
II.

But if I ever be so fond again
To undertake the second part of Love;
Or reassume that most unhappy pain,
Or after Shipwrack do the Ocean prove:
She shall be tender-hearted, kind and free;
Or I'll be as Indifferent as She.

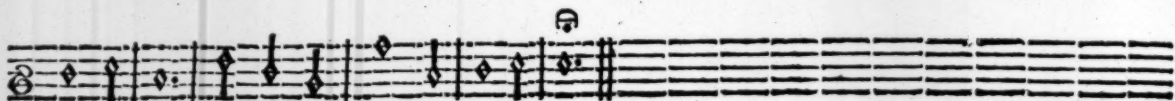
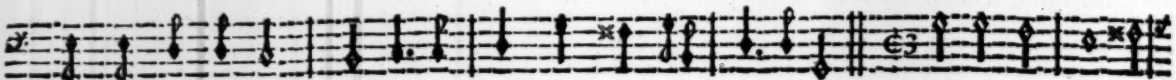


Transparent Love.

*Clar*is, 'twill be for eithers rest timely to know each others Breast: I'll make the



Obscure parts of mine Cleer as your Charm --- ing Beauty shine: And if you'll deal but



so with me, We soon shall part, or soon agree.

Mr. Roger Hill,

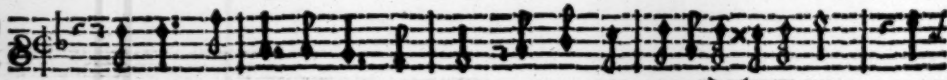


1. Know then, though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;
Or if the Graces of the Mind
With a supplant Beauty shin'd;
Yet if you love me not, you'll see
I value those as you do me.

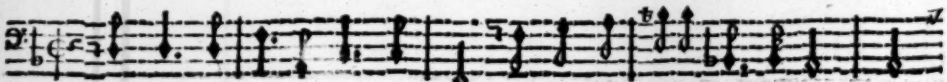
2. Though I a thousand times have sworn,
My Passion should transcend your Scorn;
Or that your bright triumphant Eyes
Creates a flame that never dyes;
Yet if to me you prove untrue,
Those Oaths should prove as false to you.

3. Though I should Love, and you should Hate,
'Twas (I confess) a meer Deceit;
And that my Flames should Deathless prove,
'Twas but to render so your Love.
I brag as, Cowards use to do,
Of Danger, they ne'r run into.

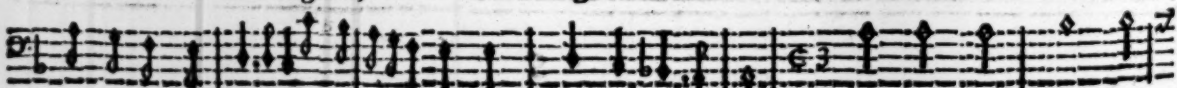
4. But now my Tenets I have told,
If you should them too rigid hold;
T'attempt the Change would be but vain,
The Conquest not being worth the pain:
With those I'll other Nymphs pursue,
*Clar*is too much to lose Time and You.

Love without Flattery.

Dmit, thou Darling of mine Eyes, I serve some Idol late-ly fram'd; that



underneath a false disguise, our true Loves might the less be fam'd: Canst thou that know'st my



Heart



Heart suppose I fall from Thee to worship Those.

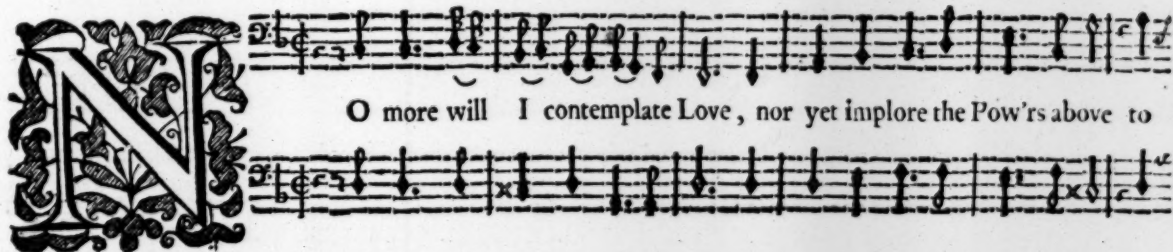


Mr. Roger Hill.

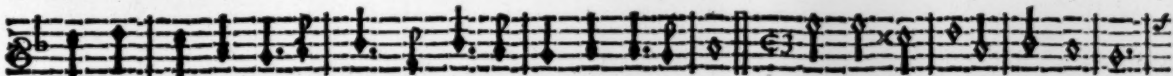
Remember Dear how loth and slow
I was to cast a Look or Smile ;
Or on Love, Lines to misbestow ,
Till thou hadst chang'd both Face and Stile :
And art thou now affraid to see
That Mask put on thou mad'st for mee.

I cannot call these Childish fears
That come from Love, much less from Thee ;
But wash away with frequent Tears
That Counterfeit Apostacie :
And henceforth kneel to ne'r a Shrine ,
To blind the World, but only Thine.

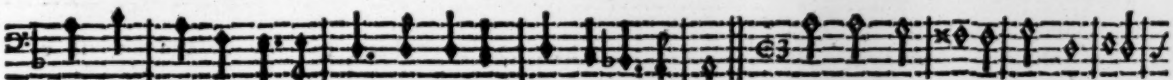
The Crafty Lover.



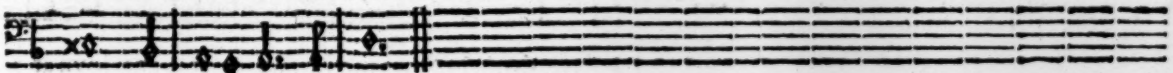
O more will I contemplate Love, nor yet implore the Pow'rs above to



cast their Influence on a Mind that can profess, and not be Kind. If good Examples will not do,



I must decline the Practice too.



Mr. Roger Hill.

My Mistress I'll no more admire,
Her Beauty or her Love desire ;
Though in proportion both agree ,
When neither doth reflect on me :
I may without a guilty thought
Esteem those faculties from nought.

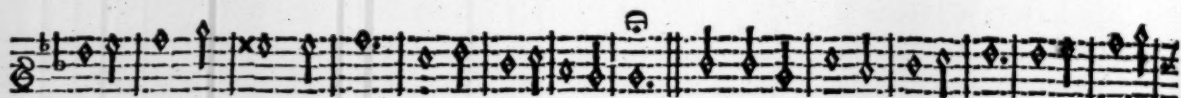
Let those who love to spend their days
In speaking Women, or their praise ;
Apply their Virtue to their use ,
As if 'twere real such abuse :
I can but scorn, 'twill never take ;
I honour Virtue for its sake.

I will no longer sacrifice
To such unsacred Miseries ,
Nor yet contribute to a pow'r
Exacts Obedience ev'ry hour :
No no, my thoughts are too too free
To fancy Her that Loves not me.

LOVE in a RIDDLE.



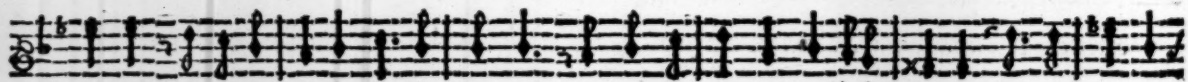
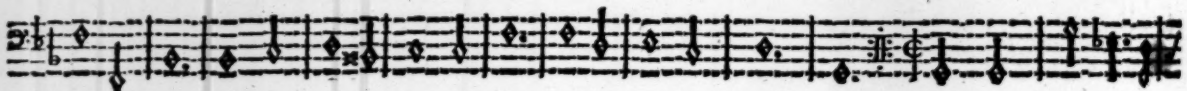
HE that would not, I would chuse; She which would, I would refuse:



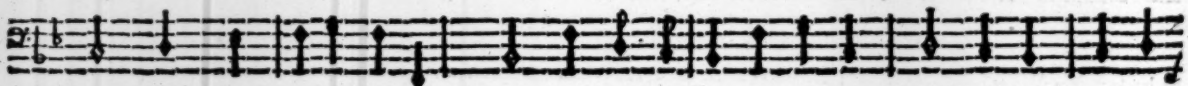
Venus could my Mind but Tame, but not satisfie the same. Inticements offer'd I despise, and deny'd, I



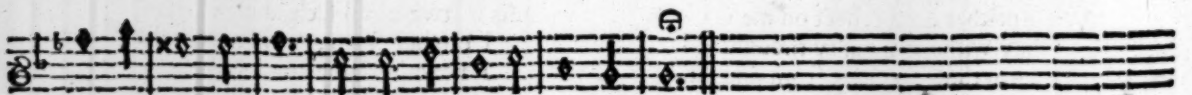
slightly prize: I would neither glut my mind, nor yet too much torment find. Thrice girt *Diana* do not



take me, nor *Venus* naked, Joyful make me: The first no pleasure hath to Joy me, and the last e-



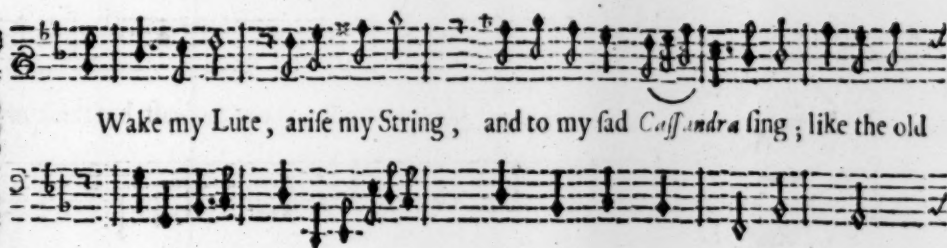
nough to Cloy me. But a Crafty Lads I'de have, that will grant the Love I crave; and Joyn at



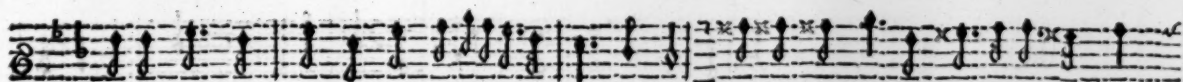
once in one these two, I will, and yet I will not doe.



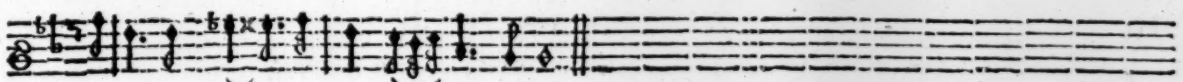
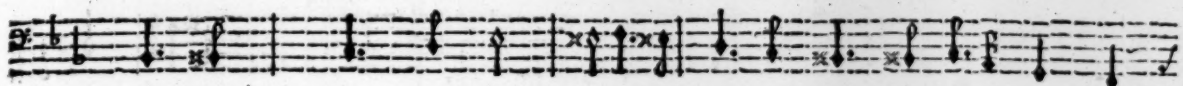
CASSANDRA in Mourning.



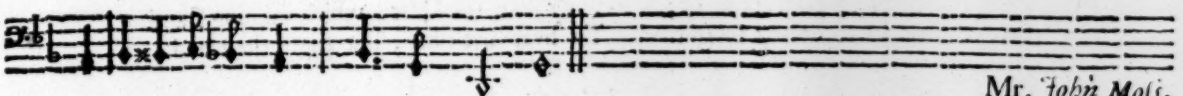
Wake my Lute, arise my String, and to my sad *Cassandra* sing; like the old



Poets, when the Moon had put her Sa-ble Mourning on, aloud they founded with a merry strain,



until her brightness was re-stor'd again.



Mr. John Mofj.

II.

Too well I know from whence proceeds
Thy wearing of these Mourning weeds;
In cruel flames for thee I burn,
And thou for me do'st therefore mourn.
So sits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,
Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

IV.

But tell me, thou deformed Cloud,
How dar'st thou such a Body shroud?
So *Satyres* with black hideous Face
Of old did lovely Nymphs embrace:
That Mourning e're should hide such glorious Maids
Thus Deities of old did live in shades.

III.

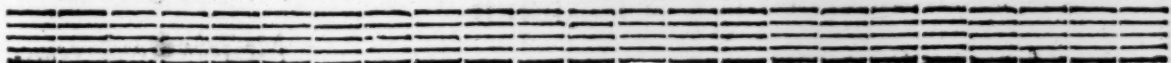
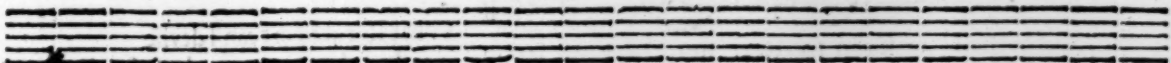
Wear other Virgins what they will!
Cassandra loves her Mourning still:
Thus the milky way so white
Is never seen but in the Night;
The Sun himself, although so bright he seem,
Is black as are the *Moors* that worship him

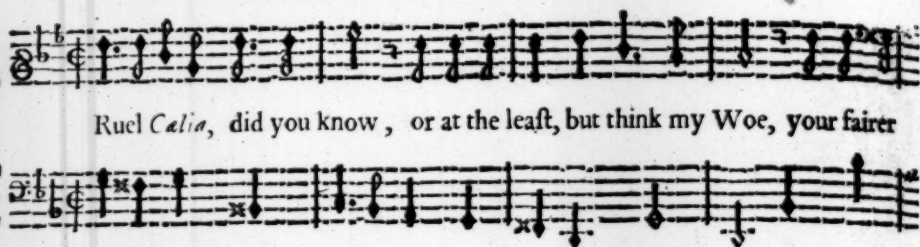
V.

Her Words are Oracles, and come
(Like those) from out some dark'ned room:
And her Breath proves that Spices do
Only in Scorched Countries grow:
If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears;
Though all o're black, at Lips She Jewels wears.

VI.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy
As she in *Vulcan's* arms did lye;
Such is *Cassandra* and her Shroud:
She looks like Snow within a Cloud:
Melt then, and yield! throw off thy mourning Pall!
Thou never can'st look white, until thou Fall.



The Despairing Lover.

Ruel *Calia*, did you know, or at the least, but think my Woe, your fairer



Mind would prove so kind, that ev'ry Passion then would move to pi-ty, where you cannot love,



Mr. John Mosse.

II.

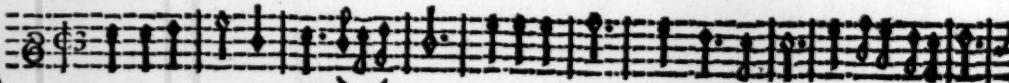
Could a Sigh, a Tear, a Grone,
Things pale Passion feeds upon;
A Midnight Grove,
Place fit for Love:
Could these but enter in your thought,
You'd then confess Love dearly sought.

III.

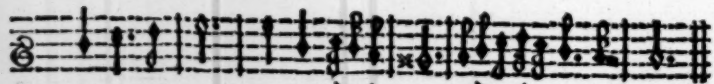
Cruel Fairest, there you sit
As unconcern'd, as if my Wit
To Mirth did move,
Not to plead Love:
You'r like the Deer, which list'ning stand
To hear me Play, but slight the Hand.

IV.

Fairest, like them, you admire
The Musick, but neglect the Fire;
The Air that beats
And gives me heat:
To tell you, Cruel Beauty, you
Have out-done Him that worships You.

CLORIS Yielding.

Ill *Cloris* cast her Sun-bright Eye, upon so mean a Swain as I? can she affect



my Oaten Reed, or stoop to wear my Shepherds Weed.

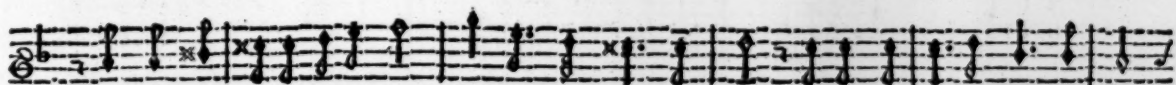
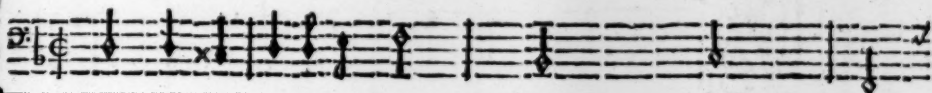


What Rural Sport can I devise
To please her Ears, to please her Eyes;
Fair *Cloris* sees, fair *Cloris* hears,
With Angels Eyes, and Angels Ears.

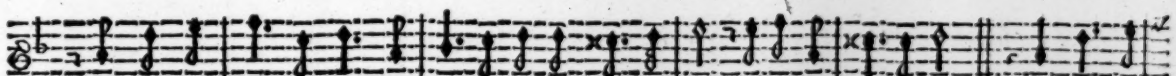
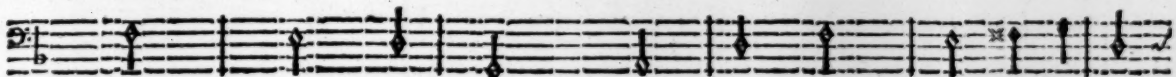
Mr John Goodgroome.

On a Crowned Heart.

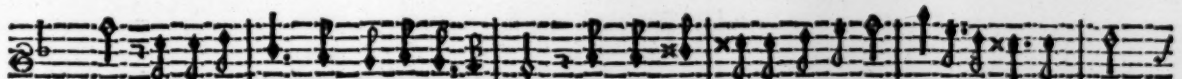
Hou sent'st to me a Heart was Crown'd, I thought it had been Thine,



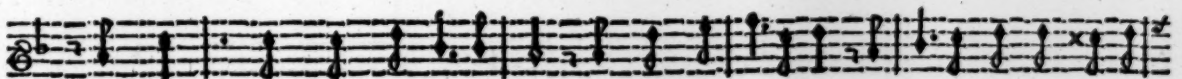
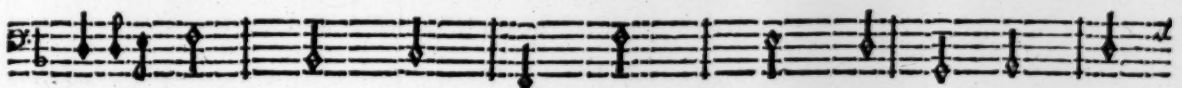
but when I saw it had a Wound, I knew that Heart was mine. A Bounty of a strange conceit,



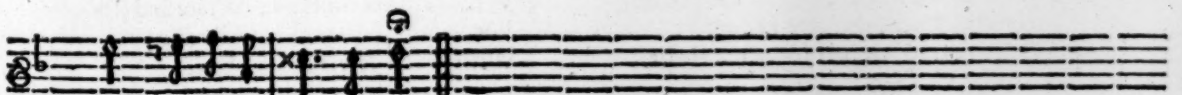
to send mine Own to me; and send it in a worse estate than it was sent to Thee. The Heart I



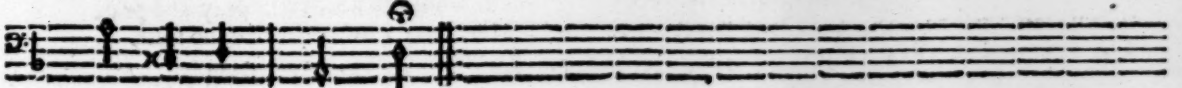
sent, it had no stain, but was entirely sound, yet thou hast sent it back again sick of a deadly wound.



O Heav'n's! How wouldst thou use a Heart that should Rebellious be, as thus to slay Him with a



Dart that ever honour'd Thee.



John Playford.

Loves Enquiry.

Es, I could Love, could I but find a Mistress fitting to my mind ; who neither

Pride nor Gold could move to buy her Beauty, sell her Love : Were Neat, yet car'd not to be Fine,

and love me for my self, not mine : Not Lady proud, nor City coy ; but full of freedom, full of joy.

2. Not wife enough to rule a State,
Nor so much Fool to be laugh'd at ;
Nor Childish young, nor Beldam old,
Not Fiery hot, nor Icy cold ;

Not richly Proud, nor basely Poor ;
Not Chast, yet no reputed Whore.
If such a one I chance to find
I have a Mistress to my mind.

J. Playford.

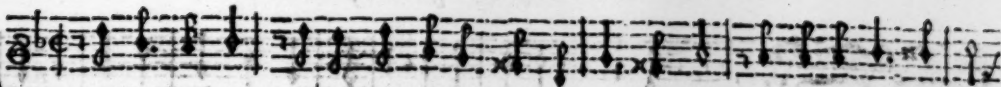
The Prudent Lover.

Or that I with my Mistress or more, or less than what She is, write I these

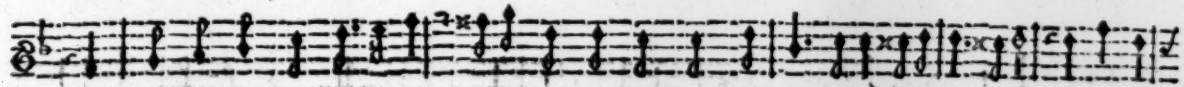
Lines, for 'tis too late, Rules to prescribe unto my Fate.

2. But as the tender Stomachs call
For choice of Meats, yet brook not all,
So queasie Love may here impart
What Mistress 'tis best takes the Heart.
4. Yet this alone will never win,
Unless some Treasure be within,
For where the Spoil's not worth the Prey,
Men raise the Siege and March away.
6. Then would I have her full of wit,
So she knows how to huswife it ;
For the whose insolence will dare
To cry her Wit, will shew her ware.

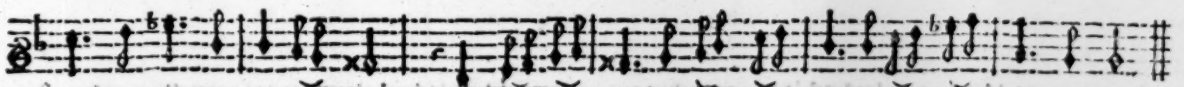
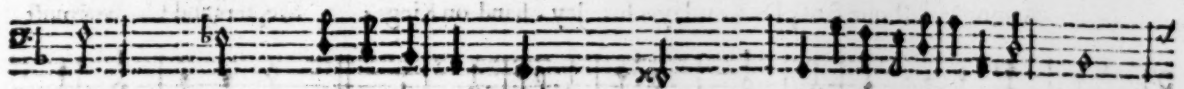
3. First, I would have her richly spread
With Natures Blossom, White and Red ;
For flaming heat will quickly dye,
Where is no Jewel for the Eye.
5. I care not much if she be proud,
A little pride may be allow'd ;
The amorous Youth will pray and prate
Too freely, where he finds no state.
7. Last, I would have her Loving be,
(Mistake me not) to none but me ;
She that loves one, and loves one more,
She'll love a Kingdom o're and o're.

The Humorous Lover.

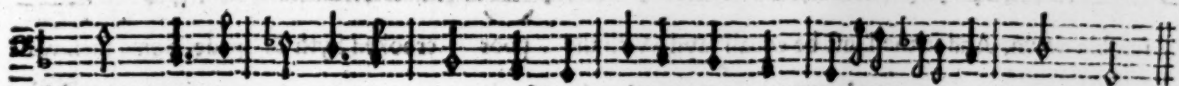
Ell well, 'tis true, I now am fain in Love, and 'tis with you: and now I plainly see



whilst y'are enthron'd by me above, You all your arts and pow'rs improve to tyrant over me, and make my



flames th'incentives of your scorn, whilst you rejoyce and feast your eyes to see me quite forlorn.

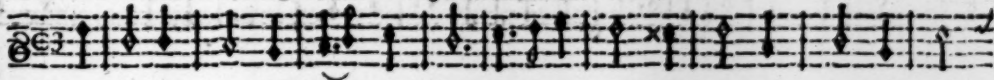


2. But yet be wise,
And don't believe that I did think your Eyes
More bright than the Stars can be;
Or that your Face Angels out-vies
In their Celestial Liveries:
'Twas all but Poetry:
I could have said as much by any She;
You are not Beautilous of your Self,
But are made so by Me.

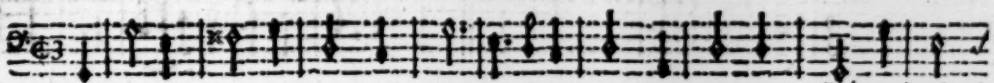
3. Though we (like Fools) *J. Hinton.*
Fathom the Earth, and drain the Schools
For Names t' express you by;
Out-rant the loudest Hyperboles
To dub you Saints and Deities
By Cupid's Heraldry:
We know y'are flesh and blood as well as Men,
And when we please can Mortalize,
And make you so agen.

4. Yet since my Fate
Hath drawn me to that Sin which I did hate,
Ple not my labour lose,
But will love on, as I begin,
To th' purpose, now my hand is in,
Spight of the Art you use,
And let you know the world is not so bare,
There's things enough to love besides
Such Toys as Ladies are.

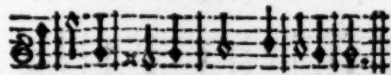
5. I love good Wine,
I love my Book, and Muse, nay all the Nine;
I love my real Friend;
I love my Horse; and could I chuse
One that would not my Love abuse,
To Her my Love should bend:
I will love those that laugh, and those that sing,
And scorn to pine away my self
For any Female thing.

Lukewarmness in Love.

O more, no more, fond Love, give o're, Dally no more with me: Strike home and bold,



John Playford.



be hot or cold, or leave thy Deitie.



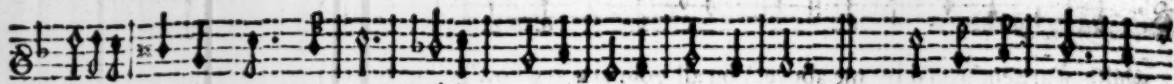
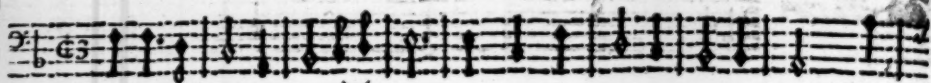
II.
In Love Lukewarm,
Will do more harm,
Then can Feavers heat:
Cold cannot kill,
So soon as will
A fainting dying Sweat.

III.
I cannot tell,
When Sick or Well
Phyick or Poyson give:
Still in my Grief,
There's no Relief,
Oh let me Dye or Live!

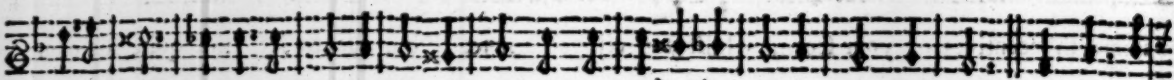
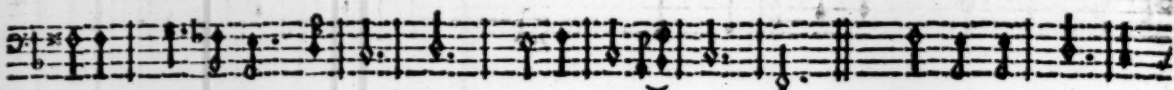
IV.
If I must be
Thy Votarie,
Be thou my Friend or Foe:
If thou wilt have
Me be thy Slave,
Hold fast, or let me go!

The Triumphs of Death.

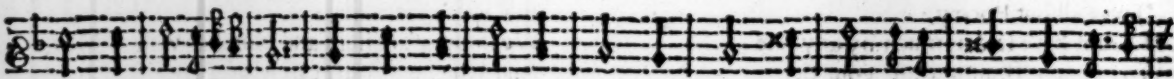
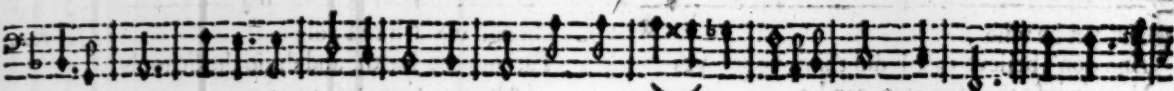
THE Glories of our Birth and State Are shadows, not substantial things; There



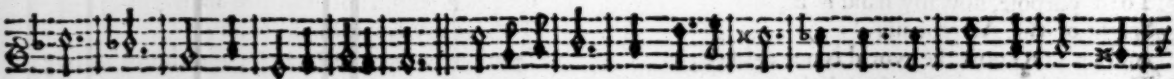
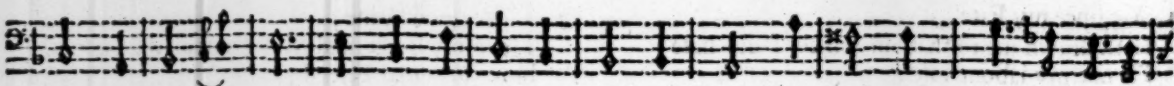
is no Armor 'gainst our fate; DEATH layes his Icy - hand on Kings; Scepters and Crowns must



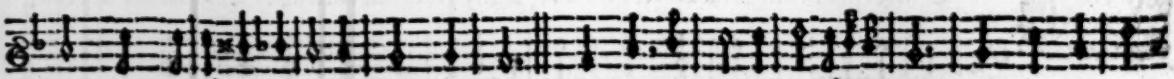
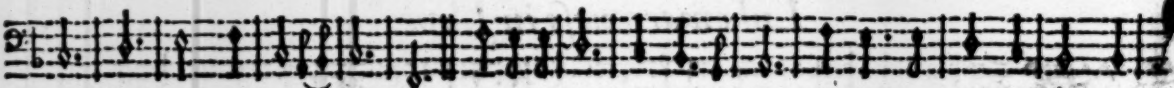
tumble down, And in the Dust be equal layd With the poor crooked Syth & Spade, Some men with



Swords may reap the Field, And plant fresh Lawrels where they kill'd; But their strong Nerves at last must



yield, They tame but one another still. Early or late they bend to fate, And must give up their murmur'ing

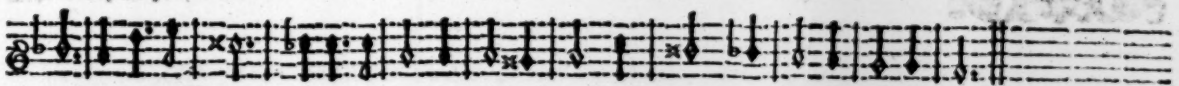
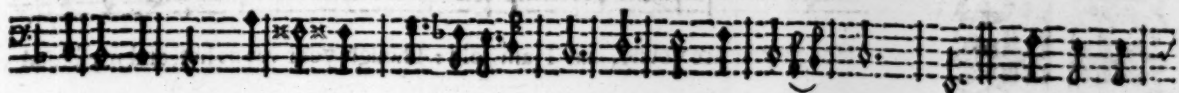


breath While the pale Captive creeps to Death. The Garland withers on your brow, Then boast no more

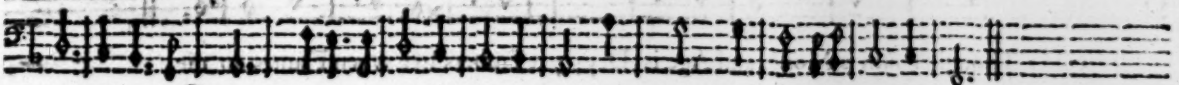




your mighty deeds : Upon Death's purple Altar now, See where the Victor Victim bleeds. All heads must

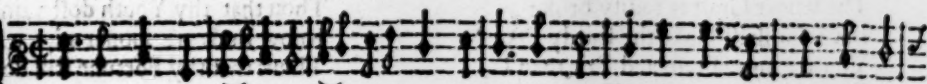


come to the gold Tomb, Only the Actions of the Just Smell sweet, and B'lossom in the Dust.

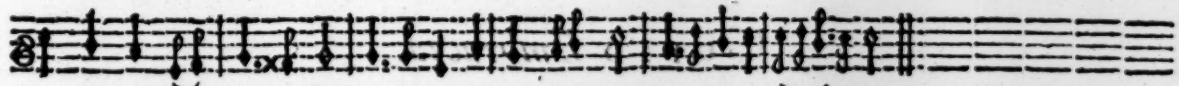
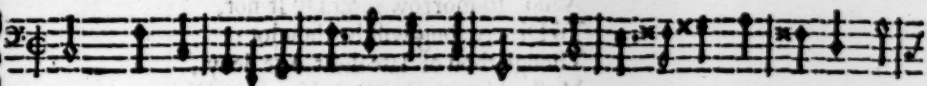


Mr. Edward Colman.

Venus Hue and Cry after Cupid.

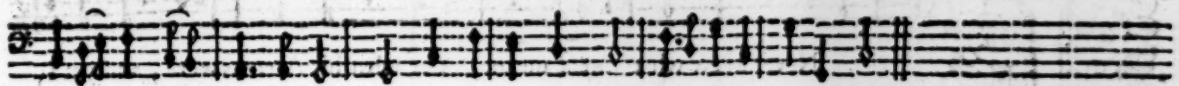


Beauties, have ye seen a Toy, called, *Love a lit-tle Boy*; almost Naked, Wanton, Blind,



Cruel; now and then as kind: If he be amongst you, say, He is *Venus* run away.

H. Lamer.



(1) She that will now but now discover,
Where this Winged-wag doth hover,
Shall to night receive a kiss,
How, or where her self would wish;
But who brings him to his Mother,
Shall have that kiss and another.

(1) Marks he hath about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty,
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That brings shot (like light'ning) in
Wounds the Heart but not the skin.

(4) Wings he hath which though you clip,
He will leap from Lip to Lip;
Over Liver, Lips, and Heart,
But ne'er stay in any part:
And if by chance his Arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

(5) He doth bear a golden Bow,
And a Quiver hanging low,
Full of Arrows that out-brave
Diana's Shafts; what if he have
Any head more sharp than other?
With that kiss he strikes his mother.

(6) Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his daies are to be cruel,
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his Bath's their warmest Blood:
Nought but wounds his hands doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

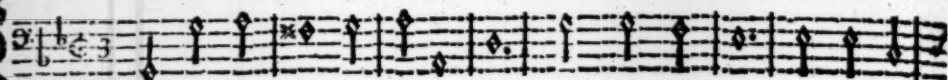
(7) Trust him not, his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet;
All his practice is deceit,
Ev'ry gift is a bait,
Not a kiss but poyson bears,
And most treason in his tears.

(8) Idle minutes are his reign,
Them the stragler makes his gain,
By presenting Maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em toys;
'Tis the ambition of the Elf,
To have all childish as himself.

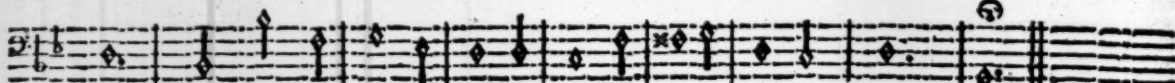
(9) If by these you please to know him,
Beauties be not nice, but show him,
Though you had a will to hide him,
Now I hope ye'll not abide him:
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's *Venus* Run-awa.

Youths Vanity.

Hough you are young, and I am old : Though your veyns hot, and my blood



cold : Though Youth is Moist, and Age is Dry, yet Embers live when Flames do die.

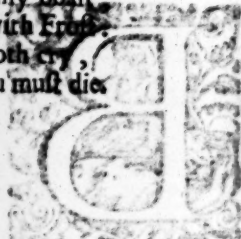


John Playford.

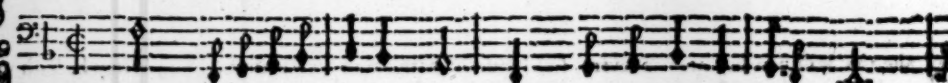
The tender Graff is Easily broke,
But who shall shake the sturdy Oke?
You are more Fresh and Fair than I;
Yet Stubs do live when Flowers do die.

Thou that thy Youth dost vainly boast
Know Buds are sooner nipt with Frost.
Think that thy Fortune still doth cry,
Fond Youth, To morrow thou must die.

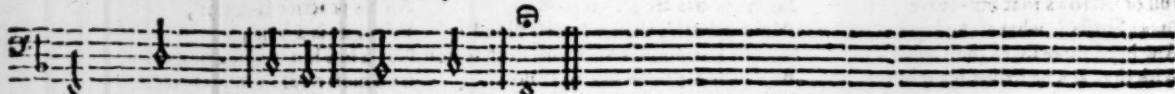
And if to morrow thou Dy'st not,
To Die ere long will be thou lot:
Though thou of late didst Age deny,
Must welcome Death, and learn to Die.

*CUPID Embraced.*

Never knew what *Cupid* meant, nor what his Arrows were, and yet I



have been Discontent, and shed many a Tear.

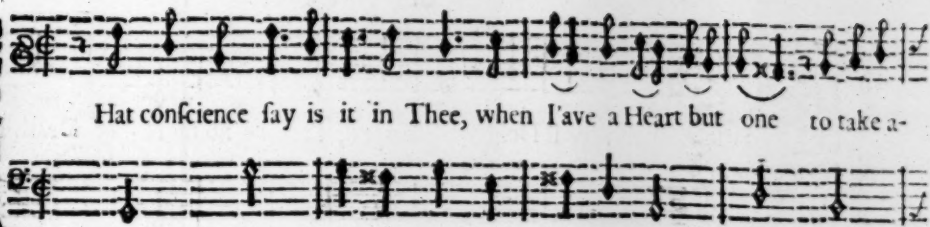


I have seen a Woman has been Fair,
And yet could never be
Caught in the Net-work of her Hair,
Or Faces Pagentry.

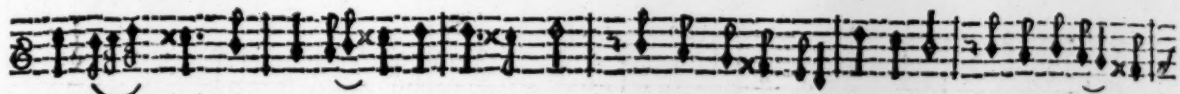
I wondred that my stubborn Heart,
That hath so long held out,
Should, by the piercing of his Dart
Unseen, be brought about.

But then considering how in her
Virtue and Sweetness dwelt,
I wondred not at any stir,
That in my Heart I felt.

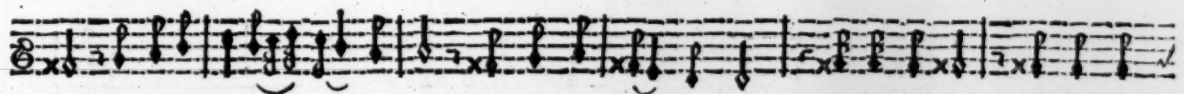
But *Cupid* with a reverend Knee
I worship now, like those
That rank him as a Deity;
And Thank him for my Blows.

On a Stolen Heart.

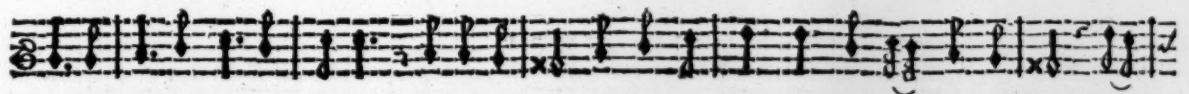
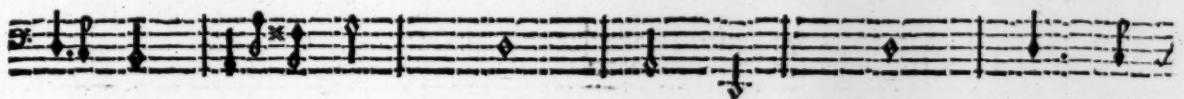
Hat conscience say is it in Thee, when I've a Heart but one to take a-



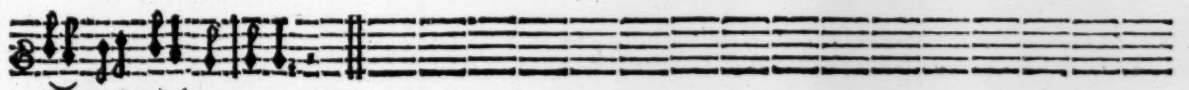
way that Heart from me, and so to leave me none : For shame or pi-ty now encline to act a loving



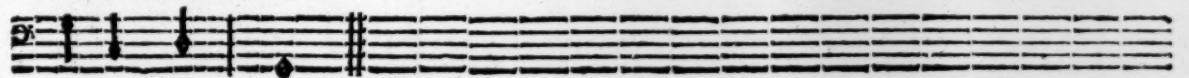
part, either to send me kindly Thine, or give me back my Heart : Cover not both : But if thou



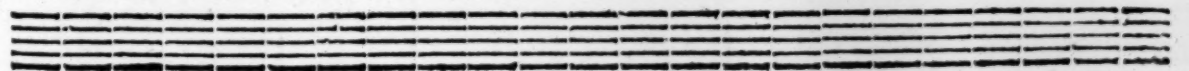
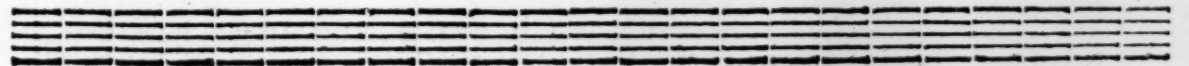
dost resolve to part with neither, why yet to shew that thou art Just, take Me take Me and Mine take



Me and Mine together.



Tho. Blagrave.



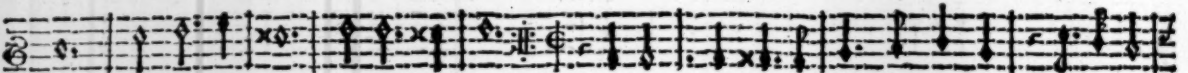
A Despairing Lover.

Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll love no more; of Death I'm not afraid, my

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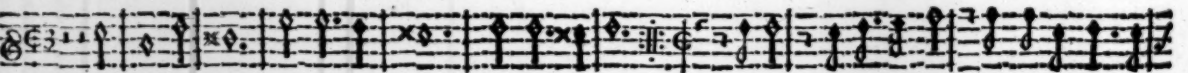
poor Heart is betray'd; She that disdains my Love, must I adore. Farewell, Farewell despairing



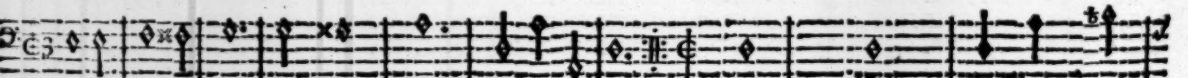
Hopes, I'll live no more, I'll love no more. To crave from Cruel Eyes compassion, 'tis in vain,



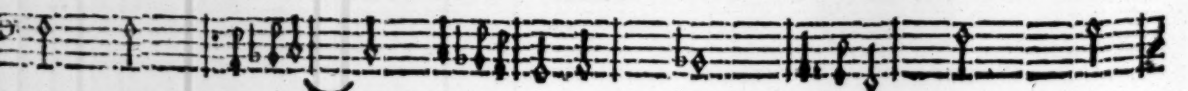
and with Laments and Cryes to sob out Tears, the witness of my pain. No Death shall cure my Sore:

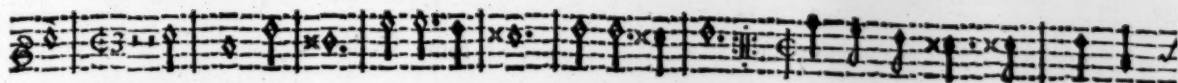


Farewell, Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll live no more to see when I complain a Cruel Soul dis-

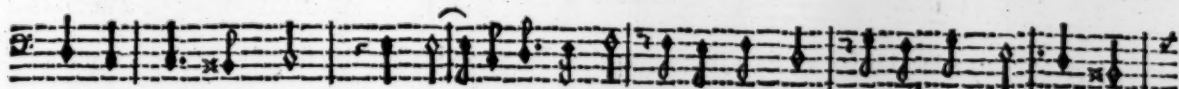
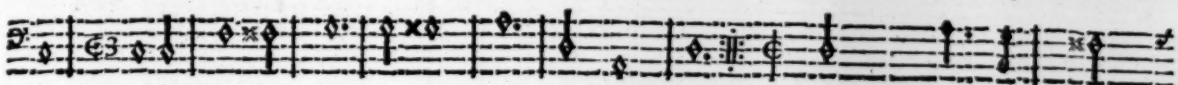


dain, that to my grief I love, when Her no tears can move, but rival tears: Ah! 'twas ne'er heard be-

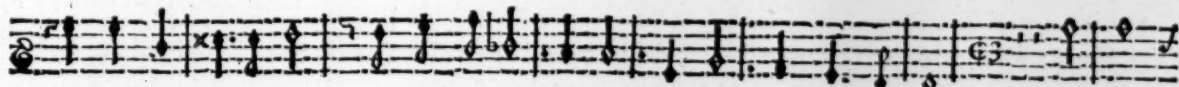




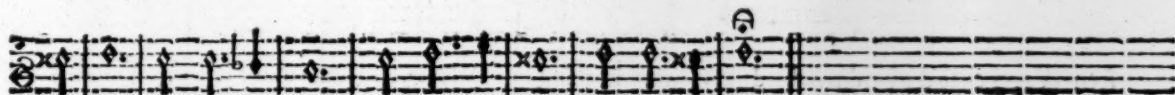
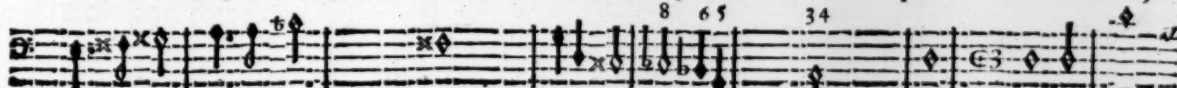
fore. Farewell, Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll live no more: Ne're flatter more my sense with



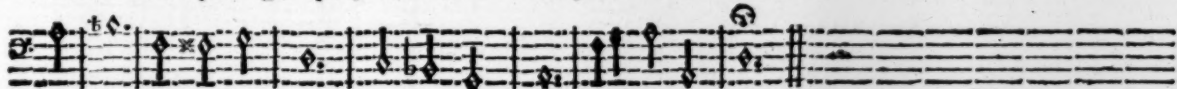
sweet and courteous Breath, 'twixt outrage and offence I am condemn'd, I am condemn'd to Death.



No more on Joys I dote, but with a dole-ful Note my Life and Death deplore. Farewell,

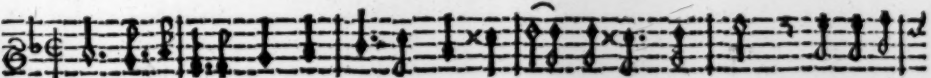


Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll live no more, Ile live no more.

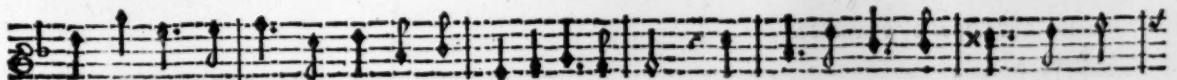
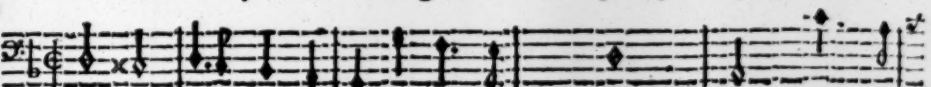


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

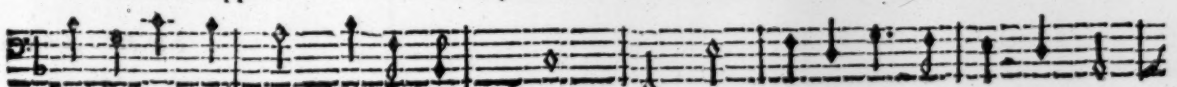
To his THEORA.

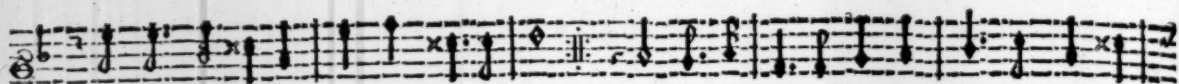


F still *Theora* you wear this disguise of Scorn up on your Eyes, and suffer



not one smile approve th'obedience of my Immortal Love: Two Hells at once my Soul must try;

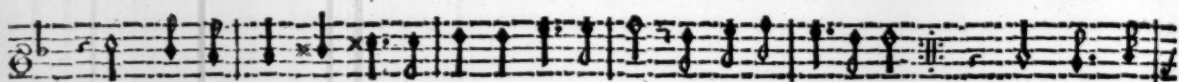




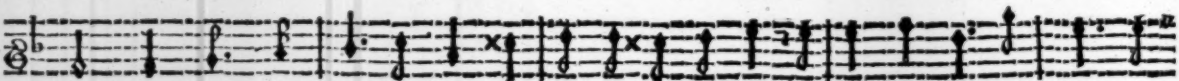
my own Affections, and your Cru el ty. But if some kinder Aspect shall encline your



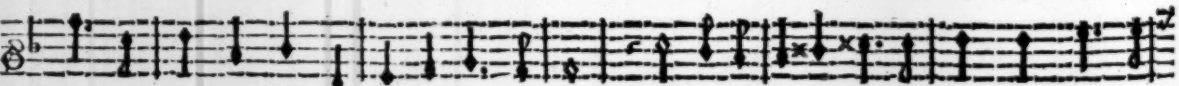
Heart to pi ty mine, I le breath such Joys no envious Fate shall blast with a surprize, or Time translate.



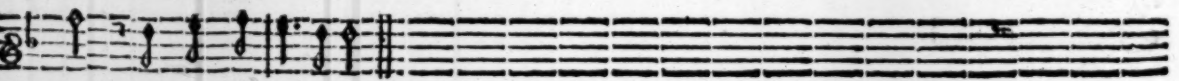
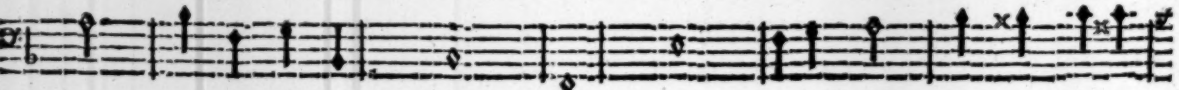
Strange Providence ! that Lovers still find Lips to Kifs as well as Eyes to Kill. Thus have you



seen Waves chac'd by th' troubled Ayr, move nothing but Despair, till some more friendly Winds do

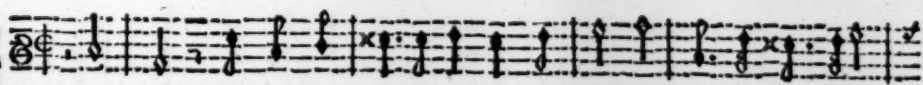
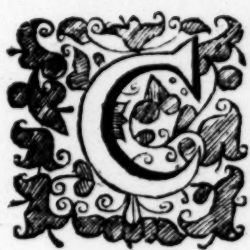


stay their Murmers, and lead up a Beautious day. Great penances do make us prize (with greater

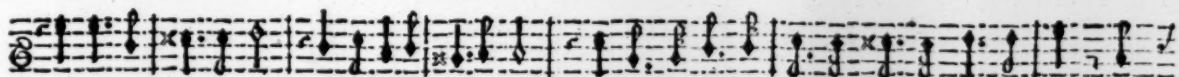


senfe) our hopes of Paradiice.

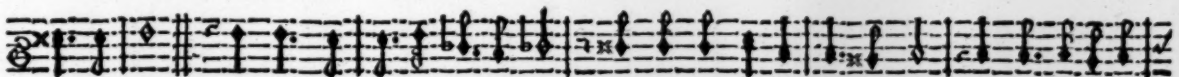
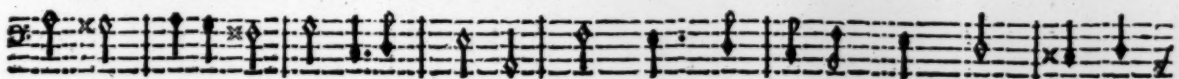


To a Stream.

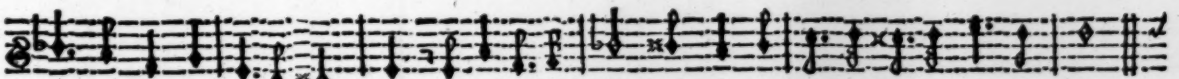
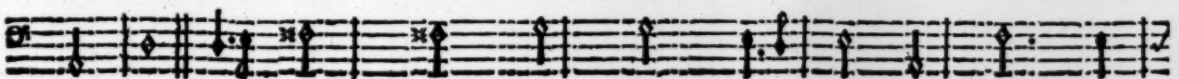
Leer Stream, who dost with equal pace both thy self fly, and thy self chace,



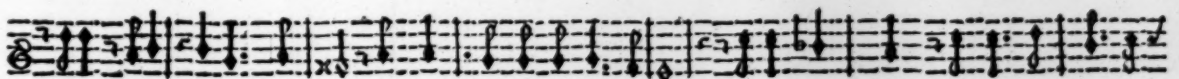
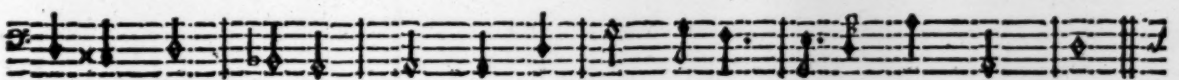
forbear a while to flow, and listen to my woe: Then go and tell the Sea that all his Brine is fresh, com-



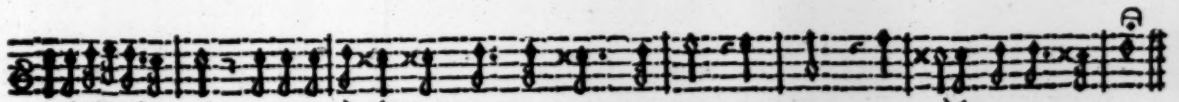
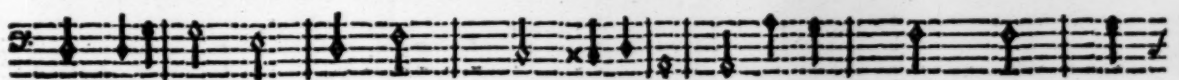
par'd to mine. Inform him that the gentle Dame who was the life of all my flame, i'th' glory of her



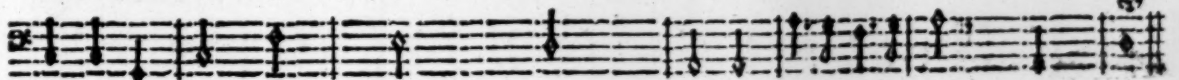
bud hath past the dismal flood: Death by this on-ly stroke Triumphs above the gentle pow'r of Love.



Alas, Alas! I must give o're, my sighs will let me add no more. Go on, cleer Stream, but rest no more my



trou - bled breast: And if my sad Complaint hath made thee stay, ther's Tears ther's Tears to mend thy way.



Loves Triumph.

H, ah, mighty Love! what pow'r unknown hast thou now us'd more then thy

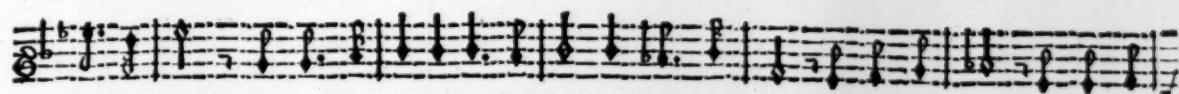
own? It was thy Conduct and Designe, but not thy Pow'r that vanquish'd mine: As a great

Captain to his Name of ev'ry Conquest joyns the Fame; though 'twas not by his Power got,

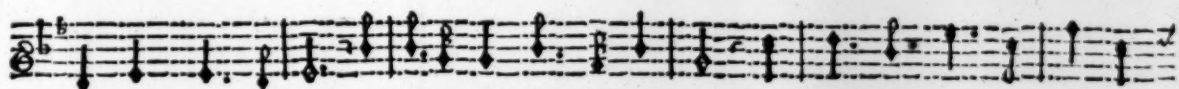
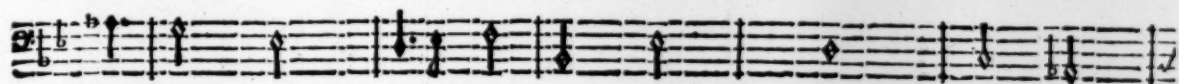
but Armies by his Conduct brought: So when thou could'st not do't alone, thou lead'st his troops of

Virtues on And I now feel by my surprize, thou hast not only Darts, not only Darts, but Eyes.

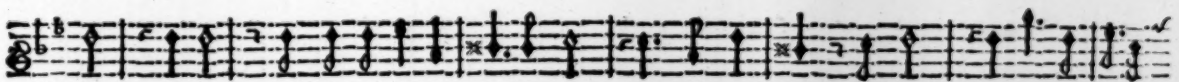
Just god, now take again thy Arms, and rally all I have of Charms: What Pow'r and Conduct



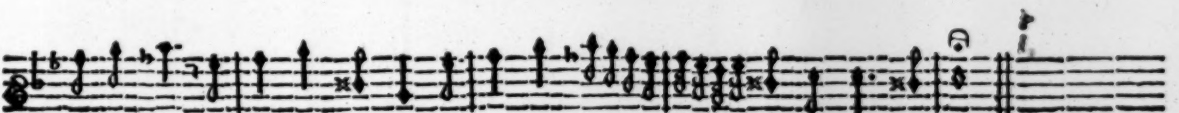
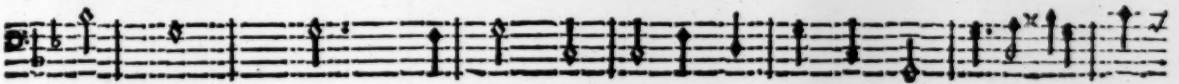
cannot doe, make his Belief contribute too: So when the Earth some promise shows that she does



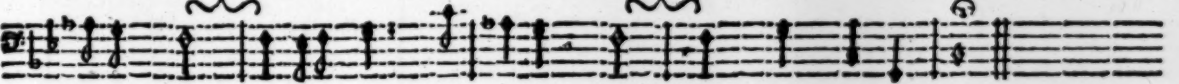
yet more Wealth enclose: Believing men search her rich Veins, and crown their hopes with unknown



gains: May he but at the first incline to Love, then by my Faith and Time, his Justice after

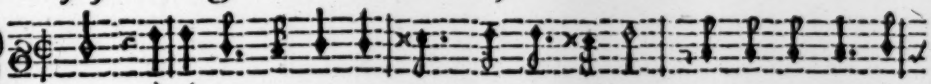


the surprize shall be more fetter'd, shall be more fet - - - ter'd than his Eyes.

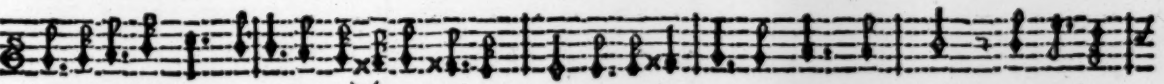
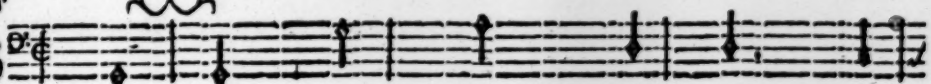


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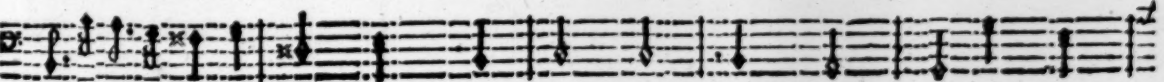
On the soft and gentle Motions of EUDORA.

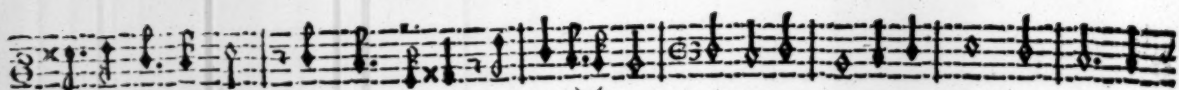


Strike, Strike sweet *Licoris*, strike th' harmonious Lute; but with a stroke so

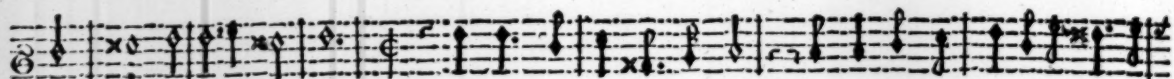


gentle as may sute the si-lent gly-ding of the Hours, or the yet calmer growth of Flow'rs, th' ascending

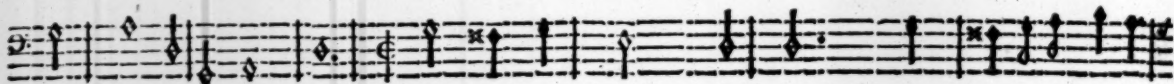




or the falling dew, which none can see, yet all find true. For thus a-lone can be shown how downy,



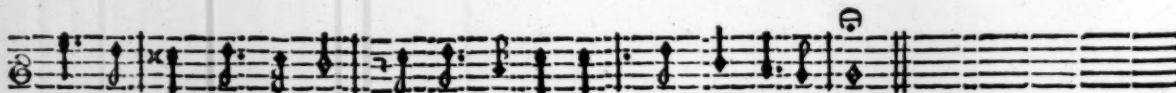
how smooth *Eudora* doth move. How Ev'n her Actions appear : the Air of her Face of a gentler



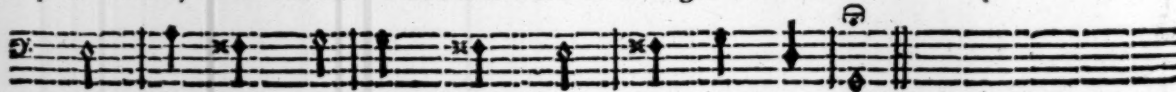
grace than these that do stroke the Ear: Her address so sweet, so becoming meet, that 'tis not the



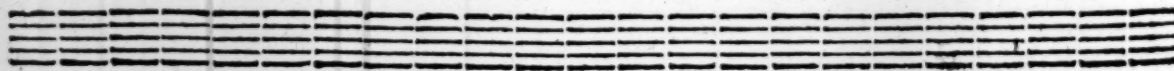
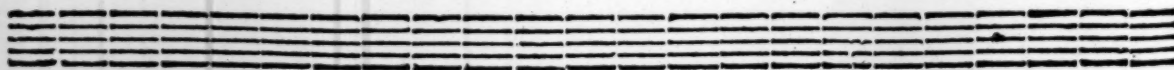
Loud, though Me-lo-dious string, can shew forth so soft, so noysless a thing. This, O this to ex-

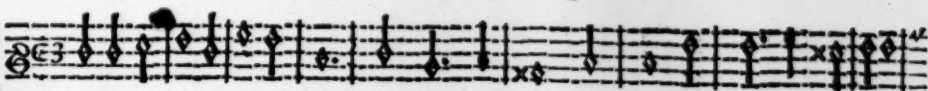
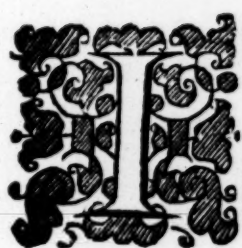


prefs from thy Hand must fall than Musicks self something more Mu-sicall.

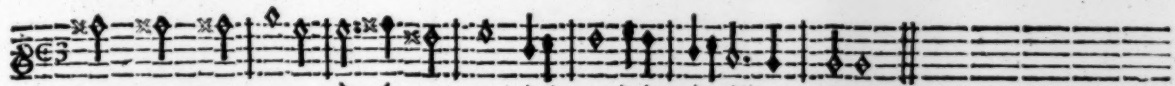
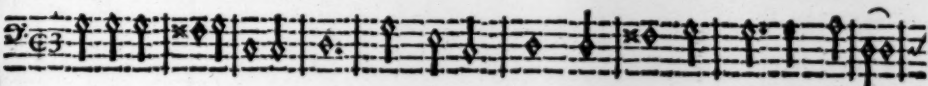


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

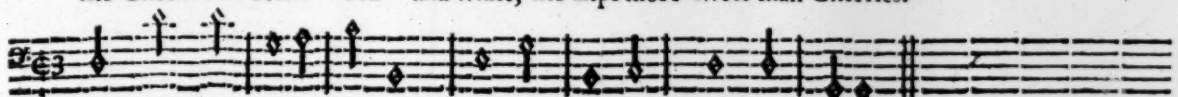


AMINTOR *Distracted, Complains.*

Had a *Cloris* my Delight, hey down hey down, with Hair as brown as Berries ;



her Cheeks like Roses red and white, her Lips more sweet than Cherries.



Mr. Hen. Laws.

II.

Though lovely Black dwelt in her Eyes,
Hey down hey down,
Like brightest Day that shin'd;
And Hills of Snow upon her Breast,
Made me and all men blinde.

III.

She was so sweet, so kind, so free,
Hey down hey down,
To kifs, to sport, and play;
But all this was with none but Me,
So Envy 't self will say.

IV.

She fed her flock on yonder Plane;
Hey down hey down,
'Tis wither'd now and dry;
How can *Aminor* longer live
When such things for her die?

V.

Her wandring Kids look in my face;
Hey down hey down,
And with Dumb Tears Express
The want of *Cloris*, my True Love,
And their kind Shepherdess.

VI.

She lov'd me without fraud or guile;
Hey down hey down,
But not for flocks or treasure;
And I was happy all the while,
But now woe worth all pleasure.

VII.

When she liv'd I went fine and gay,
Hey down hey down,
With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd;
But now I am (as Shepherds say)
The Emblem of Neglect.

VIII.

Where are those pretty Garlands now
Hey down hey down,
Of Ivy and of Bays,
Which *Cloris* platted on my Brow
For Singing in her praise?

IX.

With naked Legs and Arms I go,
Hey down hey down,
For why the Clothes I wore,
With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many mo,
Upon her Grave lie tore.

X.

For woe is me I should be warm,
Hey down hey down,
Or any Comfort have;
As long as my dear *Cloris* lies
So cold within her Grave.

XI.

I'll gather sticks and make a fire,
Hey down a down,
To warm her where she lies,
Of Mirtles, Cypress and Sweet-Bryer,
And then perhaps she'll rise.

Union in Love.

ND must our tempers ever be at war? must diff'rent Passions make us always

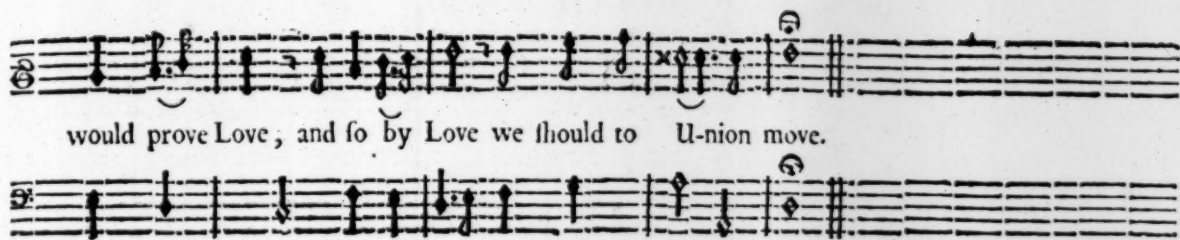
jar? Must neither of us find a temp'rate Zone, but She the Frigid, I the Torrid one?

Can neither of our Breasts a Medium know, betwixt a Scorching Fire, and Chilling Snow. She like the

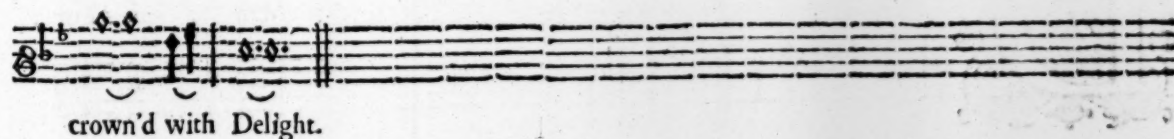
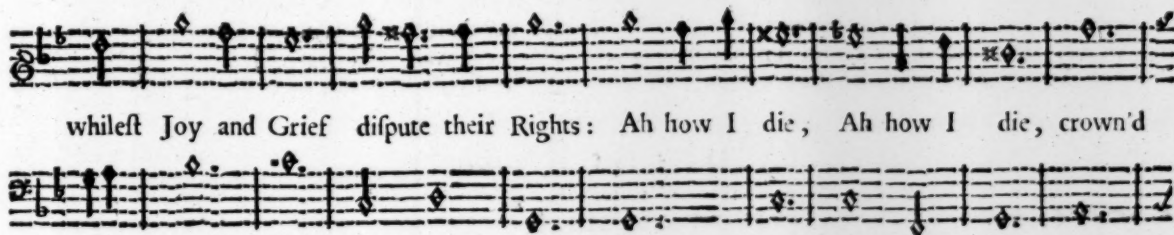
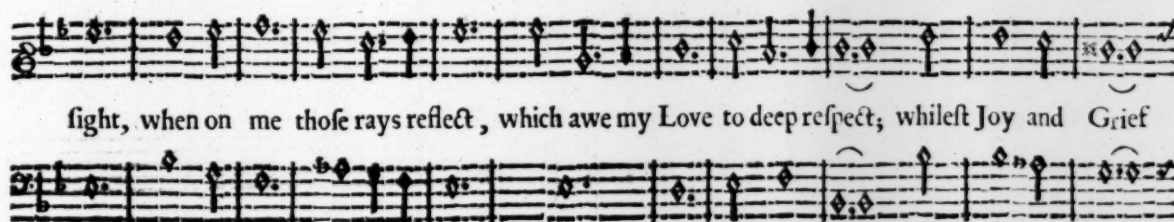
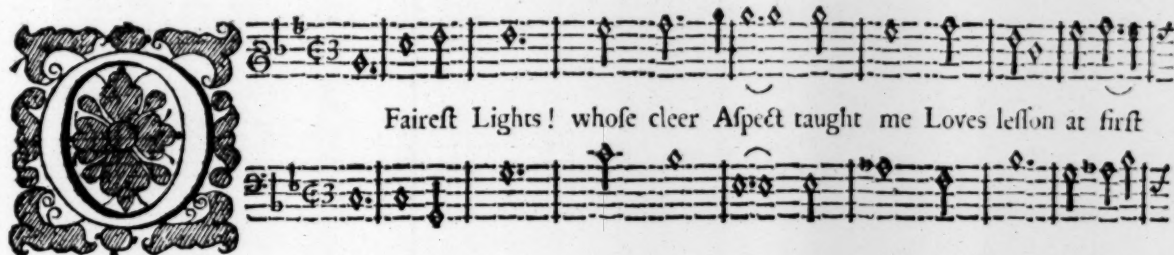
Alps, and I like *Aetna* am; She's all a Frost; and I am all a Flame. O Gentle Love!

Propitious be, and turn her Heart to Flames, that She as I may burn, or mine (like hers) to

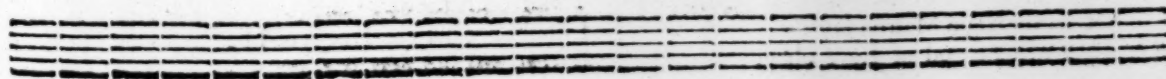
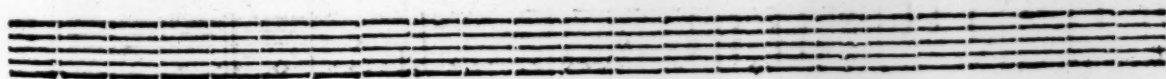
Frost, that there may be ^{twixt} Us a mutual Sympathie: Then might I hope that Likeness



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

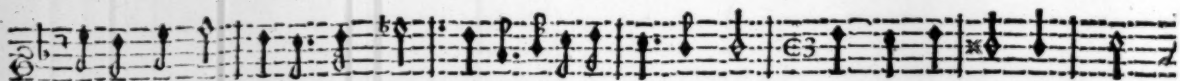
The Dying Lover.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



An old Knight to a young Lady.

Adam, your Beauty (I confess) may our young Gallants wound or bless;



but cannot warm my frozen Heart, not capable of Joy or Smart; 'Cause neither Wit, nor Looks,



nor Kindness can make Young a Super-annuated man.

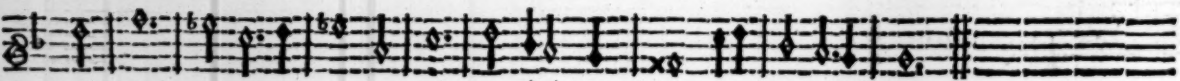


Those sparks that every minute fly
From your bright Eyes, do falling die;
Not kindle flames, as heretofore,
Because old I can love no more:
Beauty on wither'd Hearts no Trophy gains;
For Tinder over us'd, no Fire retains.

If you'll indure to be admir'd
By an old Dotard new Inspir'd,
You may enjoy the Quintessence
Of my past Loves without Expence:
For I can wait, and prate, I thank my Fate;
I can do all, but no new Fire Create.

CUPID'S Power.

Ildain not, Fair one, since we know your Heart's a Mark for *Cupid's* Bow:



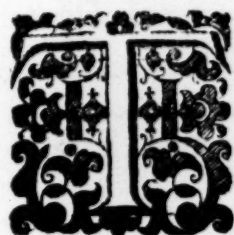
The Scorns you cast at Love will turn like Lightning back, and make you burn.



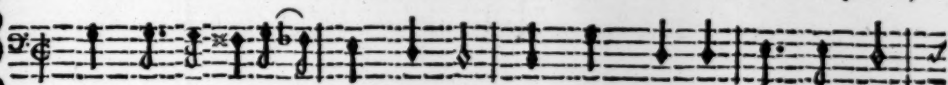
Let those whom Age hath set aside
To Court the Grave for their next Bride;
Or let the frigid Matron say
They will no god of Love obey.

But you who want nor Youth, nor Fire
To kindle Altus of Desire;
I doubt not but ere long you'll be
Loves Proscelite as well as we.

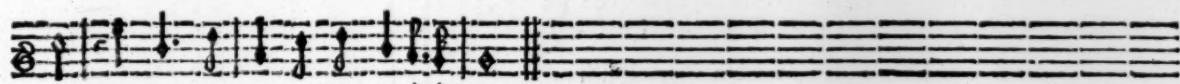
*To a Friend who desired no more then to admire the Mind, and
the Beauty of SILVIA.*



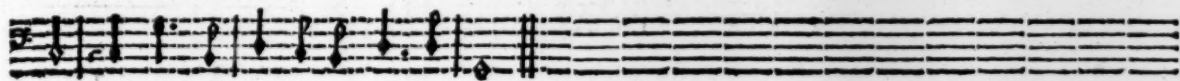
Hough *Silvia's* Eyes a flame could raise more fit for wonder then for praise;



and though her wit were cleer and high, that 'twere resistless as her Eye; yet without Love she still shall



find I'm deaf to one, to the other blind.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

II.

Those Fools that think Beauty can prove
A cause sufficient for their Love,
I wish they never may have more,
To try how Looks can cure their sore:
'Tis such the Sex so high have set,
They take it not for gift, but debt.

IV.

The gods, who knew the noblest part
In Love, sought not the Mind, but Heart;
And when hurt by the winged Boy,
What they admir'd, they did enjoy;
Knowing a Kindness Love could prove
The hope, reward, and cure of Love.

VI.

The Frensie's less love to endure,
Then after to decline the Cure,
Yet you do both, aiming no higher
Then for to see, and to admire,
An Idol you'll not only frame,
But you will too adore the same.

III.

If Love were unto Sight confin'd,
The god of it would not be Blind;
Nor would the pleasure of it be
So often in obscuritie:
No, to know Joys each sense hath right,
Equal at least to that of Sight.

V.

I'll rather my Affections keep
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in sleep,
Then cast away an houre of Care
On any, 'cause she's only fair:
Nay, Sleep more pleasing Dreams do move
Then are your waking ones of Love.

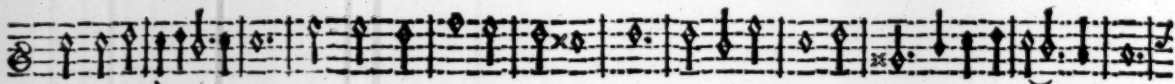
VII.

Had therein *Silvia* nothing shin'd
But the unseen charms of her Mind,
You would have had the like esteem
For her that I have still for them:
If flesh and blood your flame inspire,
Then make those only your desire.

VIII. And Friend, that you may cleerly prove
'Tis not her Mind alone you love;
Let her 'twixt us her self impart,
Give you her Mind, and me her Heart:
As little cause then you will find
As I do now, to love her Mind.

The Earl to the Countess of CARBERY.

Ou ask, my Dear, if I be well; feel thine own pulse, and that will tell:



Vain is all o--ther Art that beats the Temper of my Heart; if I may call that mine is so entire-ly thine.



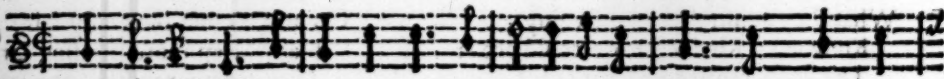
Dearest, then tell me how I doe; for both my Health and Heart's in You.



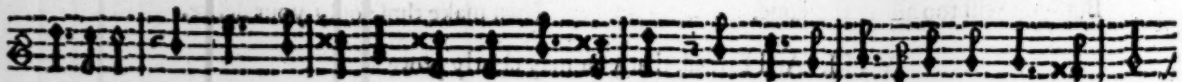
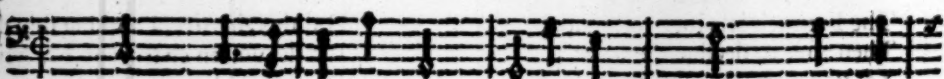
Mr. Hen. Lawer.

When first I view'd thee, I did spy
Thy Soul stand beck'ning in thine Eye;
My Heart knew what it meant,
And at the very first Kijs went,
Two Balls of Wax so run
When melted into one:
Mix'd now with thine, my Heart now lies,
And much Loves Riddle as thy Prize.

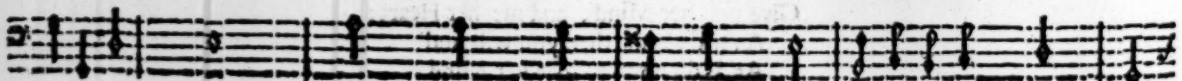
For, since I can't pretend to have
That Heart, which I so freely gave;
Yet now 'tis Mine the more,
Because 'tis thine, then 'twas before:
Death will unriddle this;
For when thou 'rt call'd to blifs,
He needs not throw at me his Dart,
'Cause piercing thine, he kills my Heart.

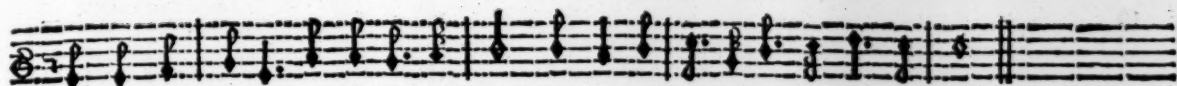
Constancy in Love.

Ove me no more, or else with scorn despise all other Loves, though made your



Sacrifice: A Prince for Rivall should not share a blifs, till Fate decide it either mine or his.





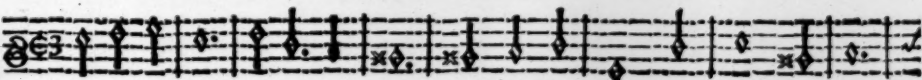
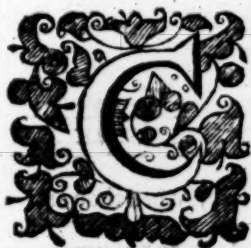
In Love and Courage, Titles has no Claim, Merit and Virtue give the highest Name.



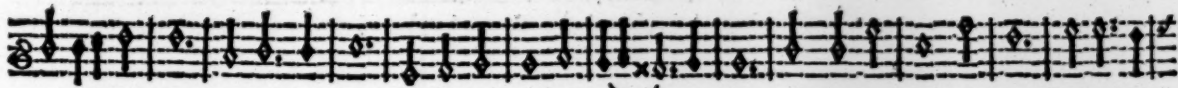
Mr. Henry Lawes.

Let then thy *Cupid* soar on Honours wings,
Thy Constancy and Love appear like Twins;
So shall thy Mind excell thy Shape much more
Than thou all other Beauties didst before,
Crowning with glory both thy self and me,
And when thou dy'st be thought a Deitie.

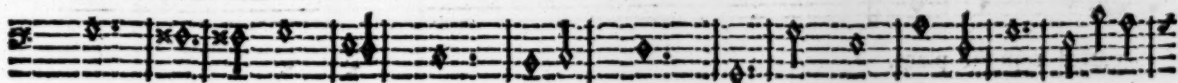
CUPID Discovered.



Cupid's no god, a wanton Childe, his Arts are weak, his Pow'rs are milde,



no active heat or nobler fire feathers his Arrows with Desire: 'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus*

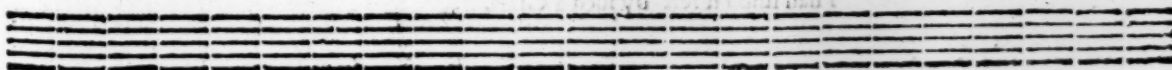
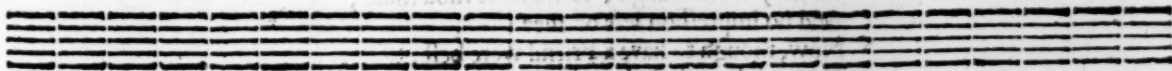


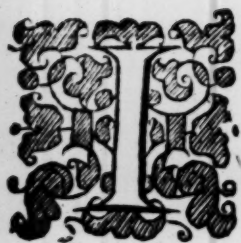
Eye makes him ador'd, and crowns his De-i--tie.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Each Amorous glance creates this Fire,
As Coyne dulls and chills Desire,
'Tis then the Face and Eyes we see,
Not the fond Boys Artillerie:
'Tis the Consentive nimbler Sense creates
Love's subtler piercing Fires, not the Fates.



Inconstancy in Love.

If thou wilt know the reason why I hate thee now once held so Dear,

upon thy Glasse but cast thine Eye, and thou shalt find it written there; for as in that thou

mayst survey thy fair, false Eyes, and lovely Face; so nothing in thy Glasse will stay, when thou art

parted from the place.

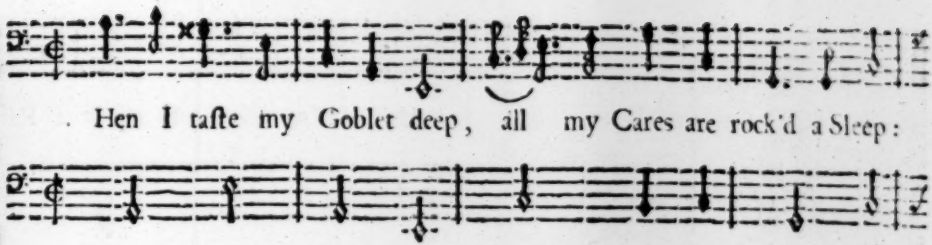
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

II.

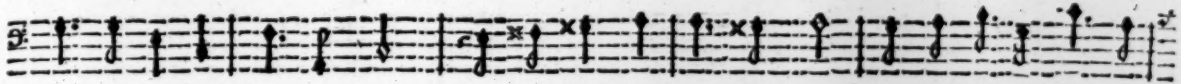
So when my Love did first pretend,
 Me thought I saw my self in thee;
 And therefore chose thee for a Friend,
 That ought Anothers self to be:
 All Vows and Oaths I made to Love
 Thou shouldst repeat when I had done,
 And by a sweet reflection prove
 We were (though seeming Two) but One.

III.

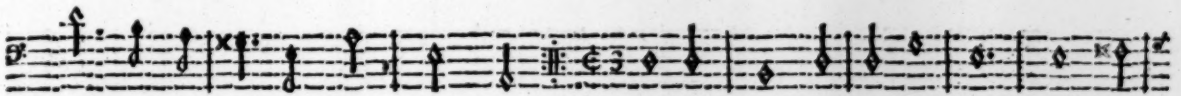
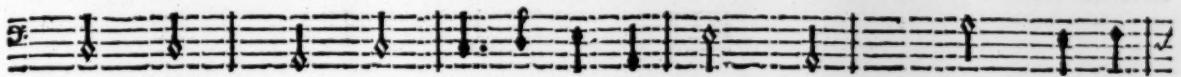
But when I absent was a while,
 And others came to look in thee;
 As they would laugh, so wouldst thou smile,
 And no impression left of mee:
 Now, though to have a Friend were best,
 That might reflect thoughts as they pass,
 My Mind shall rather go ill-drest
 Than mind it self by such a Glasse.

For a Bass.

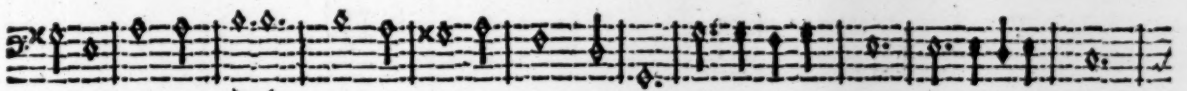
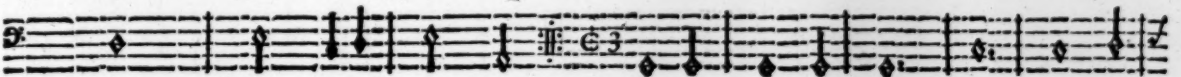
Hen I taste my Goblet deep, all my Cares are rock'd a Sleep:



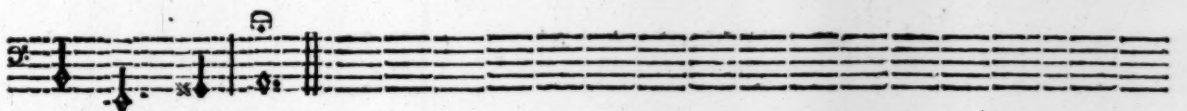
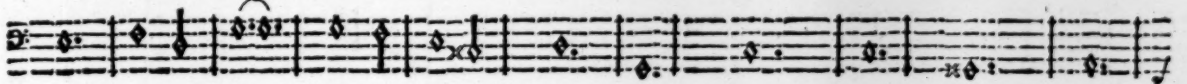
Then I'm *Craesus*, Lord of th' Earth, Singing Odes of Wit and Mirth; and with I-vy Garlands



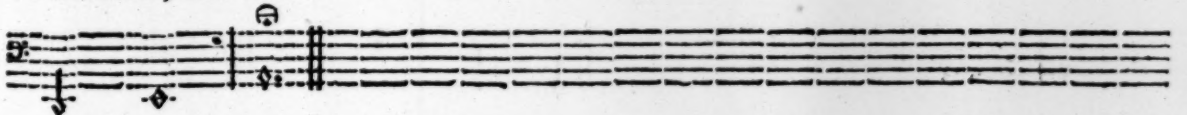
crown'd, I can kick the Globe round, round. Others Fight, but let me Drink; Boy, my



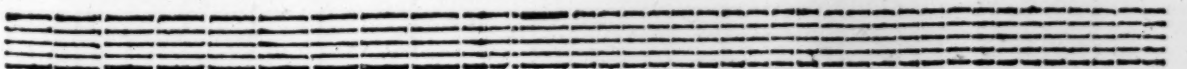
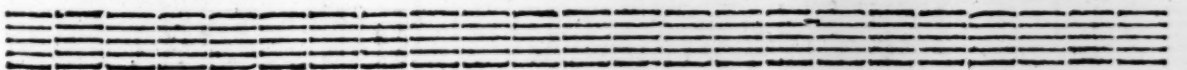
Goblet fill to th' brink; for when I lay down my head, better to be Drunk, better to be Drunk,



Dead Drunk, than Dead.



Mr. Hen. Laves.



The GREEK'S Song.

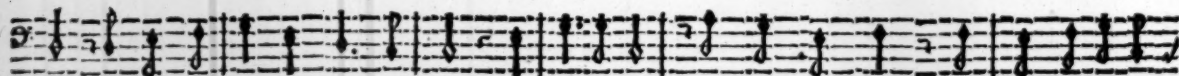
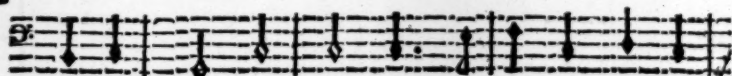
[For a Bass.]



H E thirsty Earth sucks up the Rain, and drinks, and



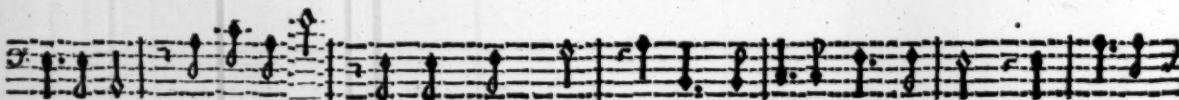
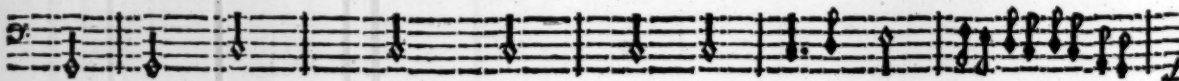
gapes for Drink again: The Plants suck in the Earth, and



are with constant drinking fresh and fair: The Sea it self which one would think should have but little



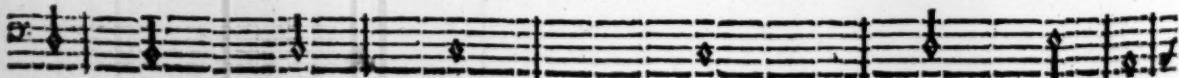
need to drink, drinks ten thousand Rivers up, so fill'd they over-flow - - - flow - - -

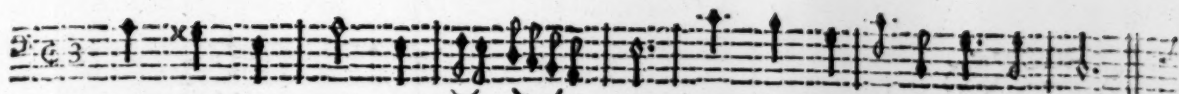


- the Cup: The busie Sun, and one would guess by's drunken fiery Face no less, drinks up the



Sea, and when that's done, the Moon and Stars drin - - - - - kes up the Sun.

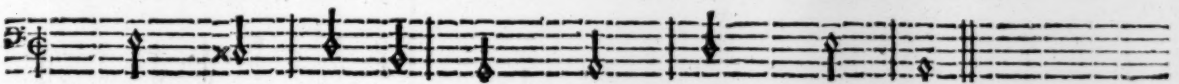




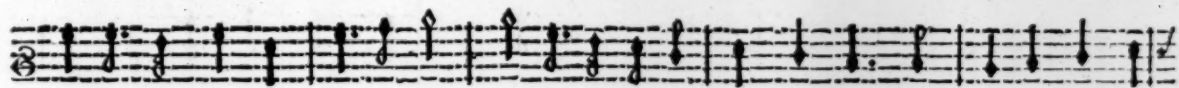
They Drink and Dance, by their own light, they Drink and Revel all the Night.



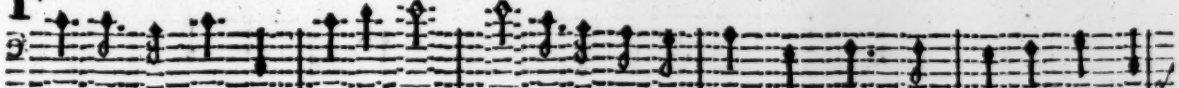
Nothing in Nature's fober found, but an Eter - - - nal Health goes Round.



CHORUS.



Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high; Fill all the Glasses there; for why should ev'ry Creature



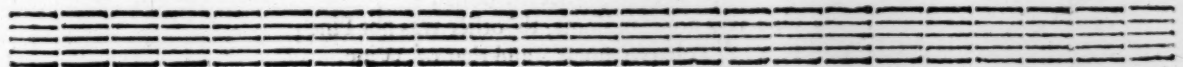
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high; Fill all the Glasses there; for why should ev'ry Creature



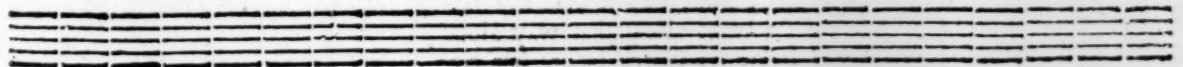
drink but I? Why Man of Mortals, tell me why?



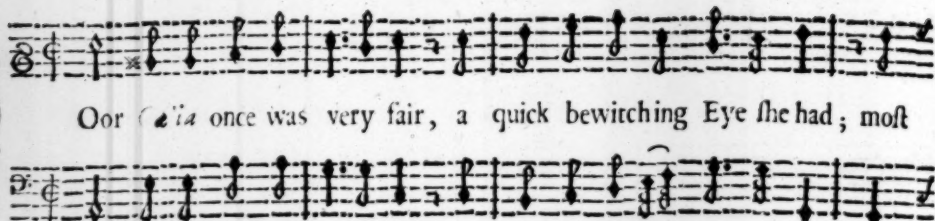
drink but I? Why Man of Mortals, tell me why?



Mr. Roger Hill.



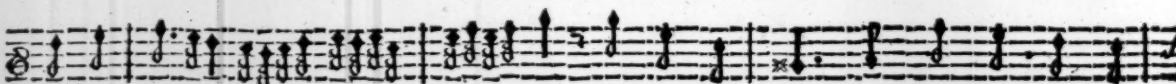
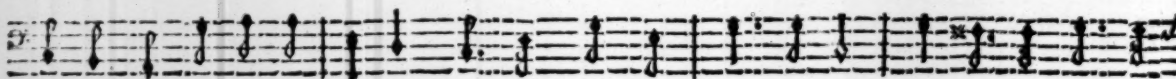
Cælia's Complaint.



Oor Cælia once was very fair, a quick bewitching Eye she had; most



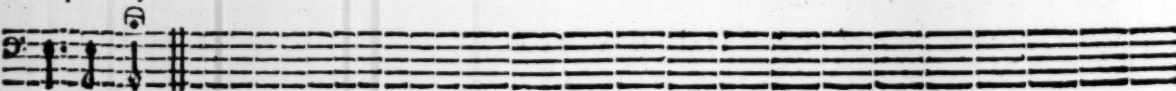
nearly look'd her braided Hair, her dainty Cheek would make you mad; up--on her Lips did



all the Gra-cies pla- - - - -y and on her Breasts ten Thousand Thousand



Cupids lay.



II.

Mr. Roger Hill.

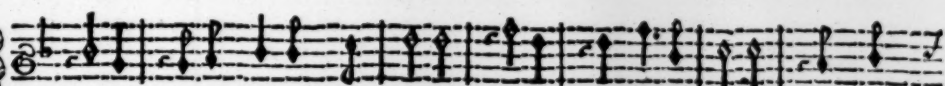
Then many a doting Lover came
From Seventeen till Twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But She, forsooth, affected none:
One was not Handsome, th' other was not Fine;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

III.

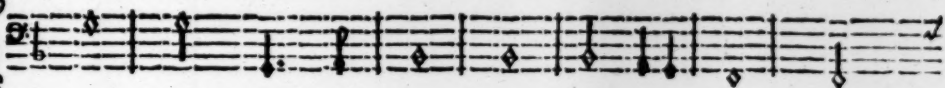
But t' other day it was my fate
To walk along that way alone;
I saw no Coach before her gate,
But at her dore I heard her moan:
She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.

*Here Endeth the AYRES for One Voice to the Theorbo
or Bass Viol.*

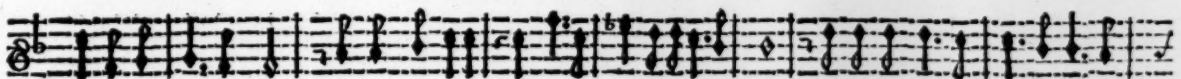
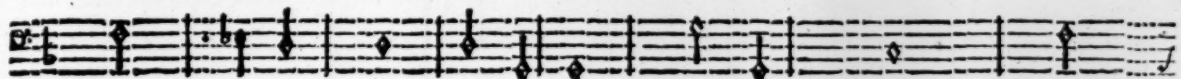
Select Italian Ayrs for One or Two Voices to the Theorbo Lute.



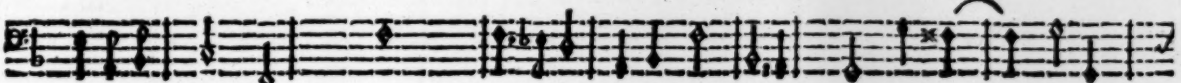
Ove Dove Corri mio Cori volgi de'l volgi passi que per



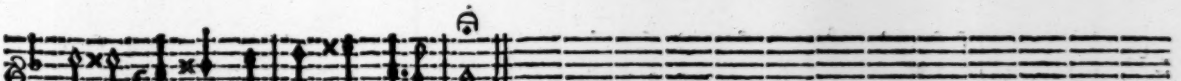
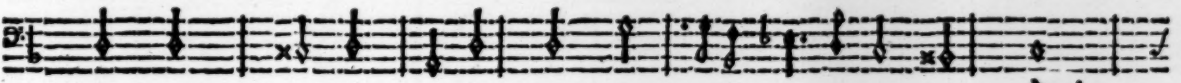
questo sentiera morte a morte vaffi sei dis-posto damare Eccho t'il vero a more il



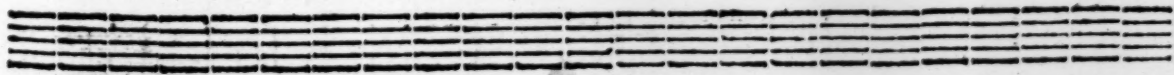
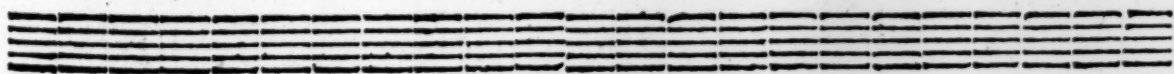
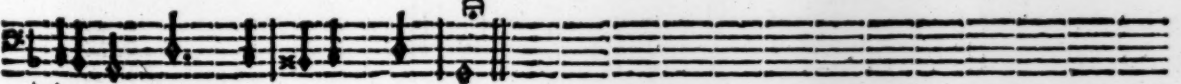
vero a mante Che cio cia il vero quel Palido sembe-an--te e quelle piage dolente



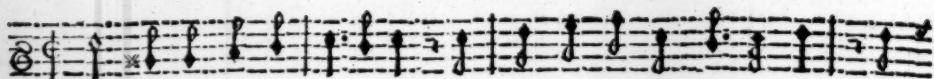
amare spira-mo ad u-na vo--ce Soverchio a more Soverchio amore mi fe mo-



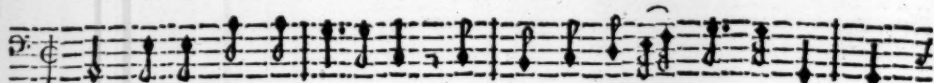
rir mi fe morir in Cro--ce.



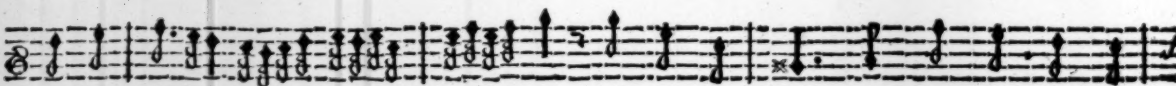
Calia's Complaint.



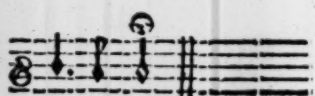
Oor Calia once was very fair, a quick bewitching Eye she had; most



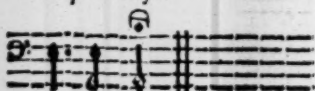
neatly look'd her braided Hair, her dainty Cheek would make you mad; up-on her Lips did



all the Gra-ces pla- - - - -y and on her Breasts ten Thousand Thousand

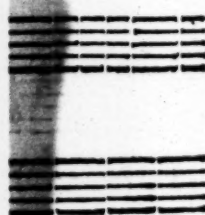


Cupids lay.



IRREGULAR

PAGINATION



Mr. Roger Hill.

Then many a doting Lover came
From Seventeen till Twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But She, forsooth, affected none:
One was not Handsome, th' other was not Fine;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

III.

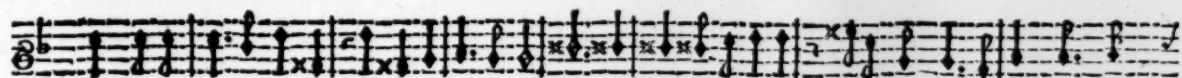
But t' other day it was my fate
To walk along that way alone;
I saw no Coach before her gate,
But at her dore I heard her moan:
She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.

Here Endeth the AYRES for One Voice to the Theorbo
or Bass Viol.

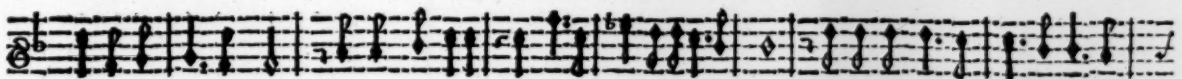
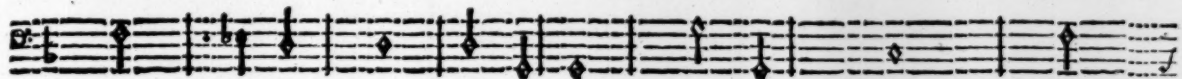
Select Italian Ayrs for One or Two Voices to the Theorbo Lute.



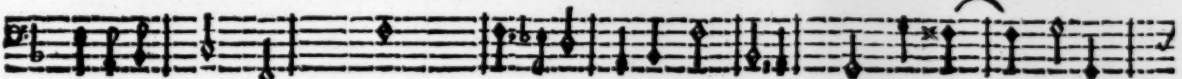
Ove Dove Corri mio Cori volgi de'l volgi passi que per



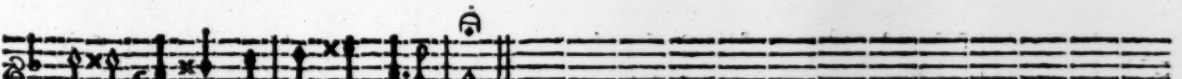
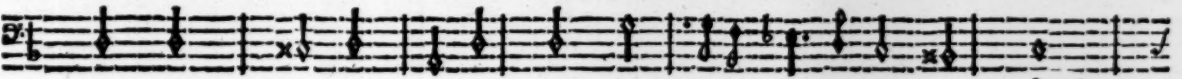
questo sentiera morte a morte vassi sei dis-posto damare Eccho t'il vero amore il



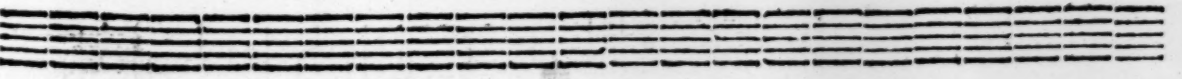
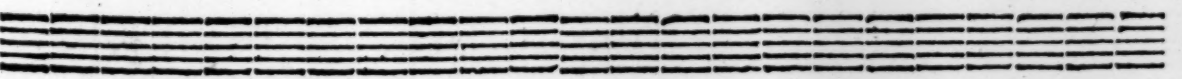
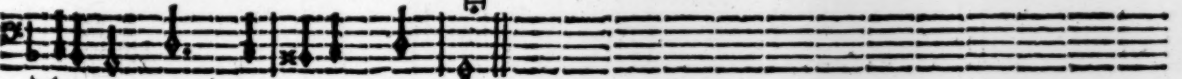
vero a mante Cbe cio cia il vero quel Palido sembe-an--te e quelle piage dolemente



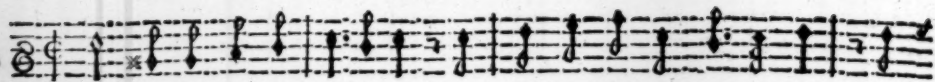
amare spira-mo ad u-na vo--ce Soverchio a more Soverchio amore mi fe mo-



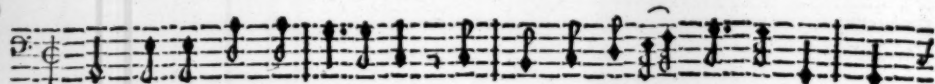
rir mi fe morir in Cro--ce.



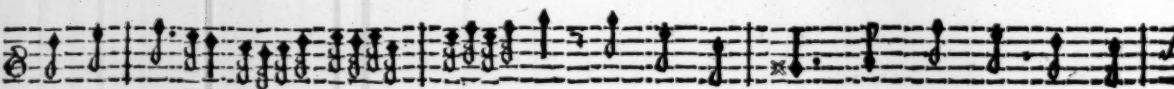
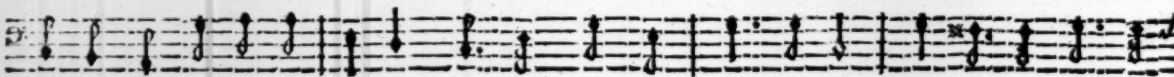
Calia's Complaint.



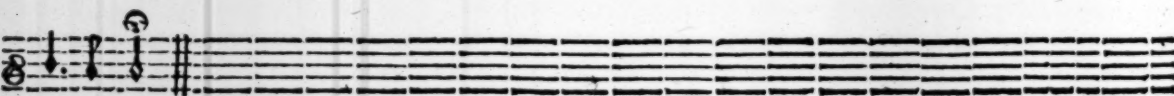
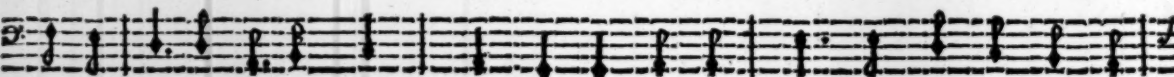
Oor Calia once was very fair, a quick bewitching Eye she had; most



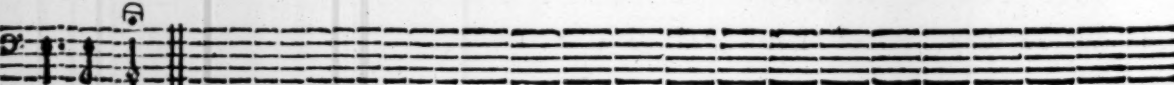
nearly look'd her braided Hair, her dainty Cheek would make you mad; up--on her Lips did



all the Gra-ces pla- - - - -y and on her Breasts ten Thousand Thousand



Cupids lay.



II.

Mr. Roger Hill.

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Each told her of his mighty flame,
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One was not Handsome, th' other was not Fine;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

III.

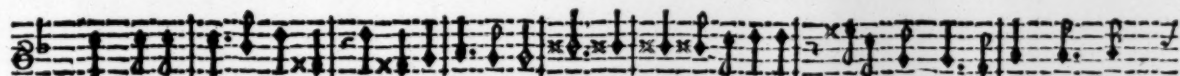
But t' other day it was my fate
To walk along that way alone;
I saw no Coach before her gate,
But at her dore I heard her moan:
She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.

*Here Endeth the AYRES for One Voice to the Theorbo
or Bass Viol.*

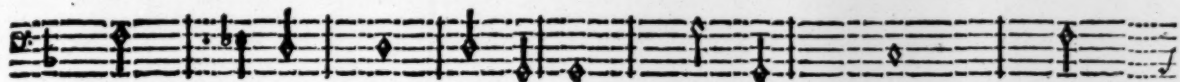
Select Italian Ayrs for One or Two Voices to the Theorbo Lute.



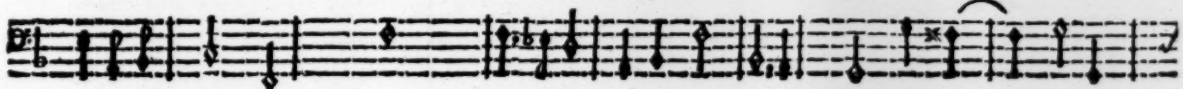
Ove Dove Corri mio Cori volgi de'l volgi passi que per



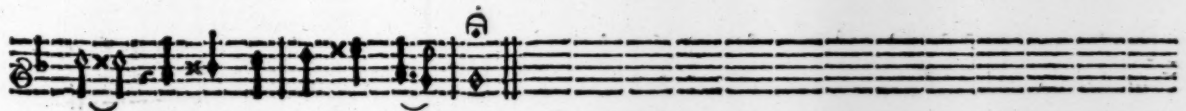
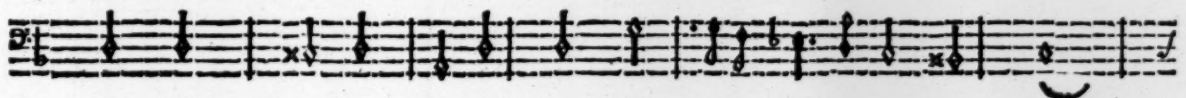
questo sentiera morte a morte vaffi sei dis-posto damare Eccho t'il vero amore il



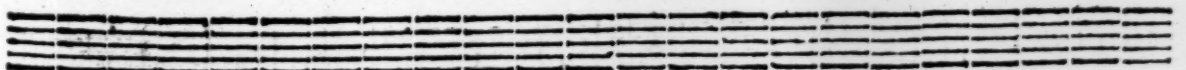
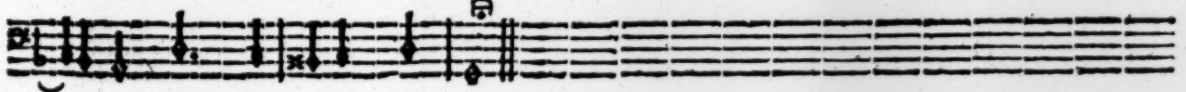
vero a mante Che cio cia il vero quel Palido sembe-an-te e quelle piage dolemente



amare spira-mo ad u-na vo-ce Soverchio a more Soverchio amore mi fe mo-



rir mi fe morir in Cro--ce.



L Ntenc-ri-te voi lagrime moi, Intenerite voi quel du-ro co-

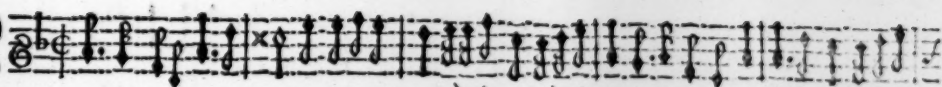
re chi'n van percote'a mo-re ver-sate'a mil'e a mil-le fa-te di piant'un mar dolenti stille.

O quel mio Vago Scoglio d'Altezz'e d'orgoglio ripercosso da voi men duro Si-a, O sen'

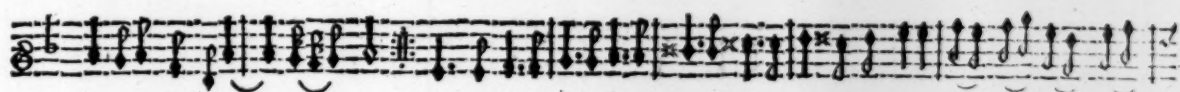
esca con voi, O sen esca con voi l'anima mea.

O Cchi Belleo'ne imper'aj ad' Amor in un memento occhi belleo'ne imper'aj ad' Amor in un memento.

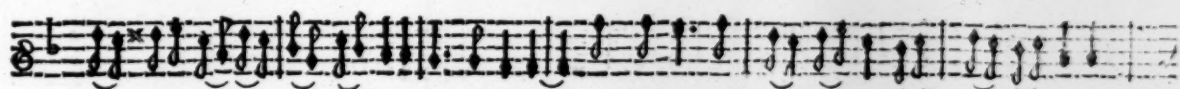
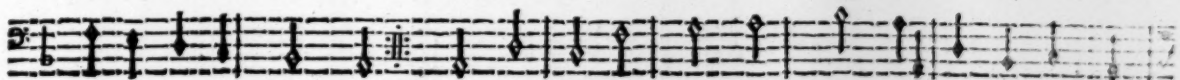
Quando mira voss' roaiche medan gio'ia Etormento Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro di conten-to.



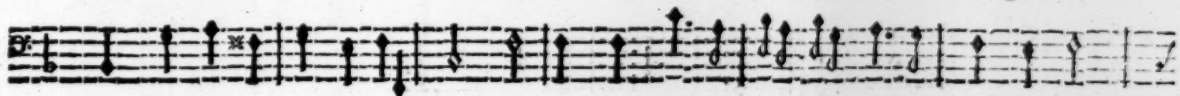
H che lasso credero voi belocci di di-- si si-- si ela mia fortuna no no--



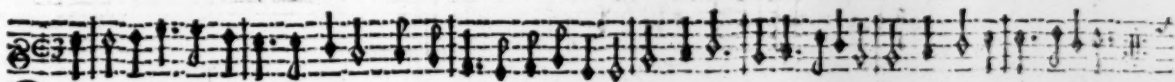
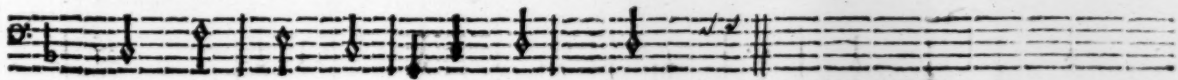
no ela mia for--tu--na no Ah che care lucè bella cose checo il cor bin vidi che nel chil mar



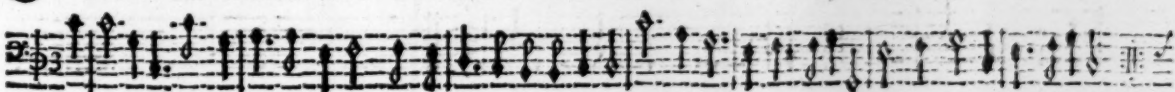
ca--ri--te fe-de si mentis ero le stelle mal regor mis le-go-se mis le-go-se di-



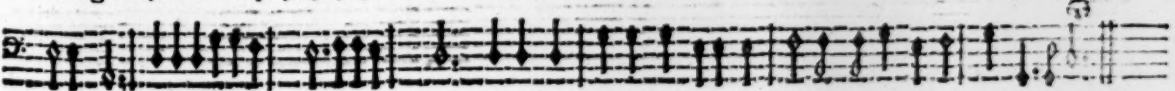
ro fat--ta no, no, no, no, o due non so. Ah che lasso, &c.



S *Io moro chi dira chi dira la crudel ne mica mea chil mio mal tanto desia chil mio mal tanto desia.*

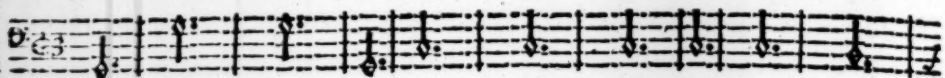


Pangira fio moro si si si si si a me le spera col tempo che sa che sa si moves una volta pietra.

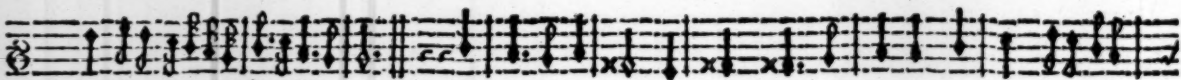
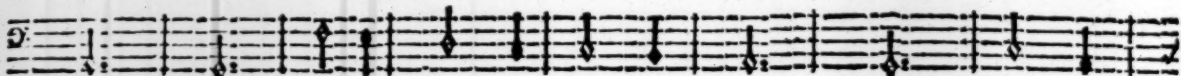




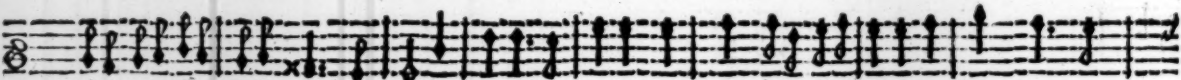
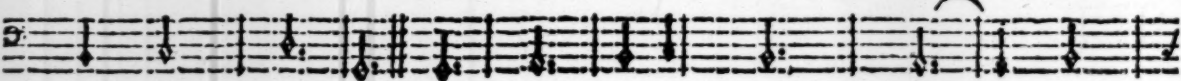
Mante'a con--fig--lio Amante'a con--fig--lio Si per fido



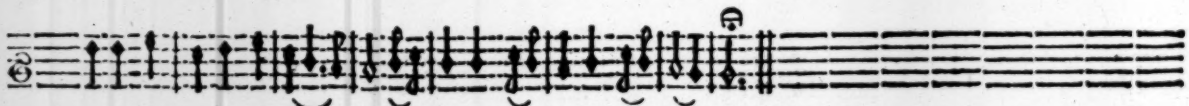
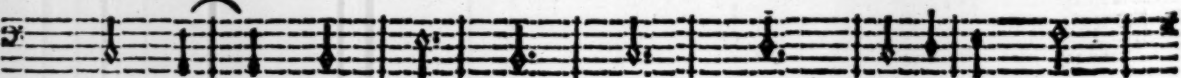
a'ncide si l'alma devide spreze'za bel volte fug--gite un bel cig-li--o fug--gi-



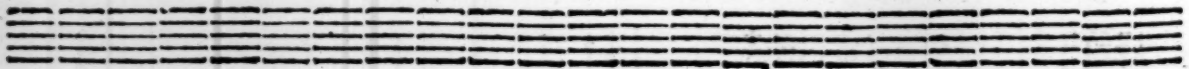
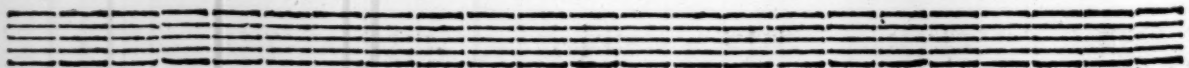
te u'n bel cig--li--o. Che bella non'e au'vien che se vante d'aver u-n'a



mante che L'a-mi con se lo mira la letta con gioi In-fi-ni-ta a' mar questa

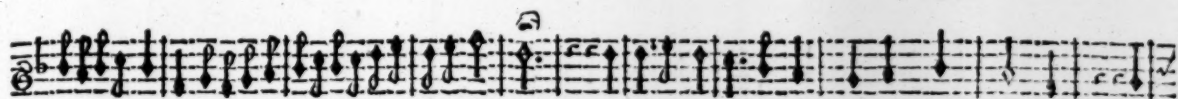


bella ne pena la vi--ta ne pena ne pena la vi--ta.

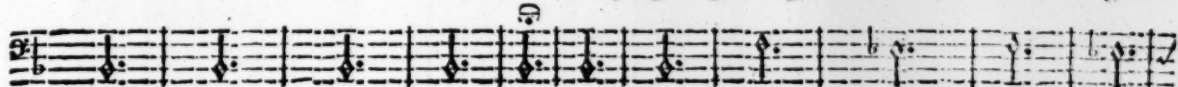




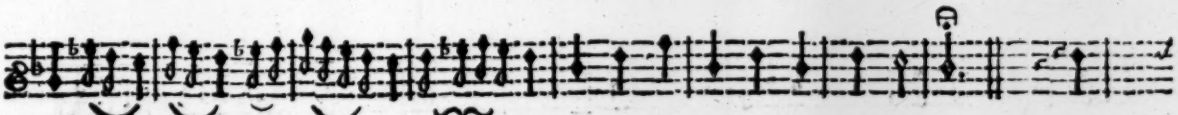
I tocchi tambuco si suon la tromba si suon la trom - - - -



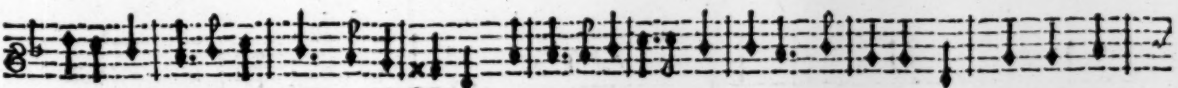
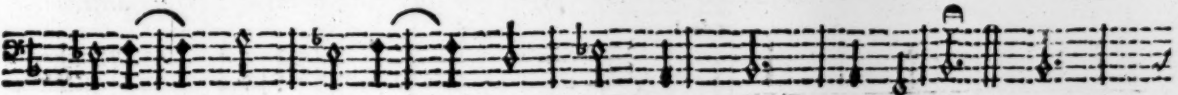
- - - - - ba di frage di guerraglia larria Rimbomba già



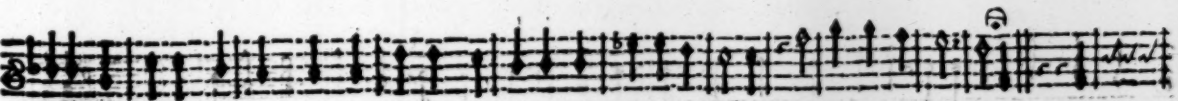
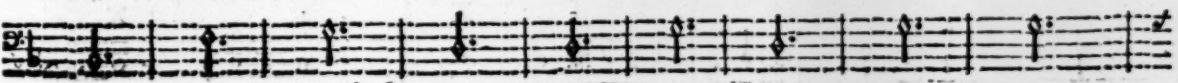
larria larria già larria Rimbomba Rimbomba già larria Rimbomba Rimbomba lar-



- - - - - ria Rimbomba Rimbomba Rimbomba. Lo s'

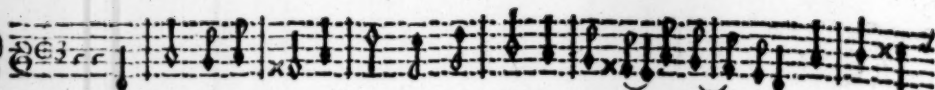


dia ha Ristira'lo per prender-a more condolce rigore la Socca del petto ma mentre mi

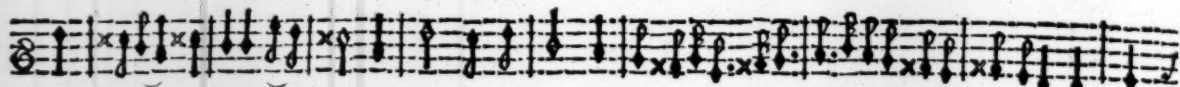
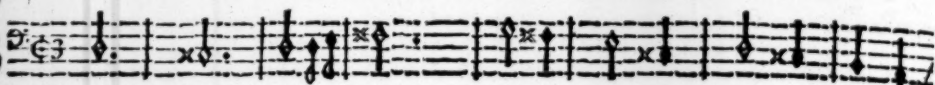


fida con vaga sembianza Bellezza' omicida sua vana possanza jo punto no curo. Si, &c.

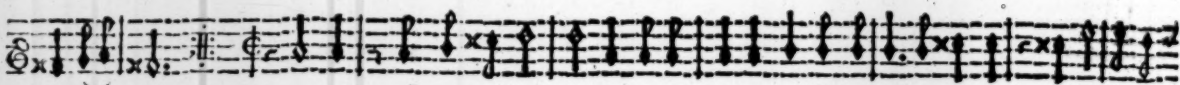




I guardi che puo Si guardi che puo la ma ga d' A-more ha tolt' il

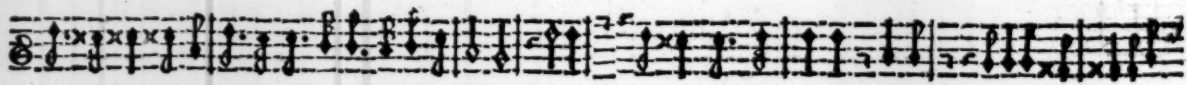


mio co-re poi dice ai no Si guardi chi puo Si guar - - - di Si guar-

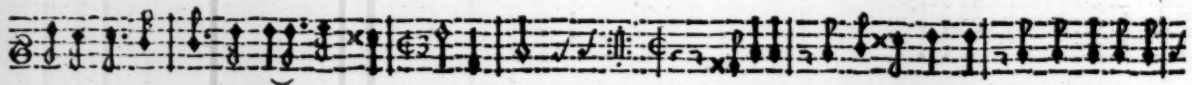
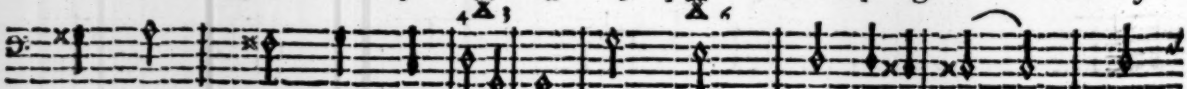


di chi puo.

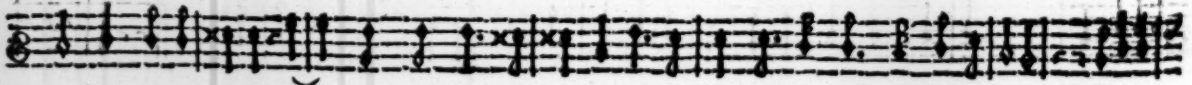
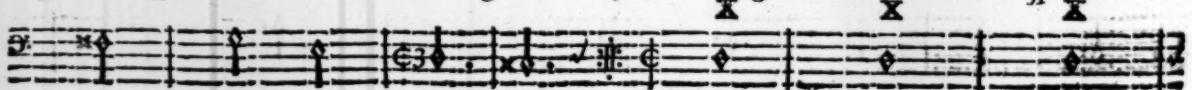
L' empia con dolci accenti, va lusingando ogn'ni durato petto ma poi di



tradimenti il miser amator lo fa ricetta lasso per prouo 'io'l dico piango l'errore antico so-

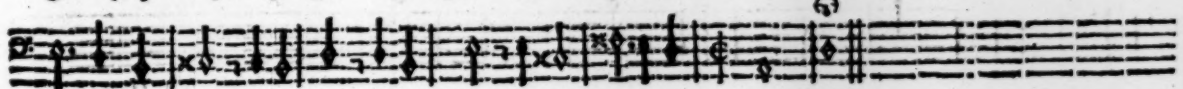
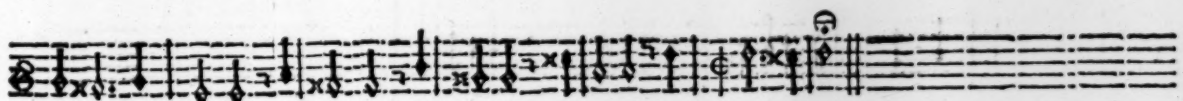
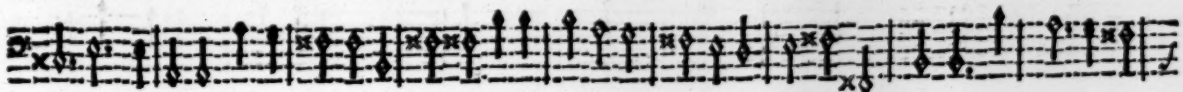
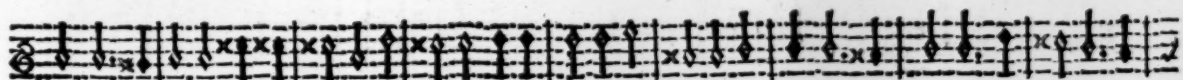
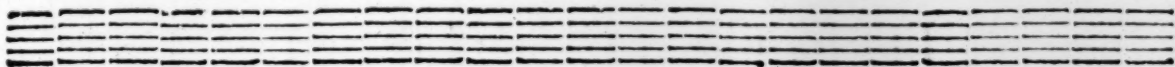
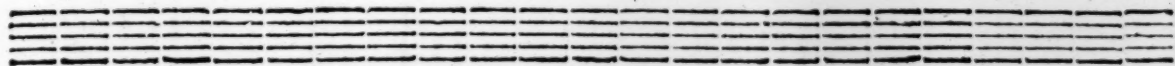


spiro la cagion ch' a morte iouo. Si guardi che, &c. Fugite nicant a' manti la spie tata ca-



gion d' aspri martiri Ahi ch' in vn mar di pianti vi sommerge tal' hor c'oi suoi sospiri Fugite



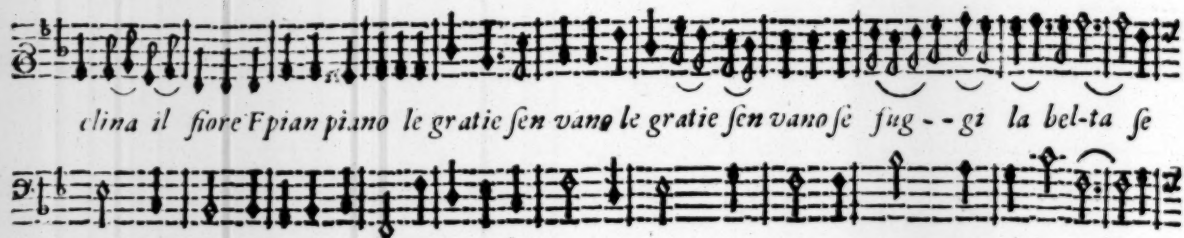


Lusinga Col canto d'angelico viso
Ma subit impianto si Cangia quell viso
Questi fuimi Correnti questilumi dolenti
Visigno d' esempio fugite, &c.

Vi chiama Col guardo con occhio cheride
Pei scocca quel dardo che l'ammi ancide
La mia grave ferita la mia doglia infinite
Vi vaglia d'esempio, &c.



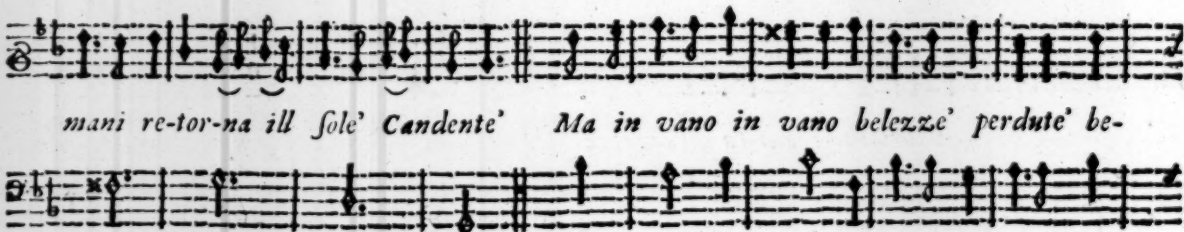
E quei begliocchi de quei begliocchi is guardi Amorosi digia fin-



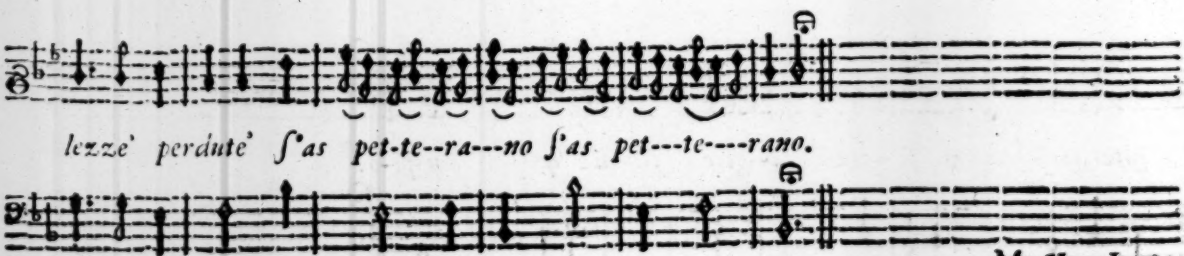
clina il fiore Fpian piano le gratie sen vano le gratie sen vano se fug - - gi la bel-ta se



znore lamore, deh Godiamo il giorno presente dimani retor-na ill sole Ca-den-te, di-

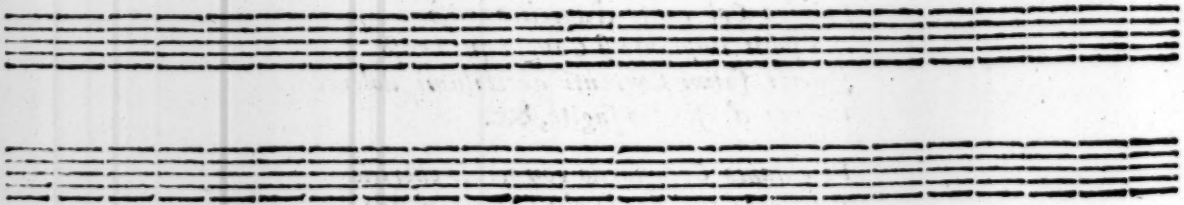


mani re-tor-na ill sole' Candente' Ma in vano in vano belezze' perdute' be-



lezze' perdute' s'as pet-te--ra---no s'as pet---te---rano.

Mr Hen. Laws.



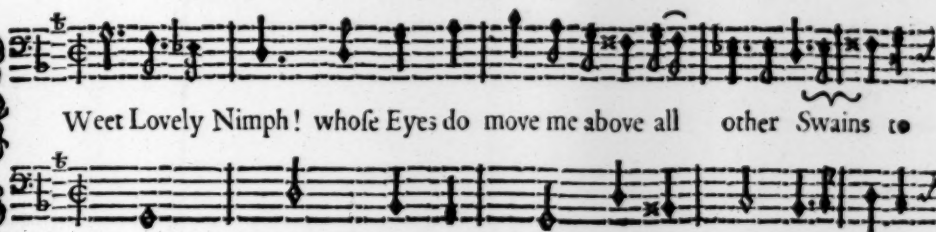
SELECT DIALOGUES

To Sing to the *LUTE* or *VIOL*.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

Shepherd and Nymph.

Shepherd.



Weet Lovely Nymph! whose Eyes do move me above all other Swains to

Nymph.



Love thee.

Shepherd, you feign; and I know there is no flattering Swain like you.



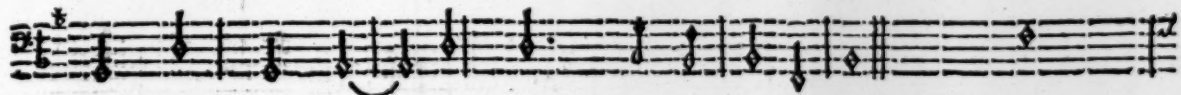
Shepherd.



O fair one! do not wrong me so; for if ever Shepherd Lov'd, I doe.

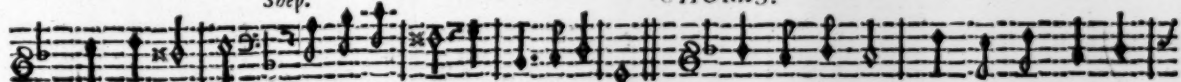
Nymph.

May I believe thy



Shep.

CHORUS.



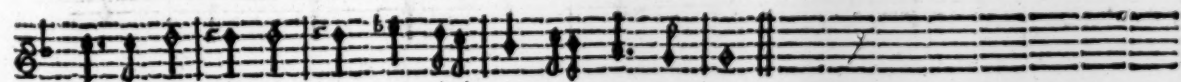
Vows unfained.

Or may I die by you disdained.

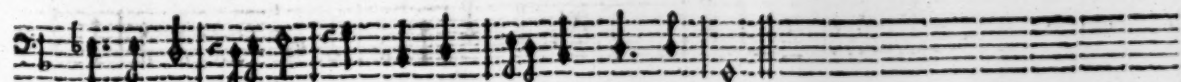
Hen let us Joy, then let us Joy each



Then let us Joy, then let us Joy each



others Love, and strive and strive who shall most Constant prove.




others Love, and strive and strive who shall most Constant prove.

Mr. Hen. Laves.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]
Nymph and Shepherd

Nymph.



Hy sighs^t thou, Shepherd? This passion is not common: Is't for thy

Shepherd. Nymph.

Kids or Lambkins? For a Woman. How fair is She that on so sage a brow prints Lowring Looks?

Shep. Nymph. Shepherd. Nymph. Shep.

Iust such a toy as thou. Is she a Maid? What man can Answer that? Or Widow? No.

Nymph. Shepherd.

What then? I know not what: Saint-like she looks, a Syren if she sing; her Eyes are Stones; her

Nymph. Shep.

Mind, her Mind is ev'ry thing. If she be fickle, Shepherd leave to wooe, and fancy Me. No,

Nymph. Shepherd. Nymph.

no, Thou art Woman too. But I am Constant. Then thou art not Fair. Bright as the morning.

Sheph. Nymph. Sheph. d. Nymph.

Wav'-ring as the Air. What grows upon this Cheek? A pure Carnation. Come taste a Kiss.

Shep. Chorus.

O sweet, O sweet, O sweet temptation! O sweet, O sweet temptation!

Chor.

O sweet, O sweet temptation!

CHORUS.

A H Love! how canst thou e-ver lose the Field? where Cupid lays the Siege the

A H Love! how canst thou e-ver lose the Field? where Cupid lays the Siege the Siege the

Town must yield : he warms the chiller blood with glowing fire, and

Town must yield : He warms the chiller blood, he warms the chiller blood with glowing fire, and

and thaws the I-cy frost of cold Desire. The I-cy frost of cold Desire.


thaws the I-cy frost of cold De--sire of cold Desire. The I-cy frost of cold Desire.

Mr. John Jenkins,

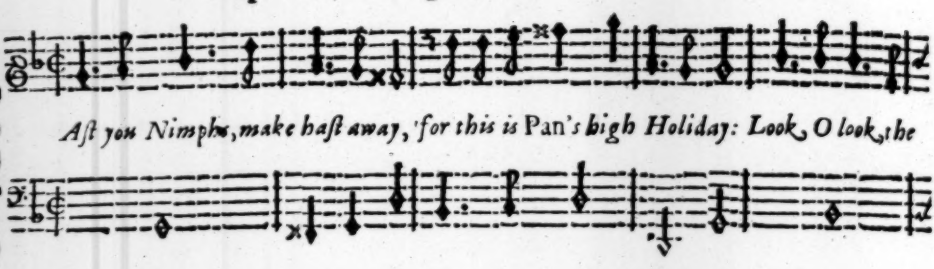
A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

Nymph and Shepherd


Nymph.




*H*ast you Nymphs, make hast away, for this is Pan's high Holiday: Look, O look, the




Shepherd.



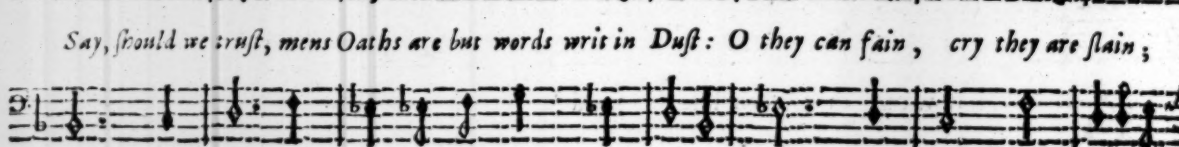
Swains appear. Fl - - - y not, Fl - - - y not, all are Lovers here, then do not fear.



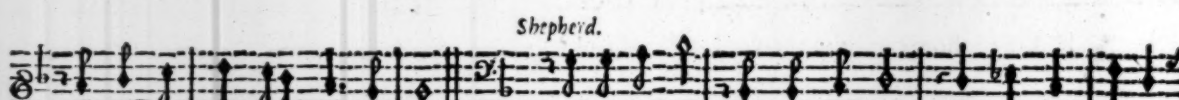
Nymph.



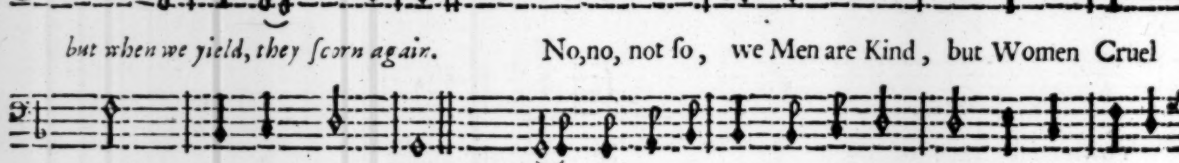

Say, should we trust, mens Oaths are but words writ in Dust: O they can fain, cry they are slain;



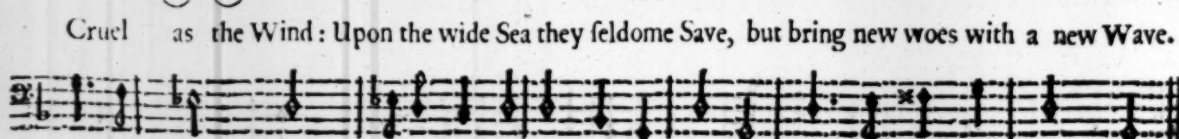
Shepherd.



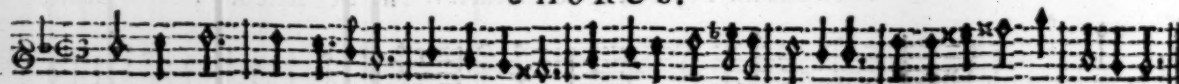
but when we yield, they scorn again. No, no, not so, we Men are Kind, but Women Cruel

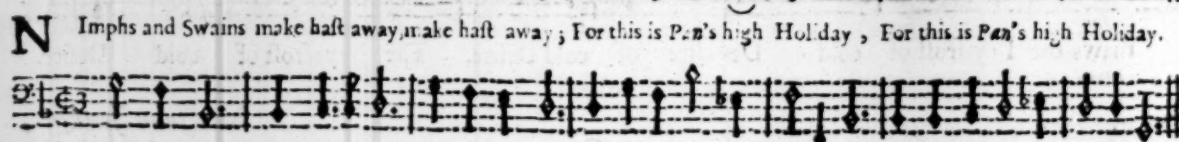
Cruel as the Wind: Upon the wide Sea they feldome Save, but bring new woes with a new Wave.



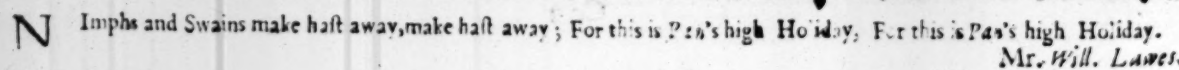
CHORUS.



Nymphs and Swains make hast away, make hast away; For this is Pan's high Holiday, For this is Pan's high Holiday.



Nymphs and Swains make hast away, make hast away; For this is Pan's high Holiday, For this is Pan's high Holiday.



Mr. Will. Lawes.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

Occasioned by the Death of the young Lord HASTINGS, who dyed some few days before he was to have been Married to Sir Theodore Meiher's Daughter, in June, 1649.

Charon and Eucosmia.

Eucosmia.



Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore; and to thy many, take in

* 34

Charon.

Eucosmia.

one soul more. *Who calls, who calls?* One o'rewhelm'd with ruth; have pi-ty either on my tears or

Charon.

youth, and take me in a Virgin in distress, but first cast off thy wonted churlishness. *I'd be as gentle*

as that Aire which yields a breath of Balm along the Elizium fields. Tell what thou art.

Eucosmia.

Char.

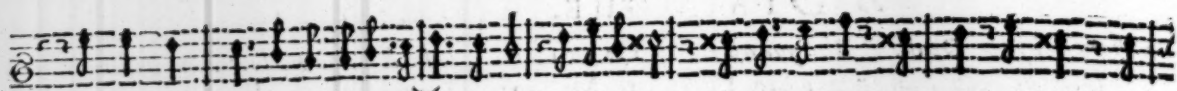
A Maid that had a Lover, then which thy self ne're wastd Sweeter over: He was. *Say what.*

Eucosmia.

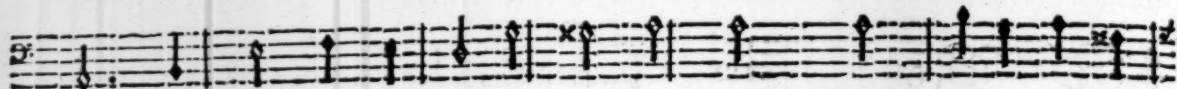
Char.

Eucos.

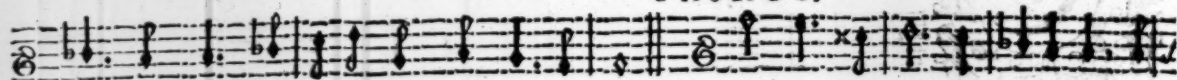
Ah me! my woes are deep. *Prethee relate, while I give ear, and weep.* Hastings, Hastings, was his name,



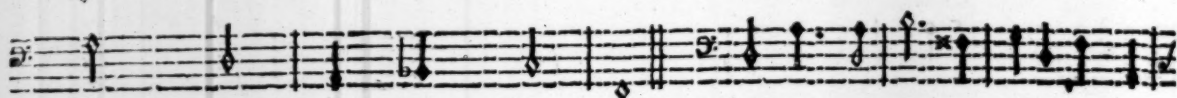
and that one name has in it all good that is, and ever was: He was my Life, my Joy, my Love; but



CHORUS.

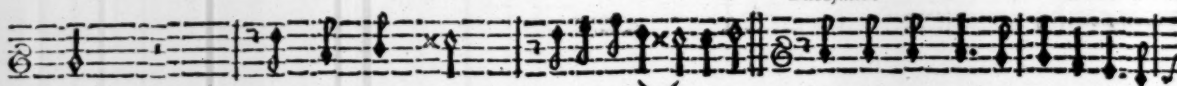


dy'd some houres before I should have been his Bride. Thus, thus the Gods ce-lestial still de-



Thus, thus the Gods ce-lestial still de-

Eucofma.



cree to humane joys, contingent mi-se-rie. The hallow'd Tapers all prepared

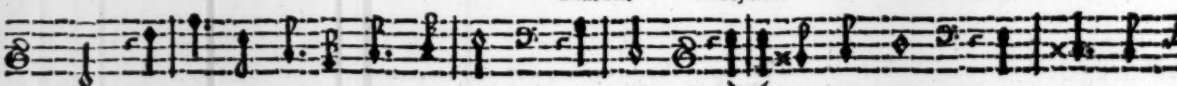


cree to humane joys, to humane joys, con-tingent mi-se-rie.

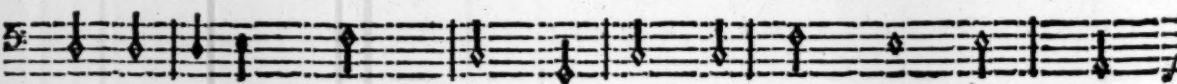
Charon.

Eucofma.

Charon.



were, and Hymen call'd to blefs the Rites. Stop there. Great are my woes. And great must



Eucofma.



that grief be which makes grim Charon here to pi-ty thee: But now come in. More I would yet relate.

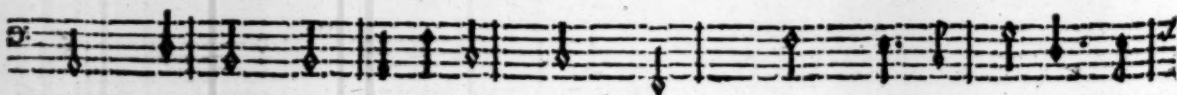


Charon.

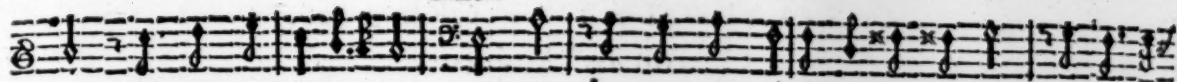
Eucofma.



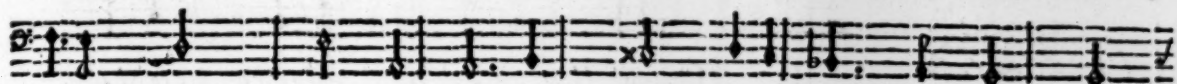
I cannot stay, more Souls for wafting wait, and I must hence. Yet let me thus much know departing



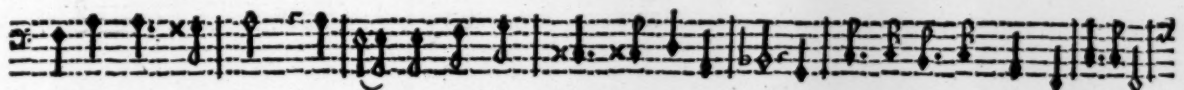
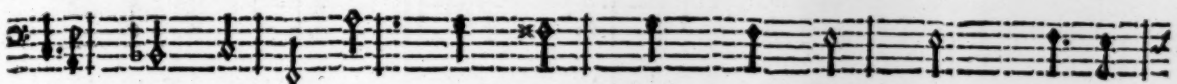
Charon.



hence, where good and bad Souls go? *Those Souls which ne're were drench'd in pleasures streams, the fields of*



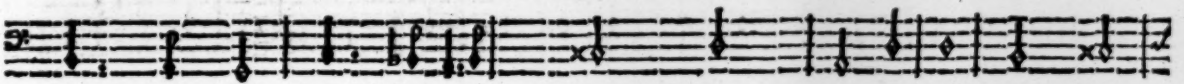
Pluto are reserv'd for them, where drest with garlands there they walk the ground, whose blessed Touth with



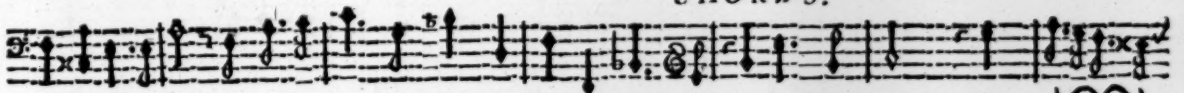
endles flowers is crown'd: But such as have been drown'd in the wilde sea, for those is kept the gulph of Hecate,



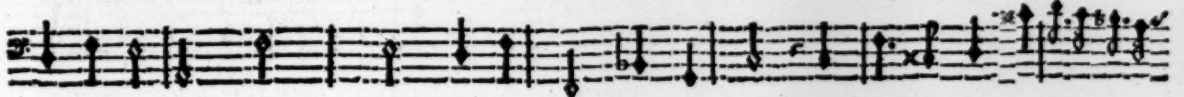
where with their own contagion they are fed; and there do punish, and are punished. This know, the rest of



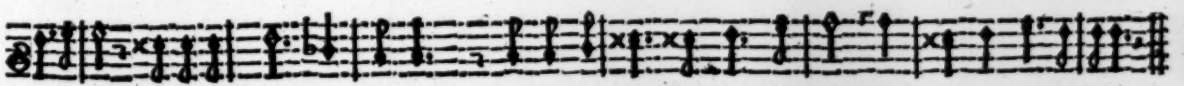
CHORUS.



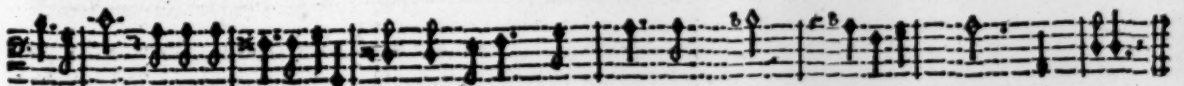
thy sad story tell, when on the flood that nine times circles Hell. We, we sail from hence, we sail



We sail We sail from hence, we sail



from hence to visit mor-tals never, but there to live where love shal last, where love shal last for ever.



from hence to visit mortals never, but there to live where love shall last, where love shall last for ever.

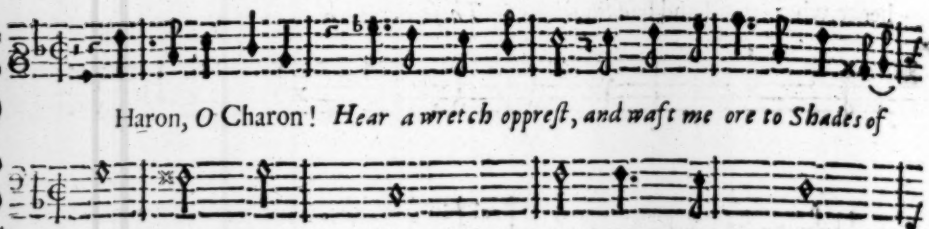
D d

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

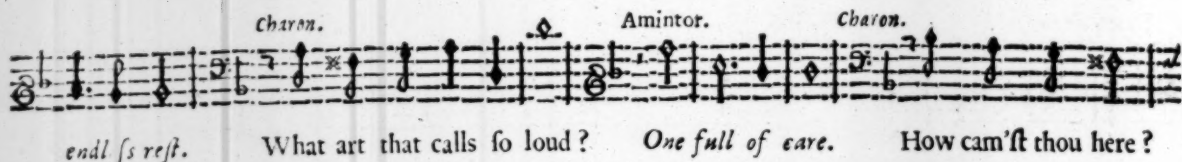
A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

Charon and Amintor.

Amintor.



Charon, O Charon! Hear a wretch oppress'd, and waft me o're to Shades of

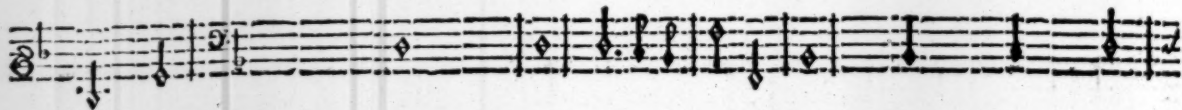


endless rest.

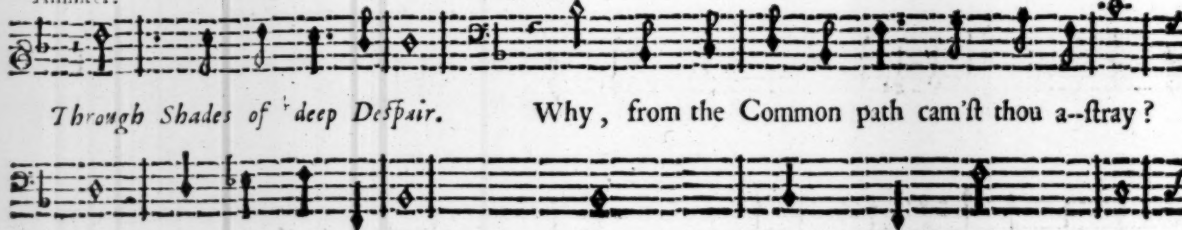
What art that calls so loud?

One full of care.

How cam'st thou here?



Amintor.

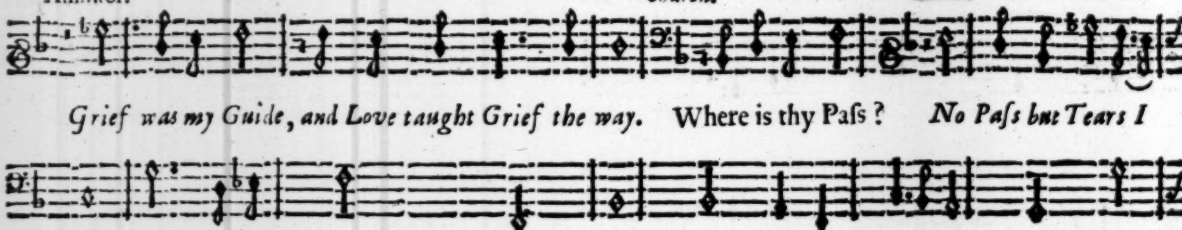


Through Shades of deep Despair.

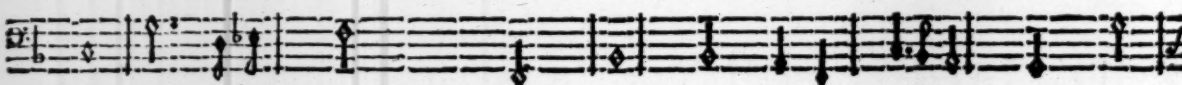
Why, from the Common path cam'st thou a-stray?



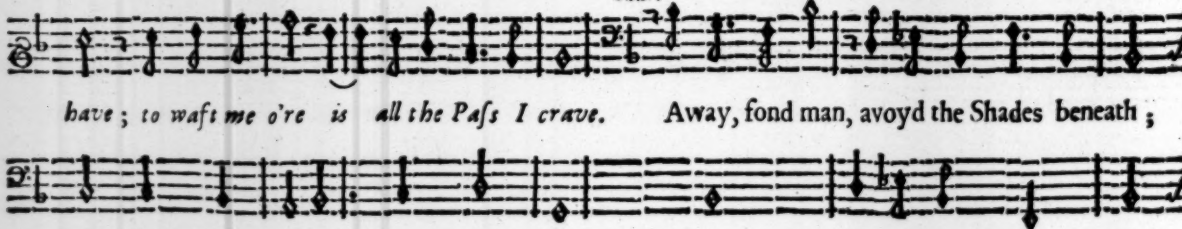
Amintor.



Grief was my Guide, and Love taught Grief the way. Where is thy Pass? No Pass but Tears I

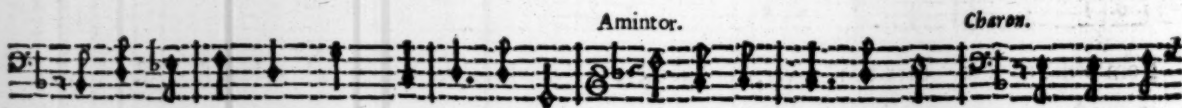


Char.



have; to waft me o're is all the Pass I crave.

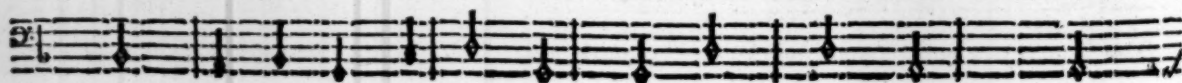
Away, fond man, avoyd the Shades beneath;



Here cometh none, but through the gates of Death.

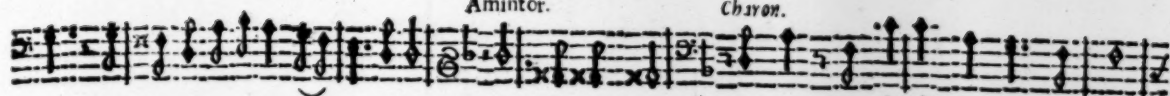
My woes are worse than Death.

What's that to



Amintor.

Charon.

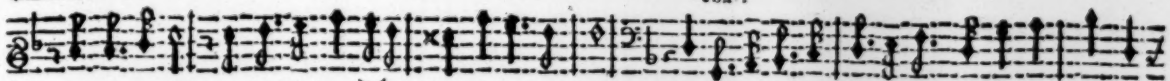


me? I ne-ver pity humane miserie. *Hard hearted wretch.* Get hence, get hence, thou dost me wrong.

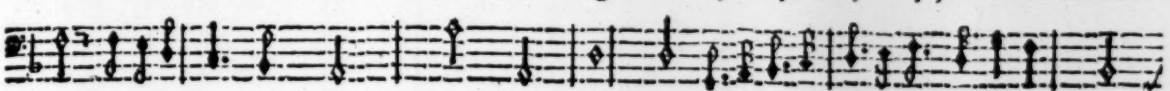


Amintor.

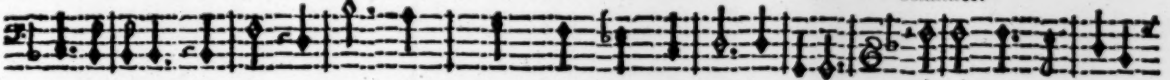
Char.



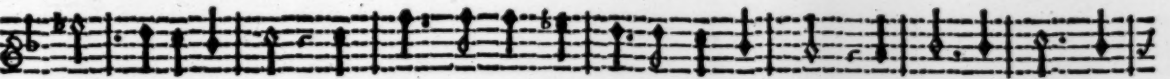
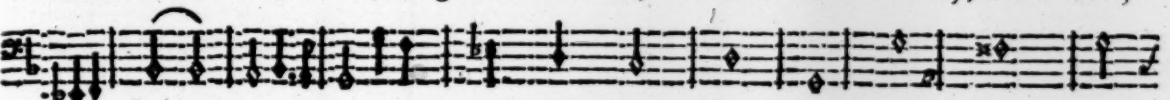
In thy despire, in thy despire I'll pass e're it be long. Away away a-way away, Go see if Time can



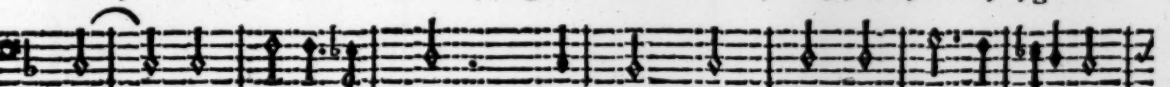
Amintor.



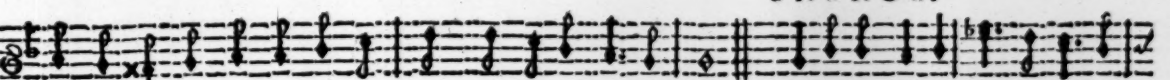
Thee recover: If not, If not, bring Deaths black Seal, I'll waft thee over. *Grief, rain a Sea of*



Tears for me to sail: And Love thy Quiver lend a Boat to make, the storm of sighs with



CHORUS.

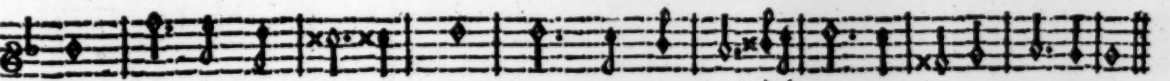


speed will so prevail, that spite of Death we'll ferry o're the Lake. And being set up-on th' *Elizium*

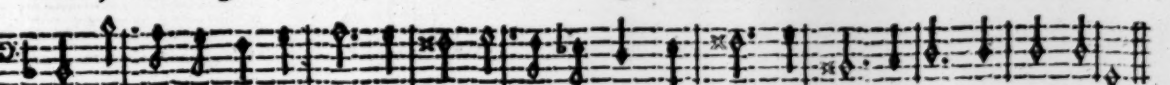


Chorus.

And being set up-on th' *Elizium*



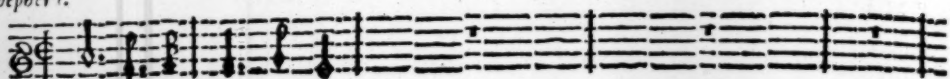
Shore, we'll sing such woes, such woes; we'll sing such woes, such woes, as ne'r came there before.



Shore, we'll sing such woes, such woes, such woes; we'll sing such woes, such woes, such woes, as ne'r came there before.

A DIALOGUE. [Two Trebles or Tenors.]
Shepherd and Nymph.

Shepherd.

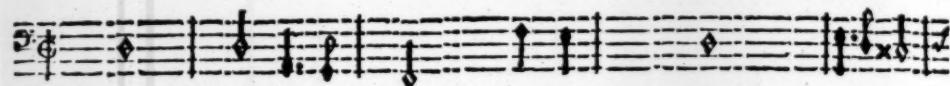


His Mossy-Bank they prest.

Nymph.



That Aged Oak did canopy the happy Pair all

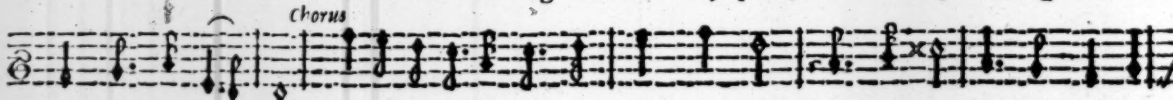


CHORUS.

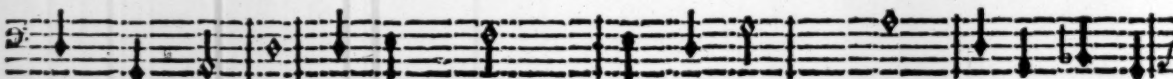


Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke, when the Day breaking their Em-

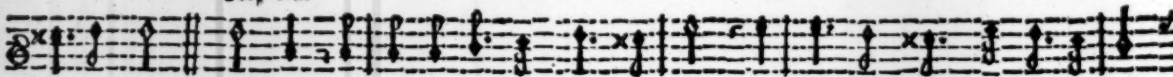
Chorus



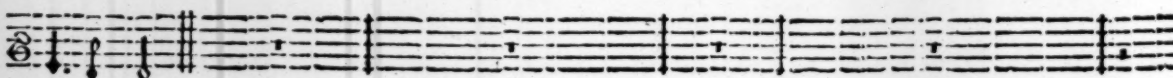
Night from the dark Air. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke, when the Day breaking their Em-



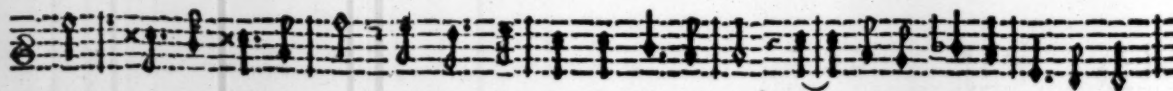
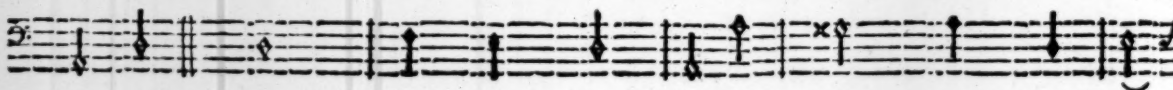
Shepherd.



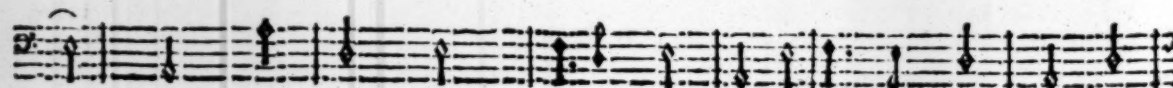
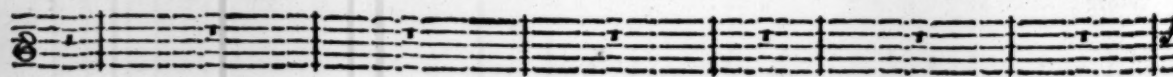
braces broke. See Love the blushes of the Morn appear, and now she hangs her pearly store

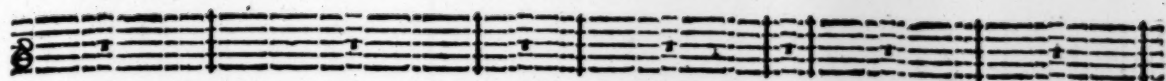


braces broke.

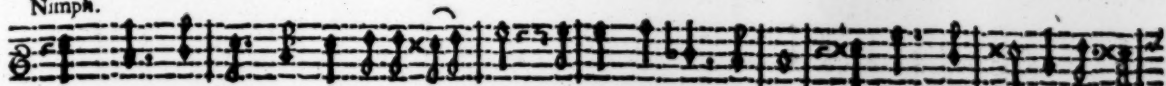


robb'd from the Eastern Shore, i'th Cowslips-bell and Roses ear: Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

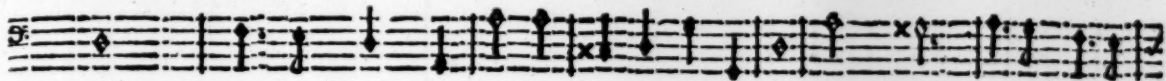




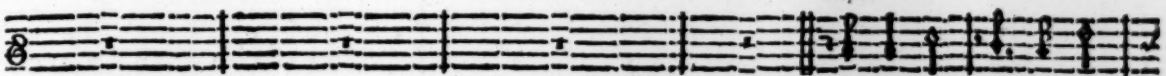
Nymph.



Those streaks of doubtful light usher not Day, but show my Sun must set, no Morn' shall shine till thy re-



Shepb.



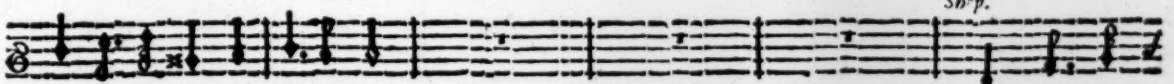
If thine Eyes gild my paths,



turn, the yellow Planet, and the grey Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.



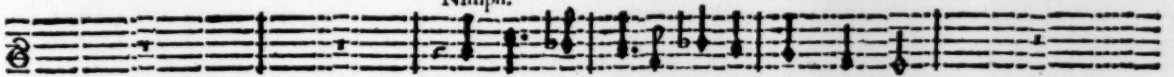
Sh.p.



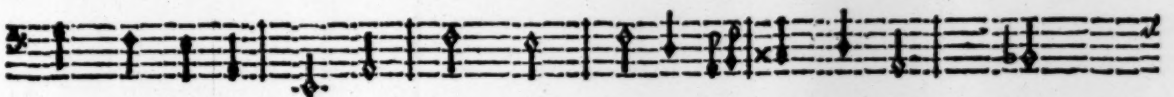
they may forbear their useless shine.

Those drops will

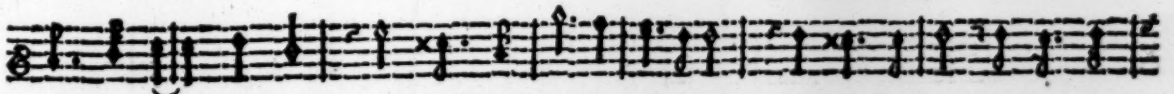
Nymph.



My tears will quite extinguish their faint light.

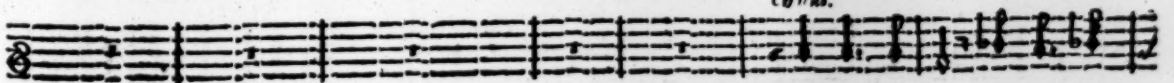


CHORUS.



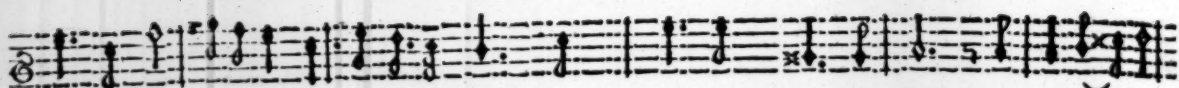
make their beams more clear: Loves flames will shine on ev'ry tear. They wept and kist, and from their

Chorus.

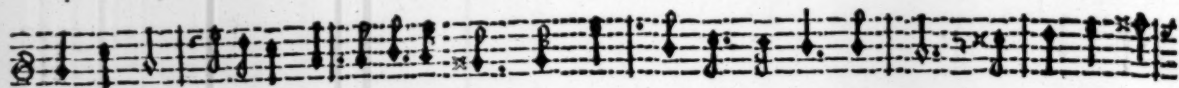


They wept and kist, and from their

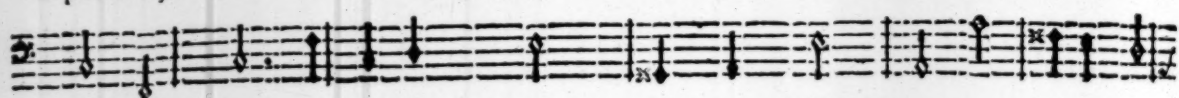




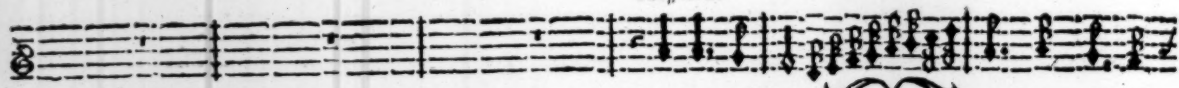
Lips and Eyes in a mixt dew of briny Sweet their Joys and Sorrows meet : But she cries out,



Lips and Eyes in a mixt dew of briny Sweet their Joys their Joys and Sorrows meet : But she cries out,

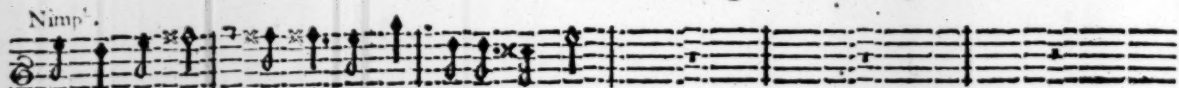


Shepherd.

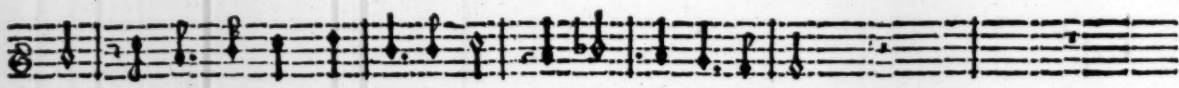
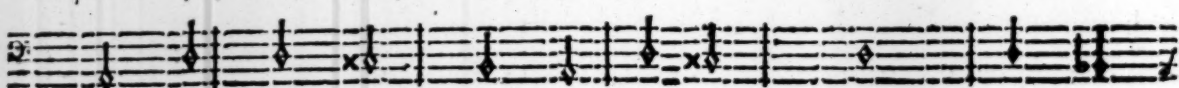


The winged hours fly fast whilst we em-

Nymph.

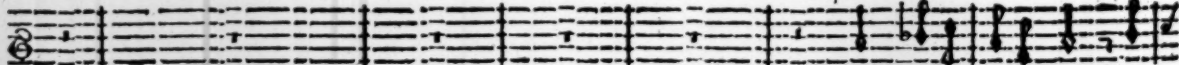


Shepherd a--rise, the Sun betrays us else to Spies.



brace ; but when we want their help to meet, they move with leaden feet.

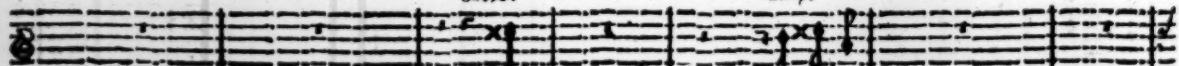
Nymph.



The let us pinion Time, and



Shepb.

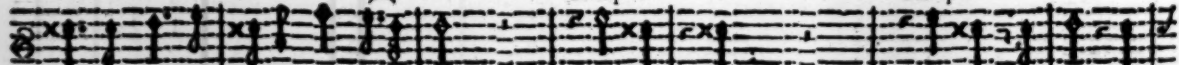


Heark !

For ever.

Nymph.

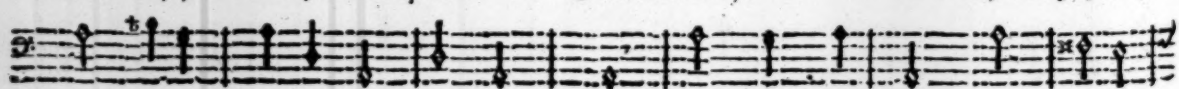
Nymph.



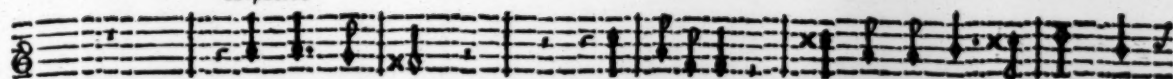
chace the day for e-ver from this place.

Ah me ! Stay.

No no, a--rise, we



CHORUS.

Shepherd.

My Nest of Spice.

My Paradise.

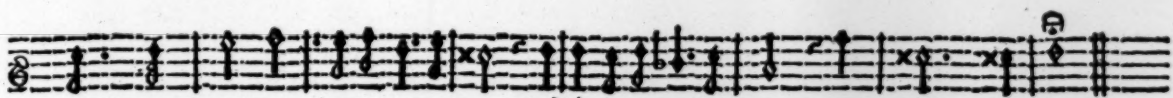
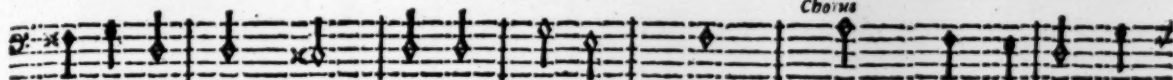
Neither could say Farewell, but

*Nymph.**Chorus.*

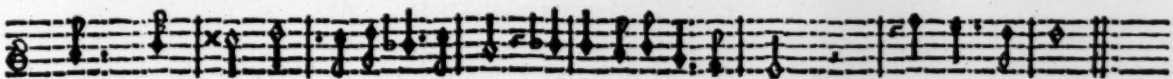
must be gone.

My Soul.

Neither could say Farewell, but

Chorus

through their Eyes Grief interrupted Speech, Grief interrupted Speech, with Tears supplies.



through their Eyes Grief interrupted Speech, Grief interrupted Speech, with Tears supplies.



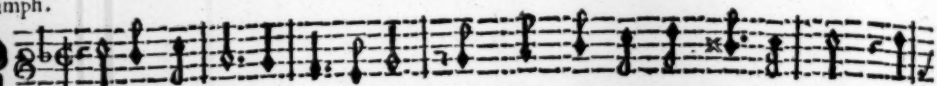
Mr. Henry Lawes.

A DIALOGUE.

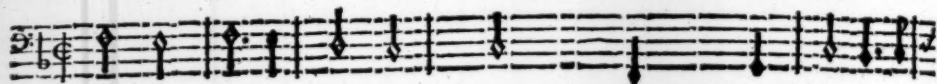
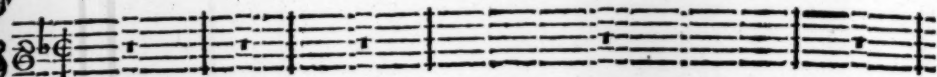
[Two Trebles or Tenors.]

Shepherd and Nymph.

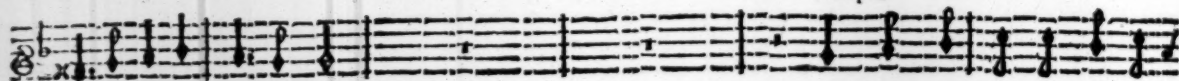
Nymph.



Hepherd well met, I prethee tell, what makes thy blubber'd Eyes to swell? what



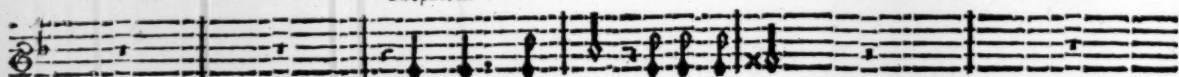
Nymph.



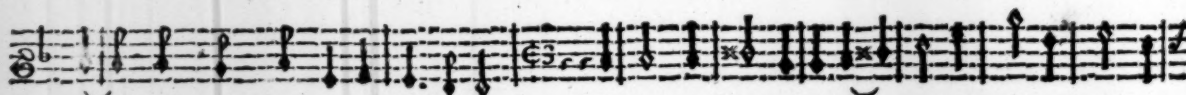
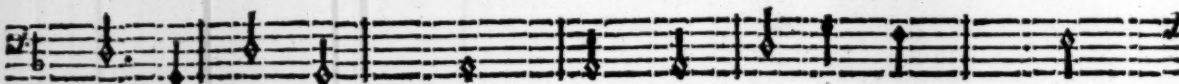
sadness in thy looks do dwell?

Shepherd.

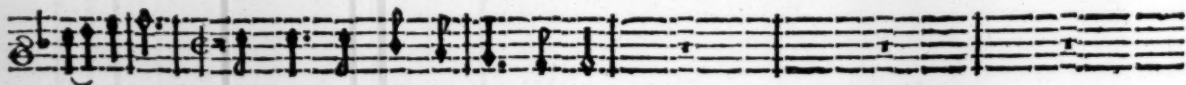
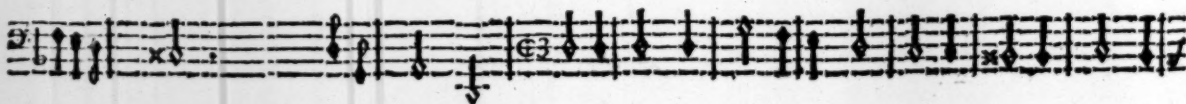
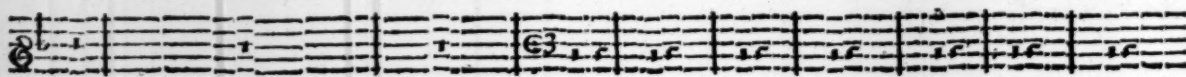
Good Shepherd tell me what ill



My woe's too great for to relate.



fare hath brought thee to this doleful state? Thy Dancing bore away the bell, thy cheerful Pipe did

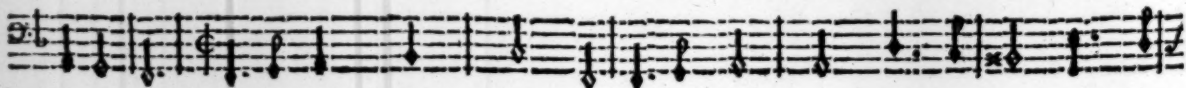


all excell: why hast thou broke it, Shepherd tell?

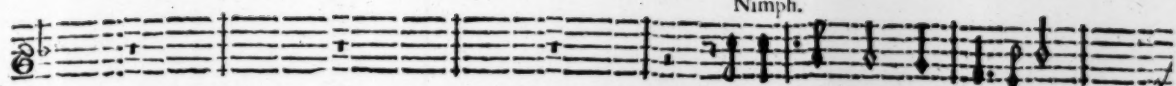
Shepherd.



Ah! do not ask, for my sick heart panteth with



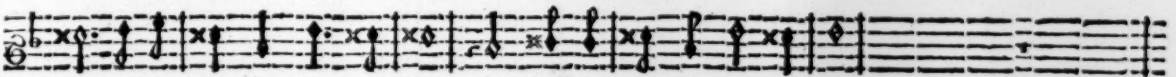
Nymph.

*A part I'll bear most willingly.*

such Infectious smart, thou canst not know but bear a part.

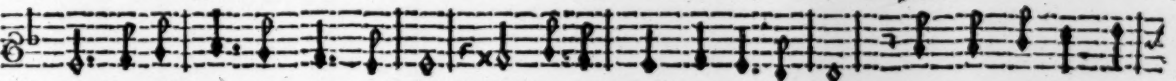


CHORUS.

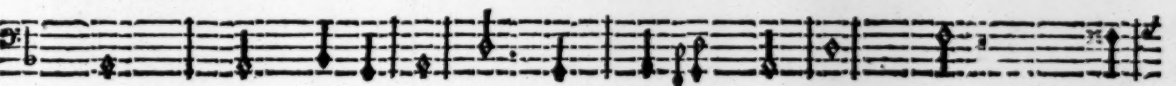
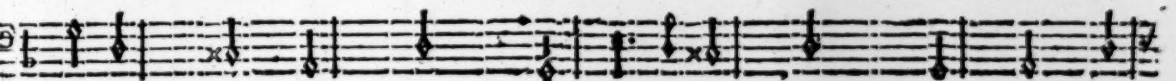


Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby: Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby.

Shepherd.

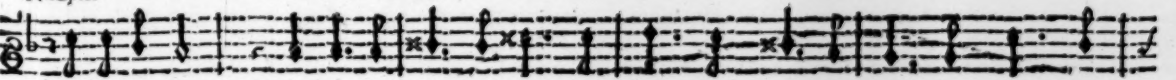


Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby: Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby. Since th'art in love with

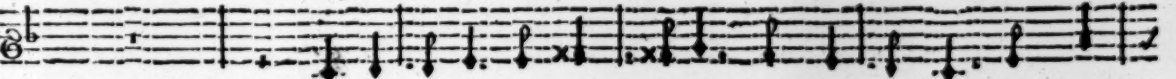
Miserie, know *Clarion's* dead: Now weep thy fill, weep thy fill; now weep thy fill, weep thy fill.

Nymph.

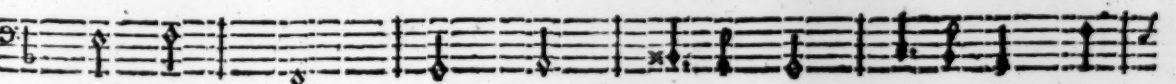
CHORUS.

*Indeed I shall.* This story will all tears from our swolne Eyes di-still, from our swolne

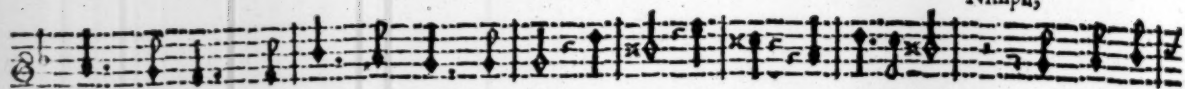
chorus.



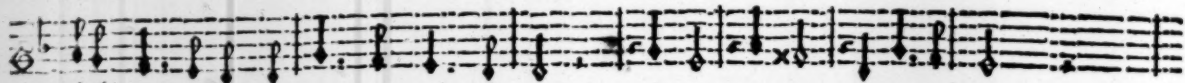
This sto-ry will all tears from our swoln Eyes di-stil, from our



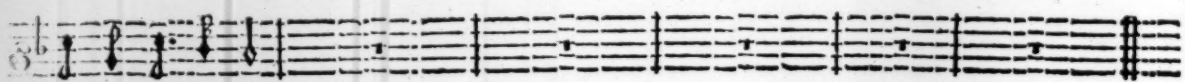
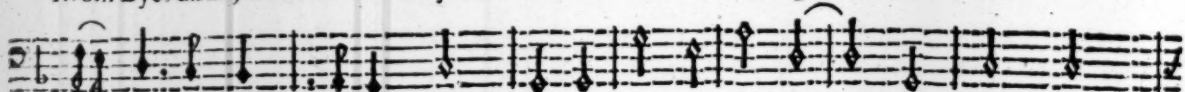
Nymph,



Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain. *Can they not*

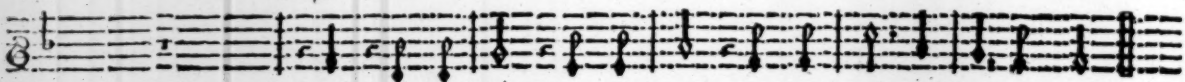


swoln Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain.



call her back again.

Shep.



No, with the gods, with the gods, with the gods she must remain.

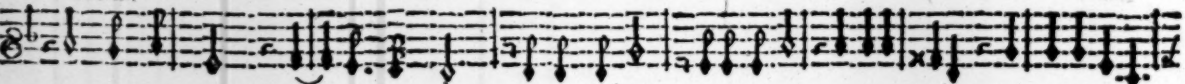


CHORUS.



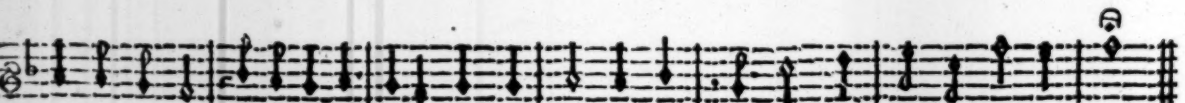
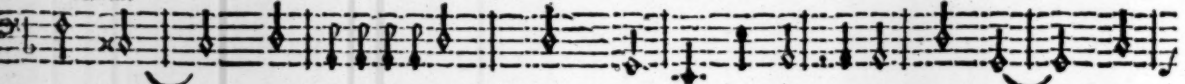
Cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines a-bove ; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not la-menting can re-

Chorus.



Cease mourning then, cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines above ; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not lamenting

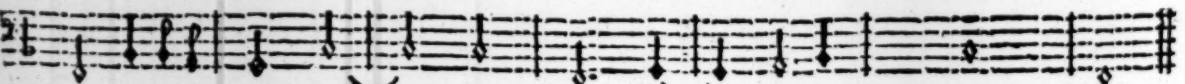
Chorus.



move, can remove, can remove or lessen Grief ; but shew our Love, but shew our Love, but shew our Love.



can remove, can re—move, or lessen Grief ; but shew our Love, but shew our Love, but shew our Love.



Mr. Simon Iwe.

FINIS.

SELECT
AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES
To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED
By M^r HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private MUSICK:

The Third Book.



LONDON,
Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.

*This is the same Book as
Lawes's 3 Volumes
except the Title Page.
First pub'd 1658*

D

HERSCH
M
LIBRARY



Printed by William ... in the Temple, near St. Clement's Church.



To the Right Honourable
The LORD COLRANE.

MY LORD,



Had some thoughts to forbear in this kind any farther Publication: but though my Reasons were strong enough for my self, they were not able to conquer others; who (for all I could say) expect my Promise to give them yet more of my *Compositions*. I confess I have no fear of being exhausted: but though I am not tired, it became me to doubt I might tire others; whereof since I find there is less danger, I shall thankfully comply with the Publick Desire. And I wish those, who so warmly pretend the Common Benefit, would tread the same path, and not take upon them to mend the World, till they have some Call to it. This my Profession (as well as others) may fairly complain of; for none judge so sowerly on us and our labours, as they who were never born to be *Musicians*. For my own part, I send not these abroad to get a Name; Were that my Designe, I have other *Compositions*, fitter for such as are Masters in our Art, when the Season calls for them. My poor Talent never lay in a Napkin; nor make I any precarious use of this Publication; they were first begotten to gratifie my friends, and are now as freely conferr'd upon Strangers. But were all this otherwise, my chief and main Design would go on, which is a Thirst I have to tell the World how absolute a Votary I am to your *Lordship*. And were I a perfect stranger to your favours, I could do no less, since your excellent Understanding and great affection to this, as well as all other Arts and Sciences, would claim it from mee. Therefore I intended to offer unto your *Lordship* some of your own *Conceptions* tun'd by my *Notes*; as also some others written by that rare Gentleman Mr. *Henry Hare*, your *Lordship*'s most hopefull Son, who eminently expresses both your *Lordship* and your Brother Mr. *Nicholas Hare*, whose Memory is still precious among all ingenuous Souls. But those I preserve for a fairer opportunity, and in this Book present you with Others Poetry, especially of Doctor *Hughes*, who was Author of all these Single *Ayres*, and of many others, stoln into the Press without my Consent as well as his. Such as they are I humbly bring them before your *Lordship*, as a small but Gratefull Testimony of

(MY LORD)

Your Lordships most humble and

most faithful Servant

HENRY LAVVES.

*Lavves died in 1662. consequently this volume
is his posthumous must have been taken from
some prior edition of his Ayres, perhaps his 3^d book in 1658*



To his Honoured Friend Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,

Upon his Annual Book of *AYRES*.



*RAVE LAVVES ! Thou art Return'd again : the Sun
And Thou do thus your Emulous Courses Run.
And whiles you both in different Orbes appear,
He onely Makes, but Thou dost Crown the Year.
That if the Old Philosophy were true,
What his Spent Fires could not, thy Lyre would doe;
Make Old Time Vigorous still, confessing more
Thy Fam'd Layes now, then all his Beams before.*

*Nature her self should thus thy Learn'd Aid crave,
From whose Stockt Brain all that we have, we have.
Whose Yearly Spendings Shew, not wast thy Store,
Who after Numerous Births can yet give more.
Still whole, Unspent that when the Tear doth cease
(As Ægypt Nile's) We wait thy Next Encrease.
Then High, and Rich as He Thou Flow'st : We see
What all else cannot, and what Thou can'st be.
And till We pass the Spheres, must still attend,
To know what Height Musick hath yet t' ascend.*

*For Thou Grasp'st all ; We the rude Matter give,
Thou into Verse breath'st Soul, and bid'st it Live.
Endu'st it with that Plastick Pow'r to Spring
What Thou would'st have it, This, That, any Thing.
Dost in thy Mould our Wit new Shape, and Cast,
Giv'st it New Salt, the Haut Goust, and Rich Tast.
It Lives with us, doth Flourish in thy Ayre,
Born from our Brains, but Educated there.
Things that from us flat and insipid flow,
Voic'd once by Thee, straight into Raptures grow.
When from her Mine Invention Fancy brings,
Thy composition a New Fancy springs.
Thus whiles all comes Exact, Watch'd, Humour'd, His,
Thy Ayre's Ingenuous, and makes Musick Wit.*

*Nor dost Thou, Narrow, only dwell among
The Easie Rhimes of thine own Time, and Tongue :
Thy Reaching, Vent'ring Soul doth Wit pursue*

*Setting of
Anacreon's
Odes.* *Thorough all Languages, and all times too ;
That which some Twenty Ages since first grew,
Thou Retriv'st now, and we admire as New.
Compar'st and tri'st how th' Ancient Pipes will sound,
Mak'st Old wit stronger by the New Rebound :
Who are, and who are not, Obliged bee,
Poet, and Poetry it self to thee.*

*What She suggests comes a mishapen Birth,
Till Thou step'st in, and thence strik'st Musick forth.*

*Admired LAVVES ! thy Happy Ayres have knit
Eternall Leagues 'twixt Harmony and wit :*

Which

Which none but those thy Richer Robes will know,
When she keeps State, or would in Triumph go.
We drink in Thousand Pleasures from One Song,
Which Charms us all, the Learned and the Throng.
We are Transported, Lost! thy Notes betray,
Drop on the Sense, and melt us quite away.
And when we're Extasie'd, Expiring, then
Thy Next Note Wooes, and calls us back agen.
At once Thou steal'st, and can'st invade us too,
Straight Rouze those pow'rs which were all Lodg'd but now.
Thou like some Mighty Monarch dost controul,
Dispencc, Rule, Work, and Reign o're all the Soul.
Thou shoot'st New Beings: For we are no more,
When we hear Thee, that which we were before.
But as that Begger who in's Raving Fits,
Got Crowns and Scepters when he lost his Wits;
Cur'd, and himself again, Griev'd straight to pass
Into that poor, shrunk Nothing that he was:
So when thy Strains Feast our low Fancies high,
We Trample Earth, and Mounting, Knock the Sky.
But when They cease, All Mourn that we have lost
Those Tow'ring Thoughts our then Rapt Souls engross'd.
Thou, like a Generall Influence, Sway'st in All,
Dost Touch the Mind, and her glad Motions call.
Whiles We our Constant Acclamations bring
To the still New Choice Graces that Thou Sing.

Thus dost Thou Govern all (Harmonious Soul!)
And through the Great whole Orbe of Musick Rowl.
Break'st from thy Self, Scatt'ring Day every where,
Not leaving one Dark Part in all the Sphere.
All Native, Genuine, and Unborrow'd streams,
The Sun and LAYERS know not to Owe their Beams.
Who on the Wings Thou Imp'st Verse with, hast Spread
Thy Fame far as the Roman Eagle fled.
Those Judging Few who can Compare, admire,
And find Thine Match the best Italian Lyre,
Thou still Stand'st High; thy Rules so True, Severe!
All by thy Card, Thou by thine Own dost steere.
Like the First Mover, Uncontrol'd dost Move,
(He which makes peace, Turnes, and Tunes all Above.)
Even, and Just as he: whiles all doth shew
What Harmony, that is, what LAYERS can do.

And such! so Full! so Mighty is thy Vein,
Thou hast scarce Thought when all flowes from thy Brain.
As Things first met in the Creation, All,
Doth of it self straight into Concord fall;
Which issuing free as Springing Light from th' Morn,
Shews Thee Musician, like the Poet Born.
You Two do Wing it still in Noble Flights,
Strive, Stretch, Mount, Soar, Match, and vie Heights with Heights.
And we the while Admiring, doubtfull stand,
Which shall at last the Bravest Place command.

With

With Words and Ayres our Ears are doubly fed,
 What e're thou set'st is at once Sung and sed.
 Thou dost still Apt, Complying Notes dispense,
 True to the Words, but truer to the sense.
 The Tunes Rehearse: no Crowd of Graces throng,
 And Jumble all the Words out of the Song.
 But are so scatter'd here, and there, so sowne,
 It hath them all, and yet is vex'd with None.
 Thy Jewels with such Art are plac'd and worne,
 That they ne'r Cloud the part they should adorne.
 Thus doth thy Equall Skill not more delight,
 To do thy Self, then do the Poet Right.
 Thou Maim'st not him to come forth Conquerour, Thine,
 Steales none o'th Bullion when it adds the Coin.
 No tedious, long, deviding tricks betray
 His sense; and vapour all his Words away.
 Yet when a Word comes fit t' Espouse a Grace,
 Thou marri'st both, and know'st the Rites, and place.
 Then Fancy humour'd shews the gilded Beam,
 That Glitt'ring Plays, and Quavers on the stream.
 Both Close, and Kind as Life and Spirit sit,
 Thy Ayres still Quicken, never stifle Wit.
 And as One Dram of Gold can ne'r be lost,
 Though in a Thousand Fires Try'd, Vex'd, and Forc'd,
 Dissolv'd, mix'd with all Elements, we see,
 Expans'd to Infinite, what was will Bee.
 So with the same Entireness Numbers do,
 From all thy Artfull Compositions flow.
 Which though through all thy Flats and Sharps express'd
 In thy Rich Notes, and various humours dress'd,
 Are still the same: if any Change appear,
 Stamp'd now by Thee, they'r better than they were.
 Where Words, Sense, Tunes Embrace, so Kiss, Twist Hit,
 Thy whole Age hath not lost One Grain of Wit.
 Go on Great Master of thy Art! Strike dumb,
 And with thy Tones Calm the Tempestuous Drum.
 Tune, Recollect, Please, and reform us; Thine,
 Come at once Musick too, and Discipline.
 Let thy soft Notes invite us, slide, and Steal,
 Rock this Frow'd Age, and with their Balsam Heal.
 Shew all the Miracles thy voice can do,
 Our Orpheus and our Æsculapius too.
 And when these Revolutions make thy Shine
 Compleat, and Thou hast weave thy great Designe:
 Hush'd all our Noise, spread Calms made all serene,
 And with thy Ayres at last shut up the Scene:
 All Done, Thou shalt (though late, we hope) Remove,
 And change thy Musick here for that Above.
 Where thou shalt here how Saints their Anthems sing,
 And shalt thy Self another Anthem bring.
 Thou who did'st Tune the World, whiles Thou wert here,
 Shall take an Angels place, and Tune a Sphere.

HORATIO MOORE.

Amintor.

Chloris landing at Berlington.



E E, see! my *Chloris*, my *Chloris* comes in yonder Bark: Blow gently

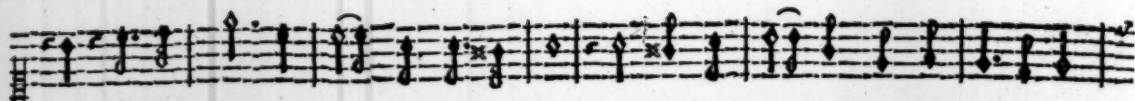
winds, for if ye sink that Ark, you'll drown the world with tears, and at one breath, give to us

all a universal death: Hark, hark how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays, to my sweet Shepherdes his

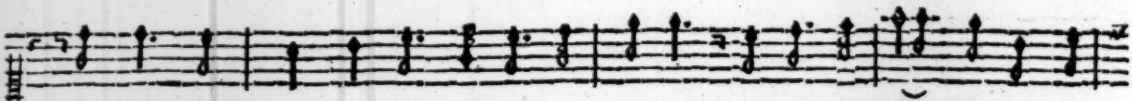
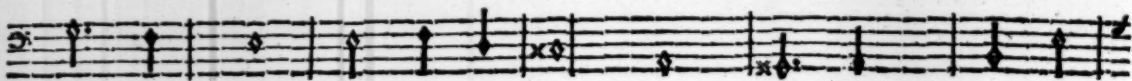
roundelayes: See how the Sirens flock to wait upon her, as Queen of Love, and they her

Maids of honor. Behold, Great *Neptune's* risen from the deep with all his Tritons, and be-

gins to sweep the rugged waves into a smoother form, not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm:



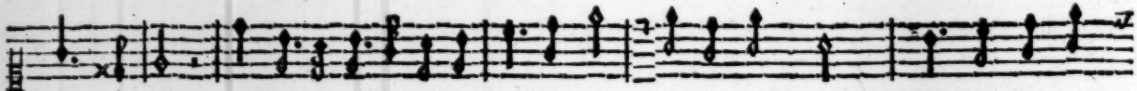
Mark how the winds stand still, and on her gaze ; See how her beauty doth the fish amaze ;



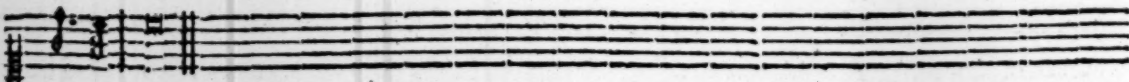
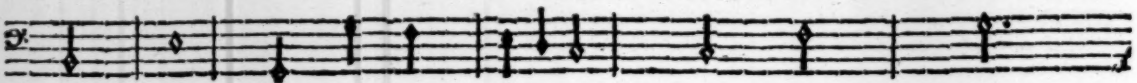
the Whales have begg'd this boon of wind and weather, that on their backs they may con-



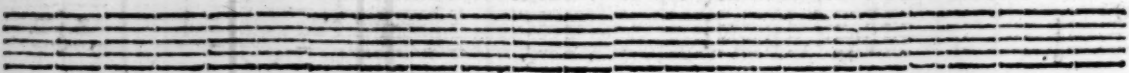
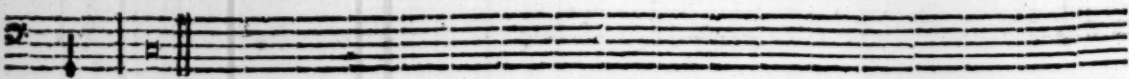
vey her hither; And see the Lands just like the rising Sun, that leaves the Brynie Lake when

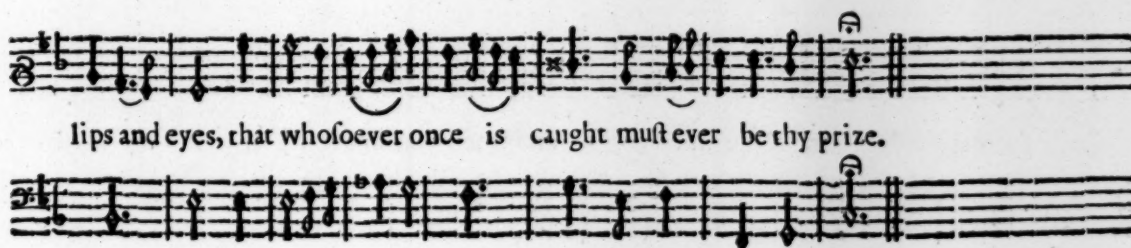
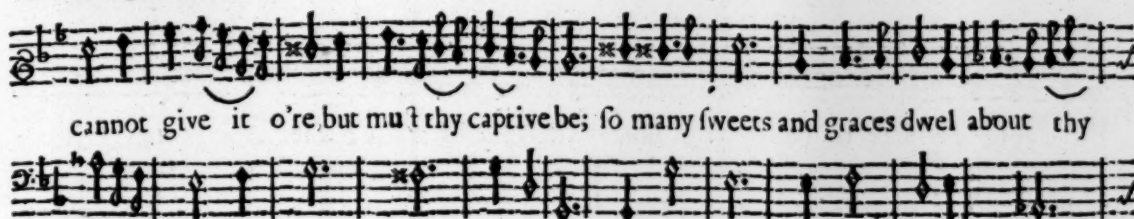
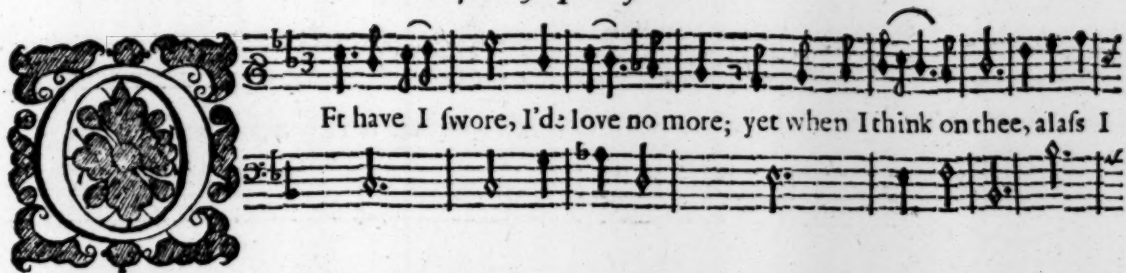


night is done : Fly, fly *Aminor* to thy Envi'd blifs, and let not th' Earth, rob thee of her



greeting kifs.



Constancy protested.

(2)

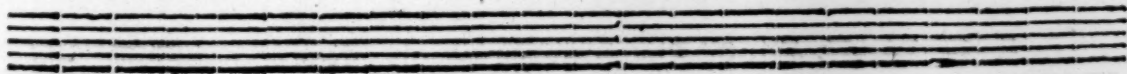
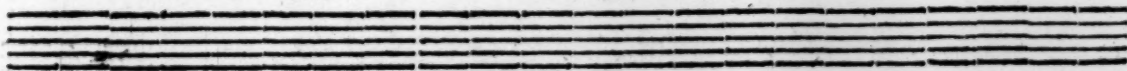
Sure thou hast got some cunning net
Made by the god of Fire,
That doth not only catch mens hearts
But fixeth their desire.

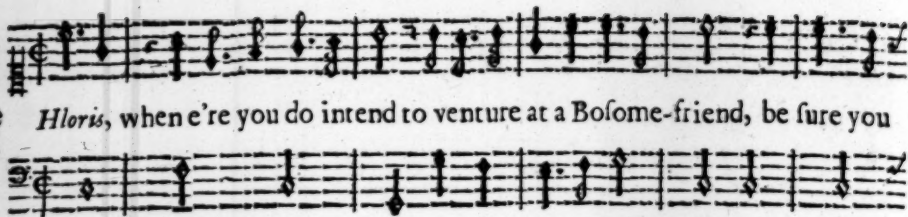
For I have laboured to get loose
Some dozen years and more,
And when I think to be releas'd
I'me faster than before.

(3.)

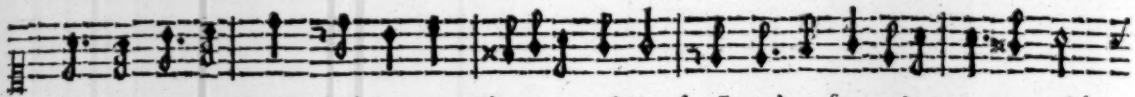
Then welcome sweet captivity,
I see there's no relief,
Yet though she steal my liberty,
I'll honor still the thief

And when I cannot hope to see
Thee Mistress of my pain,
My comfort is that I do love
Where I am lov'd again.

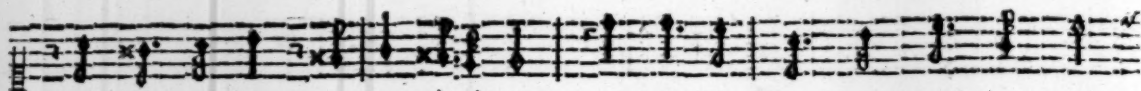


Counfel to a Maid.

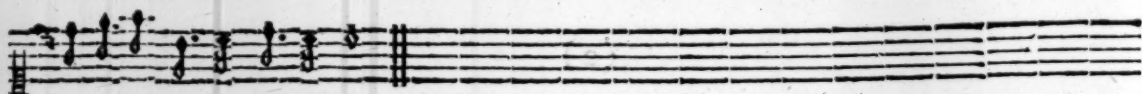
Hloris, when e're you do intend to venture at a Bosome-friend, be sure you



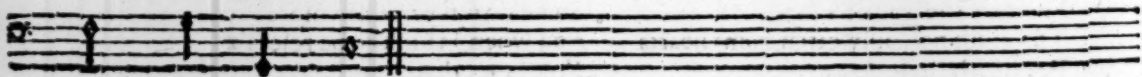
know your Servant well, before your liberty you sell; for Love's a feaver in young, or old,



that's sometimes hot, and sometimes cold; and men you know when e're they please



can soon be sick of this disease.

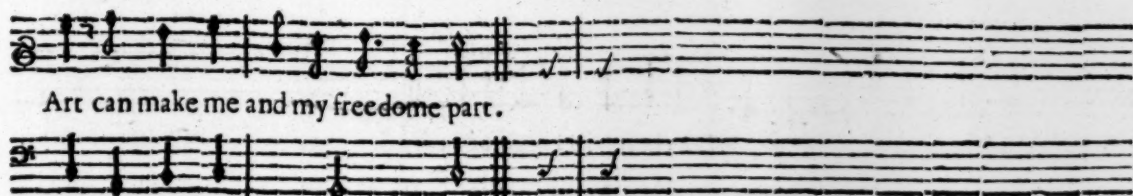
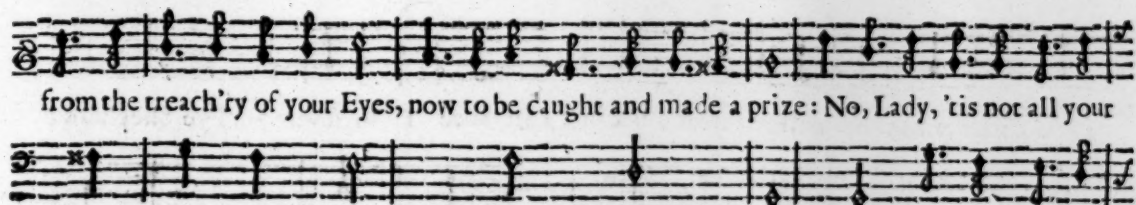
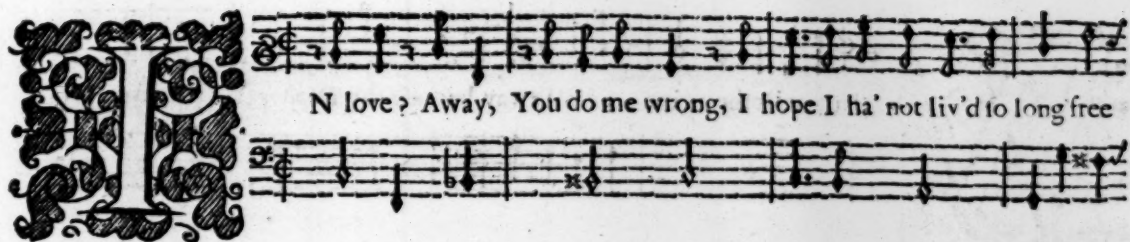


(2)

Then wisely chuse a Friend that may
Last for an age, not for a day;
Who loves thee not for Lip or Eye,
But from a mutual Sympathie :

To such a Friend this heart ingage,
For he will court thee in old age,
And kisse thy shallow, wrinkl'd brow
With as much joy as he doth now.



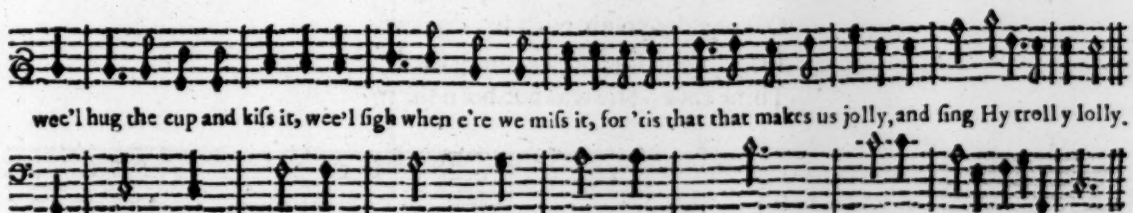
Love despis'd.

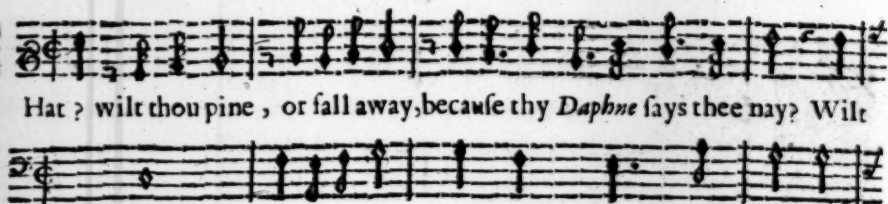
II.

In Love! 'tis true, with Spanish wine,
Or the French juice Incarnadine,
But truly not with your sweet face,
This dimple, or that hidden grace;
Ther's far more sweetness in pure wine,
Then in those lips or eyes of thine.

III.

Your god you say can shoot so right
Hee'l wound a heart i'th darkest night;
Pray let him throw away a dart,
And try if he can hit my heart:
No *Cupid*, if I shall be thine,
Turn *Ganymed*, and fill us wine.

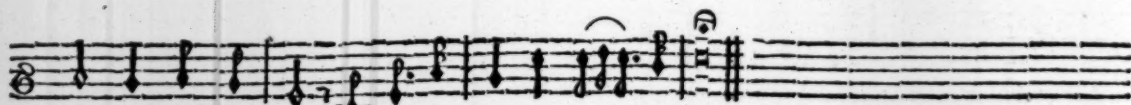


Hopelesse love cur'd by derision.

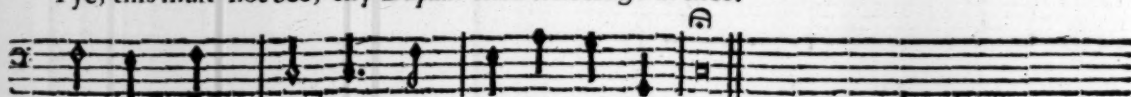
Hat ? wilt thou pine , or fall away, because thy *Daphne* says thee nay? Wilt



crofs thine arms, or willow wear, because that Shee is so severe? Fye Shepherd,



Fye, this must not bee, thy *Daphne* then will laugh at thee.

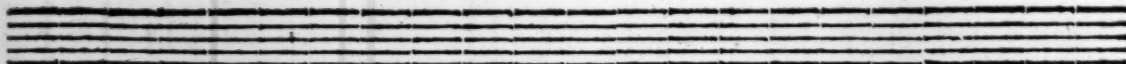


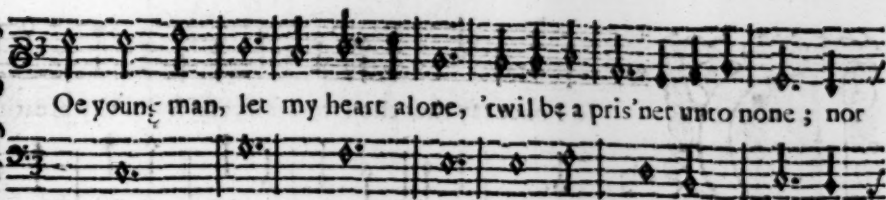
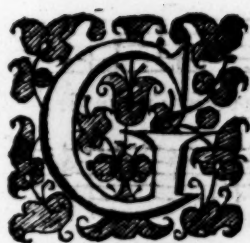
(2)

No, if She needs will be unkind,
On somewhat else divert thy mind:
Go sport with wanton *Amarillis*,
And dance with lovely nut-brown *Phillis*:
For Love's a shadow will deny
To follow thee, until thou fly.

(3.)

Then *Choriden*, do not despair
For *Daphne*, whom we all know fair;
Let no proud Beauty on our Plains
Destroy thy youth with her disdain:
But if thou find her scorning thee,
Think thus, She was not born for mee.

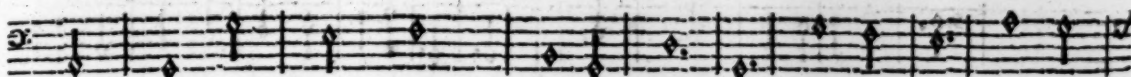


A young Maids Resolution.

Oe young man, let my heart alone, 'twil be a pris'ner unto none ; nor



will I *Cupid's* shackles wear, since Lovers laws are so severe : Love is my slave, while I de-

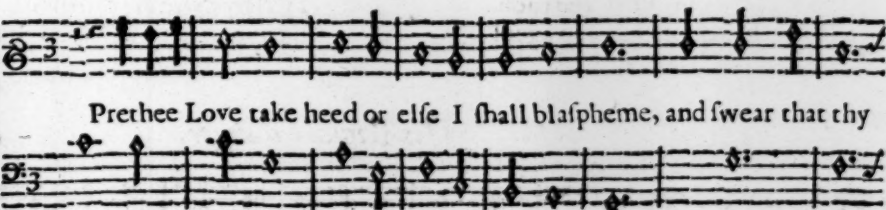


spise ; but once content, hee'l ty-ran-nise.

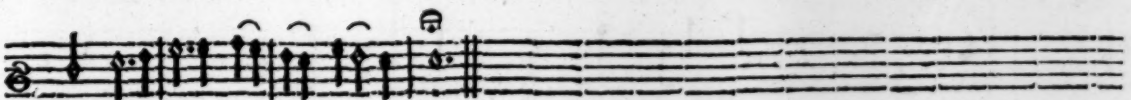


II.

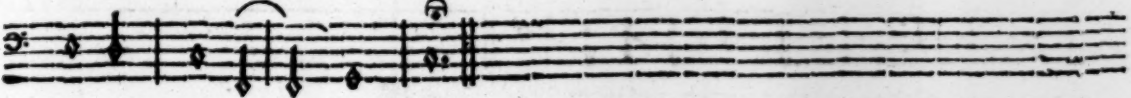
'Tis onely Beauty you admire ,
And that's the object of Desire ,
Which by degrees burns to a flame,
And hence Love first receiv'd its name.
Then young man give me leave to doubt
Since Love's a fire, and fires will out.

Cupid no god.

Prethee Love take heed or else I shall blaspheme, and swear that thy



great deity is nothing but a dream.



II.

How canst thou be a god
When subtle womens hearts
Are grown so wise
To blind thine eyes
And rob thee of thy darts.

III.

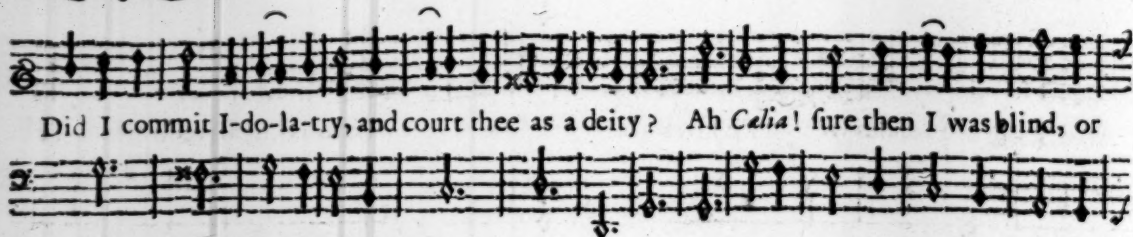
See where a Lady stands
With Quivers in her Eyes,
And swears that shee
Hath conquer'd thee,
And sold thee for a prize.

IV.

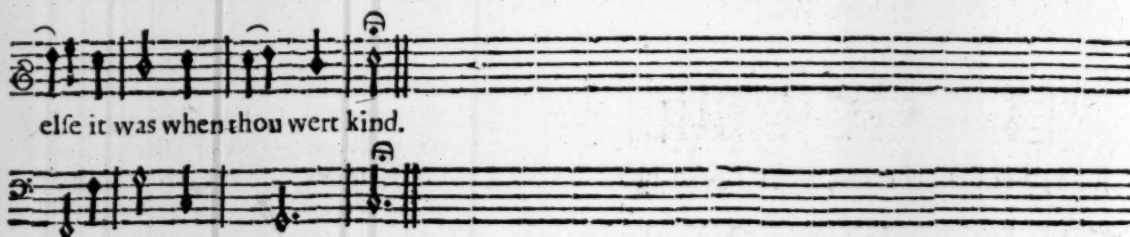
If thou be Womans prize,
Alas, then what are wee
Who borrow light
From thy blind sight,
And know not what we see.

Inconstancy return'd.

Id I once say that thou wert fair, and swear thy breath perfum'd the air ?



Did I commit I-do-la-try, and court thee as a deity ? Ah *Calia*! sure then I was blind, or



else it was when thou wert kind.

II.

Did I once beg a wanton kiss,
And thought there was no higher bliss ?
Did I all other objects flye
To live i'th sun-shine of thine eye ?
'Tis true I did, but *Calia* then
Return'd as much to me agen.

III.

Now *Calia*'s chang'd and so am I,
Love feeds upon variety;
My constant thoughts could never find
The pleasures of a Fickle mind,
Till thy example did invite
My appetite to new delight.

His Rivals danger.

Ake heed bold Lover, do not look upon my *Chloris* Eyes, for every



dart is tipp'd with death that from her glances flyes.

II.

Nor do not think to save thy self
From danger, or from harmes,
By any virtue in her smiles,
Or other secret charmes.

III.

Love hath commanded her to cure
No other heart but mine,
There is no hope that Shee can be
So merciful to thine.

IV.

For though her Eyes be Murderers,
She hath reserv'd for me,
A Balsam in her Coral lips
That gives Eternitie.

To his Platonick Mistris.

Eauty once blasted with the frost of Age or Sicknes, is quite lost :

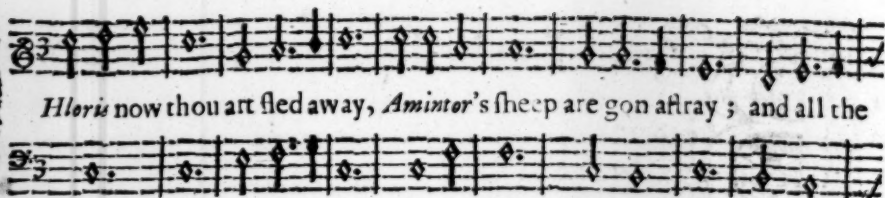
he who loves that, and on it can, dore till he be no longer Man, hath neither Intellect or Eyes

to judge where womans beauty lies : No, let him court your better part, your virtues and

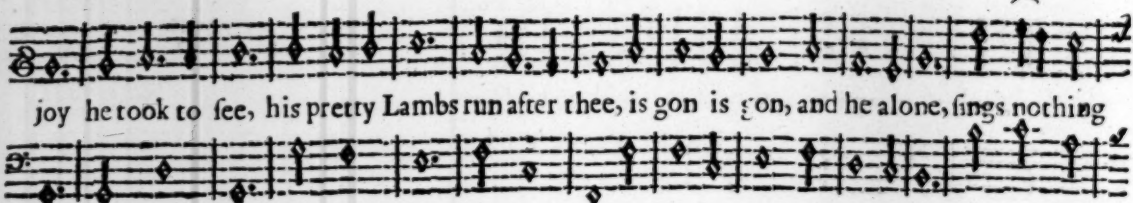
your loyal heart.

I I. If nought but beauty in you be,
Your Picture seems, as fair to me;
He that admires your red and white,
Is Traytor to his own delight;
And with those shadows grows so blind
He never can your sweetnesse find.
Then let me court your better part,
Your vertues, and your loyall heart.

III. Yet do I never hope to see
Goodnesse lodg'd in deformitie;
Though devils oft take shapes divine,
Angels take none but such as thine;
This made me make my choice of thee
The emblem of divinitie;
That I might court your better part,
Your vertues, and your loyall heart.

Amintors welladay.

Chloris now thou art fled away, *Amintors*' sheep are gon astray ; and all the



joy he took to see, his pretty Lambs run after thee, is gon is gon, and he alone, sings nothing



now but welladay, welladay.

II.

His Oaten pipe that in thy praise
Was wont to play such roundelays,
Is thrown away, and not a swain
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;
'Tis death for any now to say
One word to him but welladay.

II.

The Maypole where thy little feet
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Comes near *Amintors* since you went.
All that I ever heard him say
Was *Chloris*, *Chloris*, welladay.

IV.

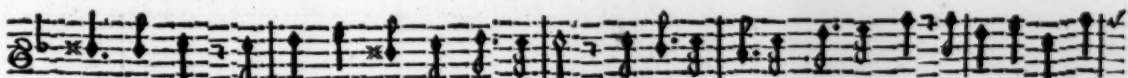
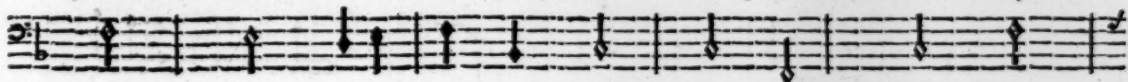
Upon those Banks you us'd to tread
He ever since hath laid his head,
And whisper'd there such pining woe,
As not a blade of grafs will grow ;
O *Chloris* ! *Chloris* ! come away,
And hear *Amintors*' welladay.

Affection for a Lady he never saw.

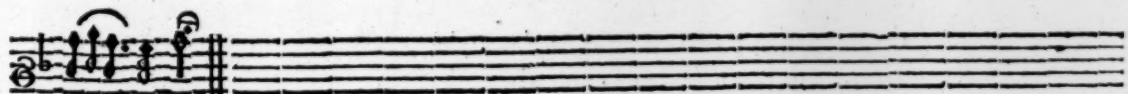
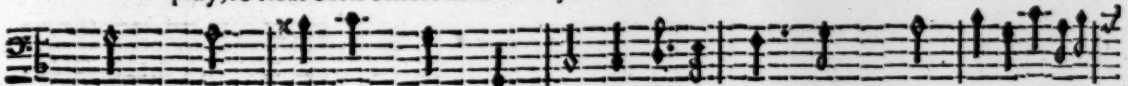
Now I find 'tis nought but Fate that makes us either love or hate ;



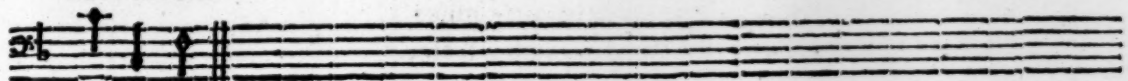
yet I have heard the wiser tell, Love onely doth with Beauty dwell ; and that the Eye the



thief must play, to steal each others heart away . But 'tis not so I find with me, for I love one I



ne're did see.

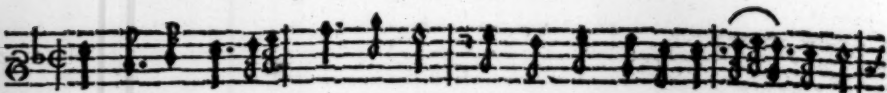


II.

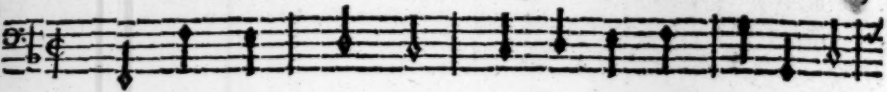
There's a Divinity in Love,
That doth inspire us from above ;
Which needs no tutoring from the eyes,
To make our hearts to Sympathize.
Such Noble and Platonick fires,
Will know no Object for desires :
But Love's the good that dwells with thee,
Although thy self they ne're did see.

III.

Thy soul, not this, or t'other part,
Hath sent her Cupids to my heart ;
And there like little Angels tell,
What hidden vertues in thee dwell,
Prompting my reason to suppose
Thy Shape's Angelicall like those ;
Which I shall pray I ne're may see,
Lest I should more distracted be.

Freedome from Charmes.

O, fair Inchantress! charm no more, but give thy fascina- -tions o're;



since I have found a pow'rful Spel, that doth thy cunning Art excel; for when I think of thy dis-



dain, I'm free from witchcraft, or from pain.

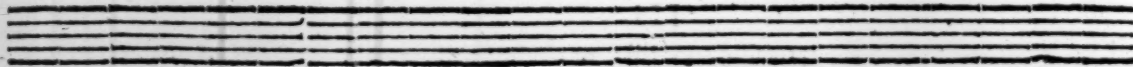


II.

When I was young and unbetray'd,
All then was Oracle you said;
So innocent I was of guile,
I thought love dwelt in every smile:
But now that cloud of youth is spent,
I find you'r all but complement.

III.

I'll love no more, I'll learn to hate,
I'll study to equivocate,
And all my pleasures now shall be
To cozen those would cozen me;
For Loves best musick runs (I find)
On fickle changes of the mind.



Future Hope.



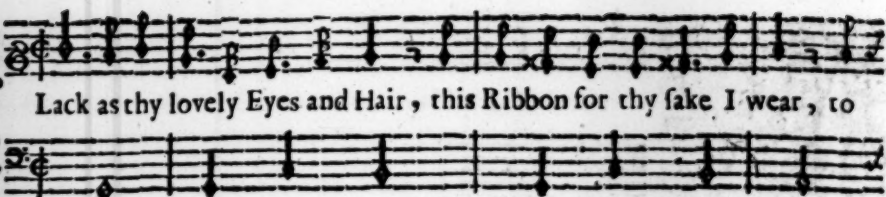
Hen shal I see my Captive heart that lies in *Chloris* brest ? or, when will

Love again restore those joys I once posselt ? Yet, 'tis a blessing I confets, when Fate is thus se-

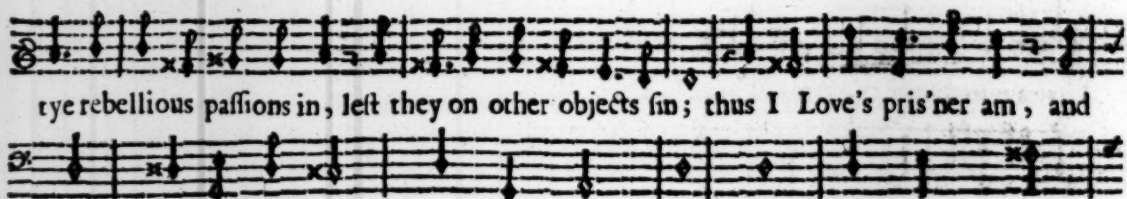
vere, not to be barr'd of future hopes to mitigate our fear.

II.

The Tyrant Love would be depos'd,
And from this Empire thrown,
Were not his subjects fool'd with hope
That mercy would be shown.
Then Captive heart contented lye,
And banish all despaire,
Since there is hope that she may be
As kind as she is faire,

On a Black Ribbon.

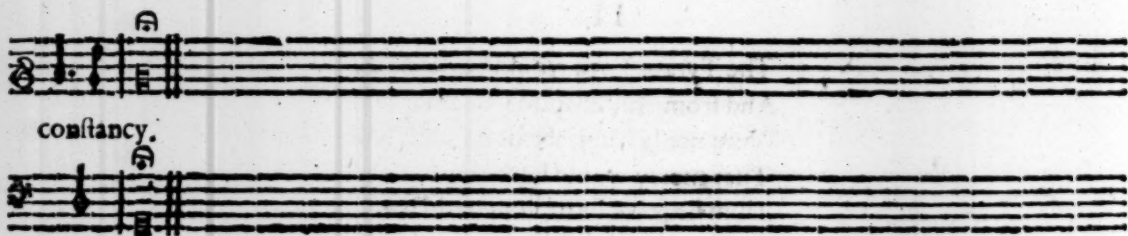
Lack as thy lovely Eyes and Hair, this Ribbon for thy sake I wear, to



eye rebellious passions in, lest they on other objects sin; thus I Love's pris'ner am, and



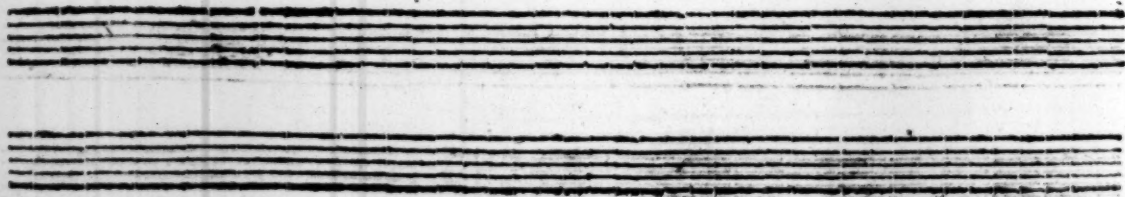
may expect my sentence ev'ry day; my heart fore-tells me now that I am doom'd a slave to

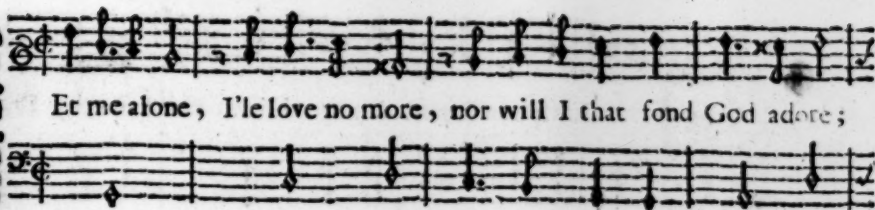


constancy.

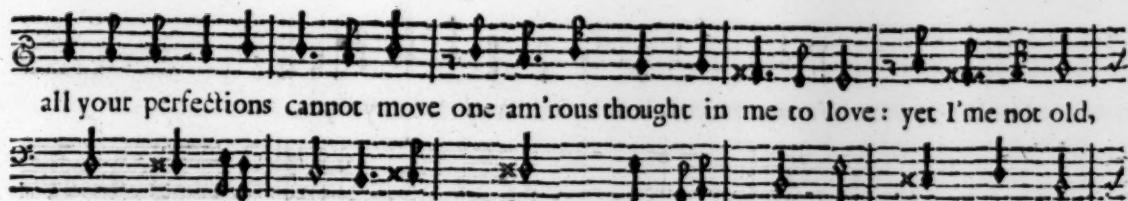
II.

How easie 'tis for to confine
 An am'rous and a willing minde!
 Soft Silk from your fair hands I feel
 Binds faster far than chains of Steel:
 O let me still thy Bond-man be!
 I'll never sue for libertie;
 Let others boast that freedome have,
 'Tis my content to be thy slave.

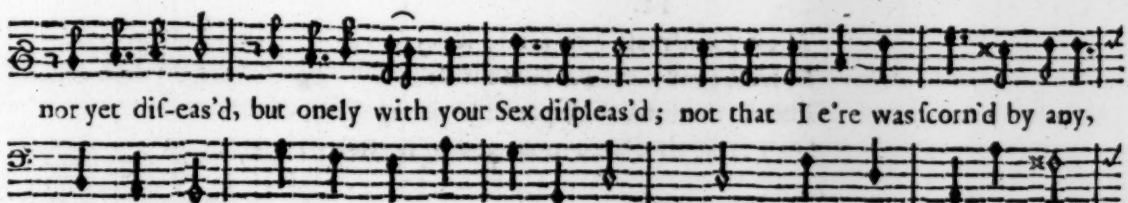


A Resolution to love no more.

Et me alone, I'll love no more, nor will I that fond God adore;



all your perfections cannot move one am'rous thought in me to love: yet I'm not old,



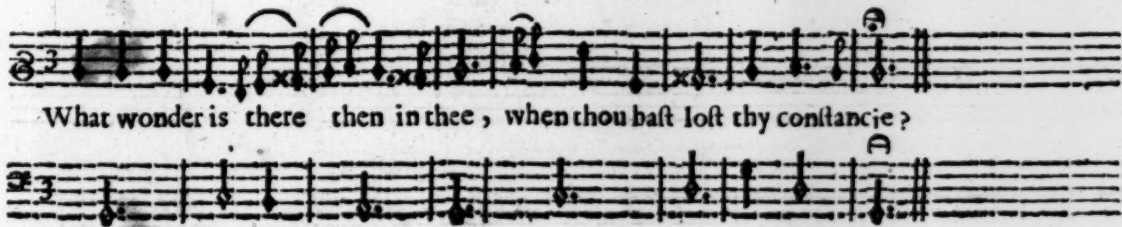
nor yet dis-eas'd, but onely with your Sex displeas'd; nor that I e're was scorn'd by any,



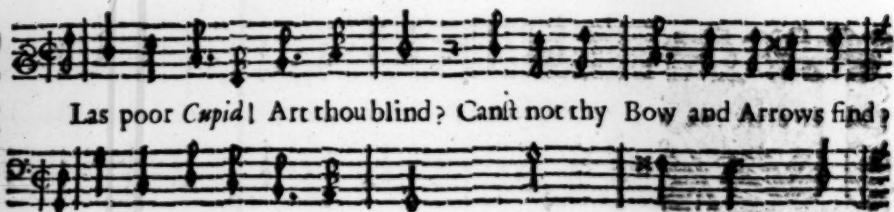
but because you can love too many.

II.

Alas, where lies that great delight
Men fancy in your red and white?
The common Lilly and the Rose
Are far more beautifull then those;
And many objects in the Skies
Outshine the lustre of your Eyes,
Though Poets please sometimes to say
Your Eyes are brighter than the Day.



What wonder is there then in thee, when thou hast lost thy constancie?

Cupids Artillery.

Las poor *Cupid*! Art thou blind? Canst not thy Bow and Arrows find?



Thy Mother sure the Wanton playes, and layes 'em up for Holydayes.

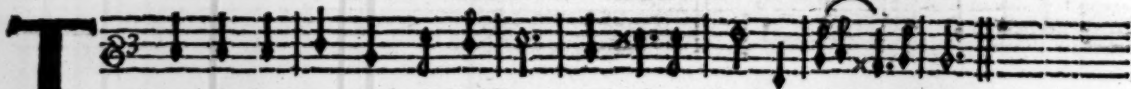


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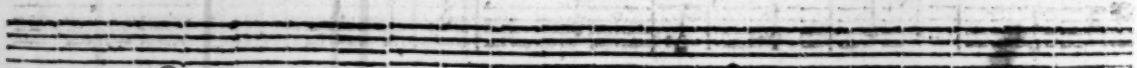
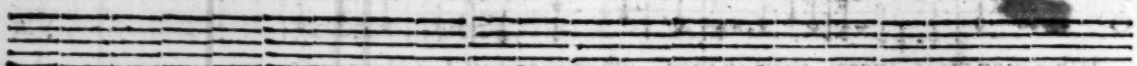
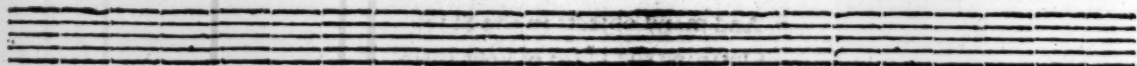
Then *Cupid* mark how kind I'le be,
Because thou once wert so to me;
I'le arm thee with such powerful darts,
Shall make thee once more god of hearts.

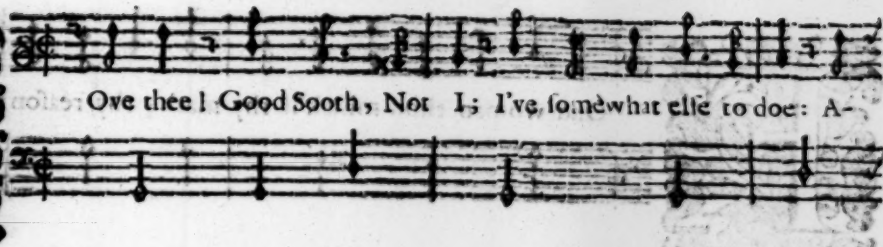
III.

My *Chloris* Armes shall be thy bow,
Which none but Love can bend you know;
Her precious Haires shall make the String,
Which of themselves wound every thing.

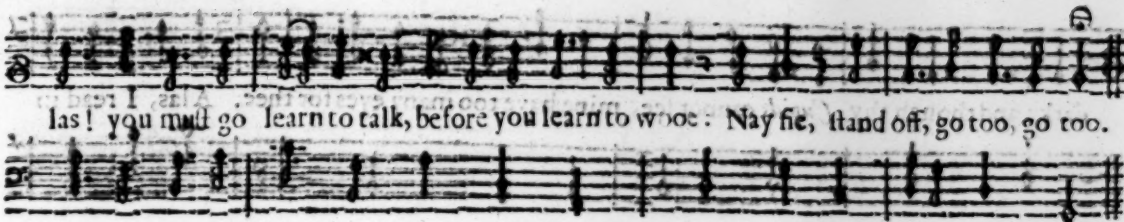


Then take but Arrows from her Eyes, and all you shoot at surely dyes.



A Lady to a young Courtier.

Ove thee! Good Sooth, Not I; I've somewhat else to doe: A-



las! you must go learn to talk, before you learn to wooe: Nay fie, stand off, go too, go too.

II.

Because you'r in the fashion,
And newly come to Court,
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators
T'invite us to the Sport?
Ha ha, who will not jeer thee for't!

III.

Ne'r look so sweetly Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Band,
We know you trimme your borrow'd Curles
To shew your pretty Hand;
But 'tis too young for'to command.

IV.

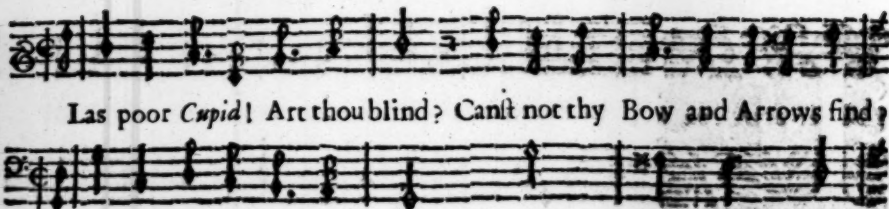
Go practise how to jeer,
And think each word a Jest,
That's the Court wit: Alas! you'r out
To think when finely drest,
You please me or the Ladies best.

V.

And why so confident?
Because that lately we
Have brought another lofty word
Unto our pedegree?
Your inside seems the worse to me.

VI.

Mark how Sir Whacham fools;
I marry there's a Wit
Who cares not what he says or swears
So Ladies laugh at it:
Who can deny such blades a li:?

Cupids Artillery.

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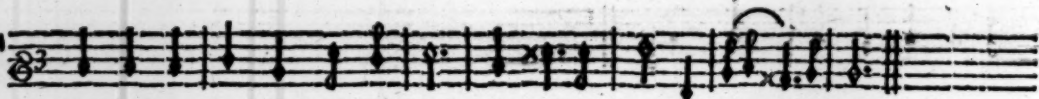
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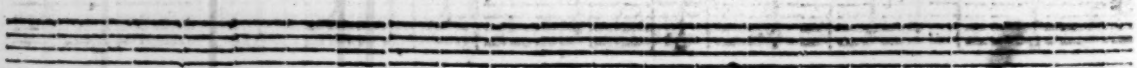
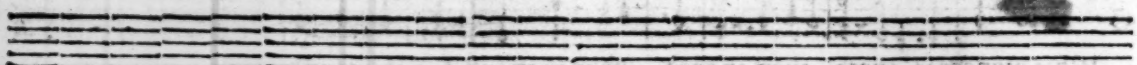
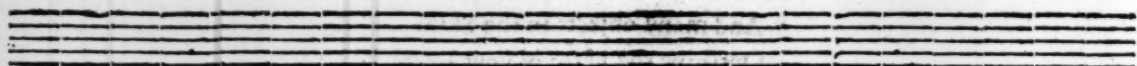
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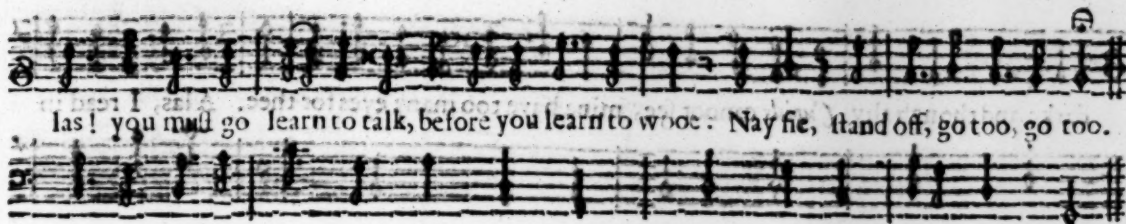


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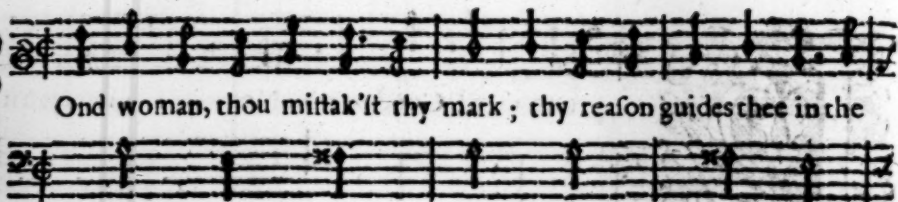
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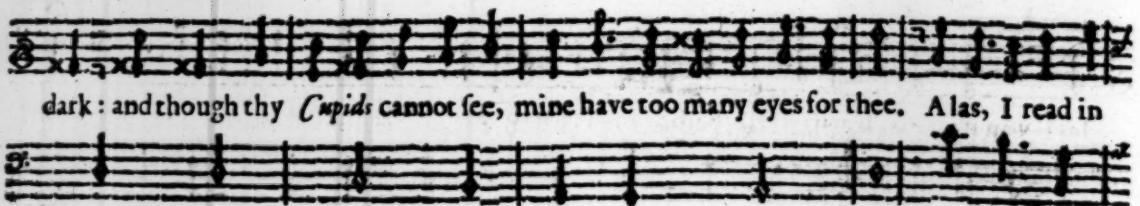
And why so confident!
Because that lately we
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Your inside seems the worse to me.

VI.

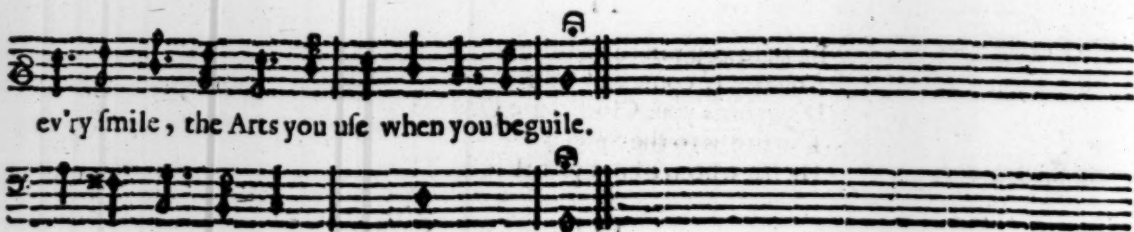
Mark how Sir Whacham fools;
I marry there's a Wit
Who cares not what he sayes or sweares
So Ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny such blades a ti?

Falshood discovered.

Ond woman, thou mistak'it thy mark ; thy reason guides thee in the



dark : and though thy *Cupids* cannot see, mine have too many eyes for thee. Alas, I read in



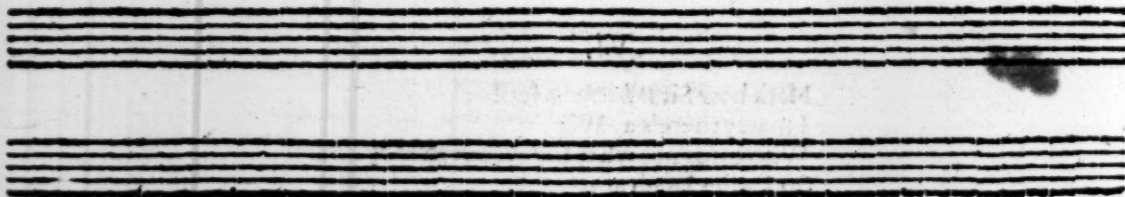
ev'ry smile, the Arts you use when you beguile.

II.

What though you swear to me, you love
With passions equal to the Dove ;
And that your flames are blown no higher
Than to the Sphere of chaste desire?
Forgive me if I needs must say
This is the common womans way.

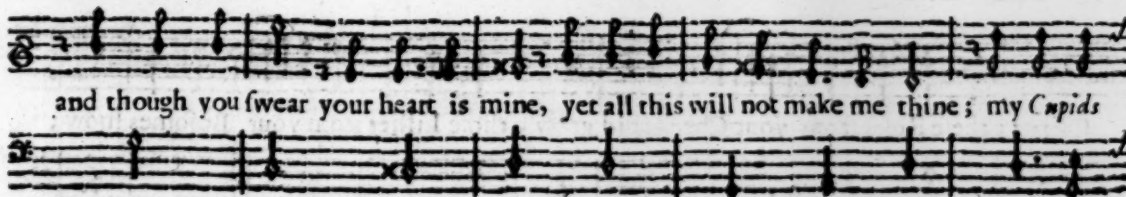
III.

Your Eyes like Suns I know can be
As warm to any as to me,
And yet you blush not oft to say
You love but the Platonick way ;
Love how you will, and when you please,
My heart shall sleep and take it's ease.

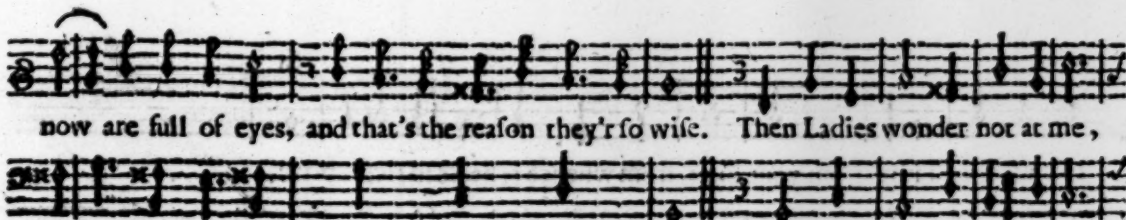


Liberty.

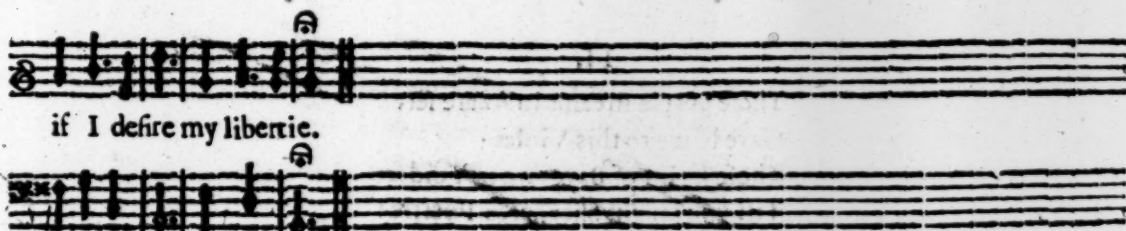
Hough thou hast Wit and Beauty too, enough to make a Hermit wooe,



and though you swear your heart is mine, yet all this will not make me thine; my *Cupids*



now are full of eyes, and that's the reason they'r so wise. Then Ladies wonder not at me,



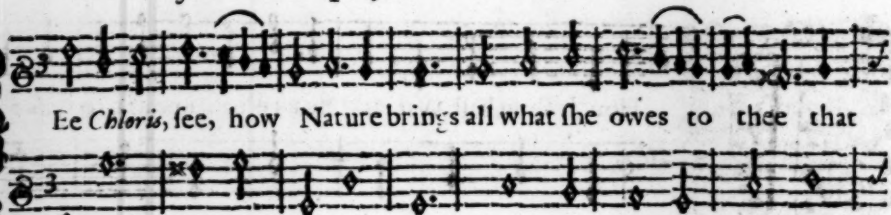
if I desire my libertie.

II.

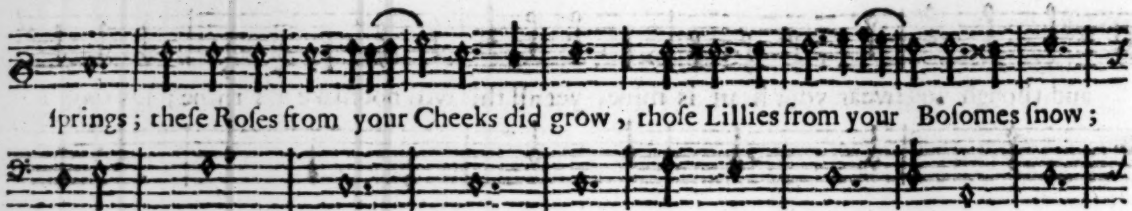
'Tis time to call my passions in,
That have so long in darkness bin;
For now I see you only play
To win a heart and so away;
She that can number all her store
Of servants, now is very poor:
Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

III.

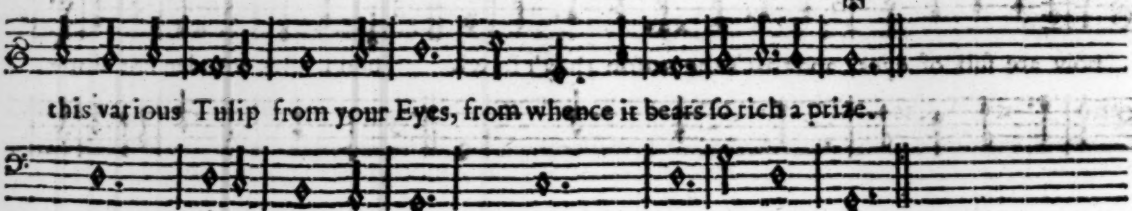
Spring-garden is the Market-place
Where men are brought up for a face;
Some with their hands, some with their eyes,
Catch any new thing for a prize;
That Lady now grows poor and pines,
Who wants her slaves to dig her mines.
Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

A Pot of Flowers presented to Chloris.

Ee Chloris, see, how Nature brings all what she owes to thee that



springs; these Roses from your Cheeks did grow, those Lillies from your Bosomes snow;



this various Tulip from your Eyes, from whence it bears so rich a prize.

II.

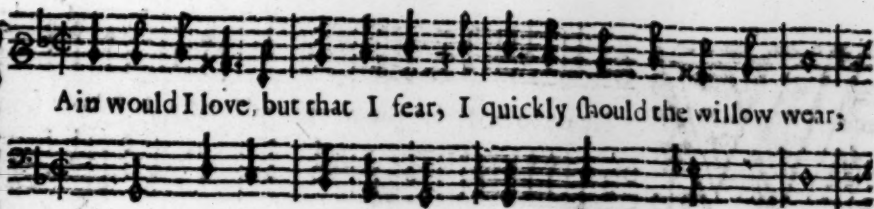
Those purple streams in Azure set,
Gave being to this Violet;
These sprigs of Bayes we ne'r did see
Till you taught *Shepherds Poetrie*:
And all these flowers of purest red
Sprung up where once your finger bled.

III.

These Pansyes which so low do creep,
Grew up one Night where you did sleep;
So did these Poppyes, and from thence
They have their sleepy influence;
And all their leaves became thus green
In hope by you they should be seen.

IV.

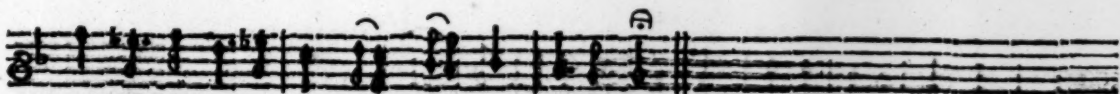
And here I bring them in an *Alm*
Of water, which themselves did mourn,
Fearing to wyther and grow drye
By too much Sun-shine of your Eye;
For if your Beams the World inflame,
Poor things, they needs must feel the same.

A doubt resolv'd.

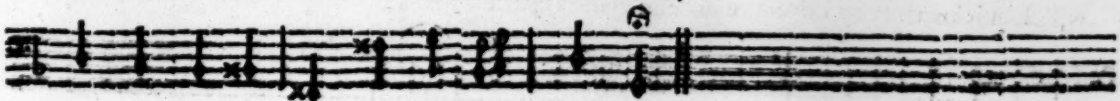
Fain would I love, but that I fear, I quickly should the willow wear;



Fain would I marry, but men say, when Love is ry'd, he will away: Then tell me Love,



what shall I doe, to cure these Fears when e're I woove?



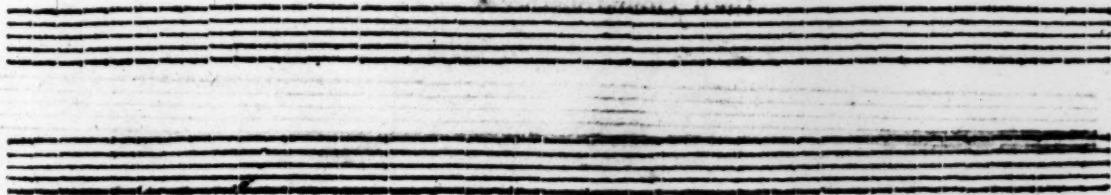
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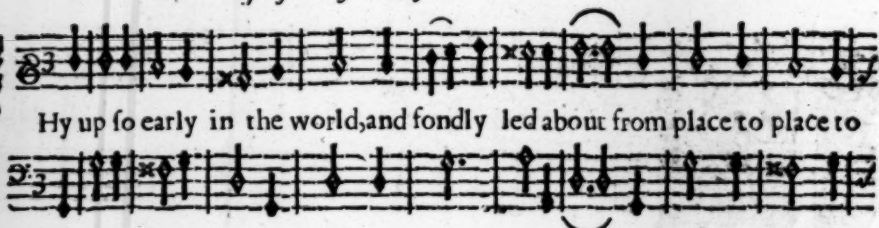
The Fair one she's a mark to all;
The Brown one each doth Lovely call;
The Black's a pearl in Fair mens Eyes;
The rest will stoop to any prize.
Then tell me love, &c.

III.

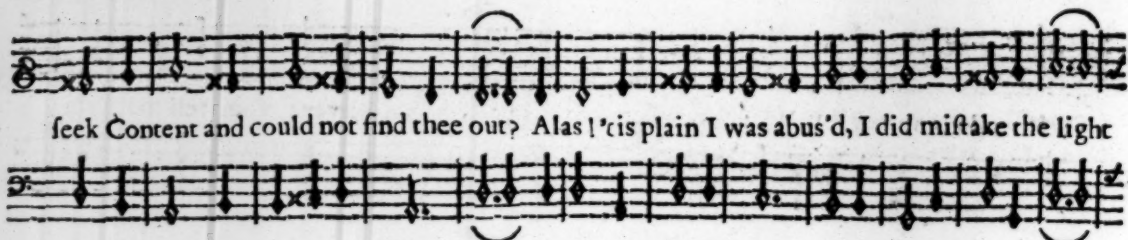
Reply.

Young Lover, know it is not I
That wound with Fear or calousie;
Nor do men ever feel those smart
Until they have confin'd their hearts:
Then if you'll cure your Fears, you shall
Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all.

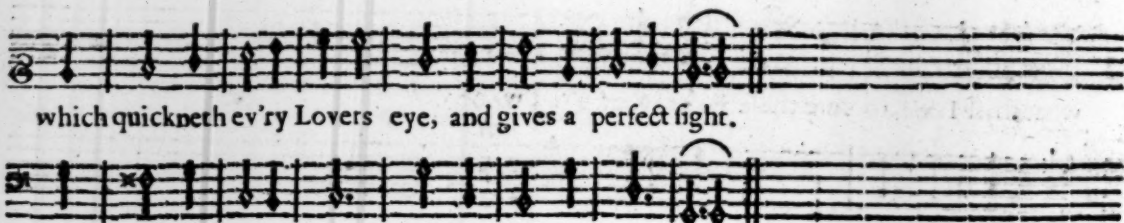


To the first object of Content.

Hy up so early in the world, and fondly led about from place to place to



seek Content and could not find thee out? Alas! 'tis plain I was abus'd, I did mistake the light



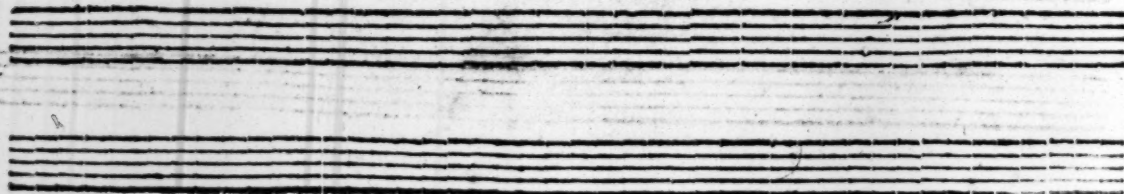
which quickneth ev'ry Lovers eye, and gives a perfect sight.

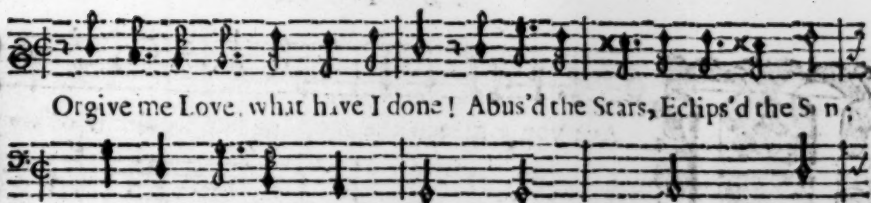
II.

Thou art the only Star that can
Direct us where to find
The way which I so long have sought
To ease a troubled mind;
Each limb of thine's so full of grace
They ravish ev'ry Eye,
And all the Musick that we know
Is from their Harmony.

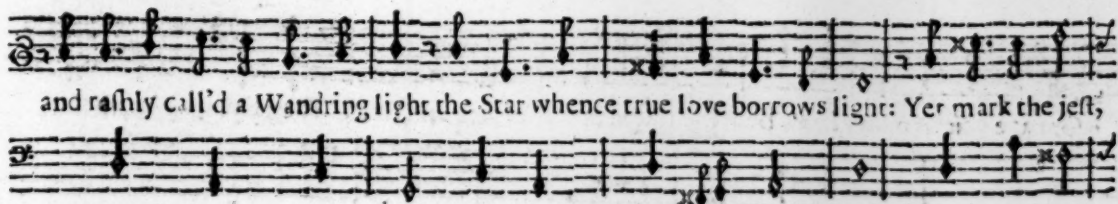
III.

'Tis You alone that do create
The Beauties of the Spring,
Those Shadows which from You reflect
Adorneth ev'ry thing;
Philosophers may govern Fools,
But shall not tutor mee,
For now I find that I was blind
Until I found out thee.

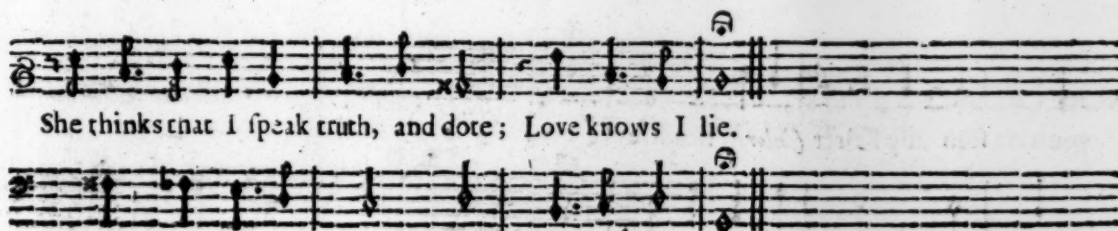


A Recantation.

Orgive me Love, what have I done ! Abus'd the Stars, Eclips'd the Sun ;



and rashly call'd a Wandring light the Star whence true love borrows light: Yet mark the jest,



She thinks that I speak truth, and dote ; Love knows I lie.

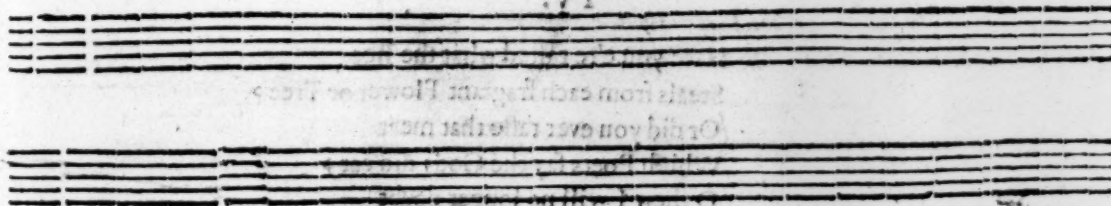
II.

Will you not give men leave to sport,
Alas, my heart commands a fort,
Whence all the artillery of your Eyes
Can make no breach, much lesse a prize:
How subtle Ladies now are grown !
Yet caught in Engines of their own.

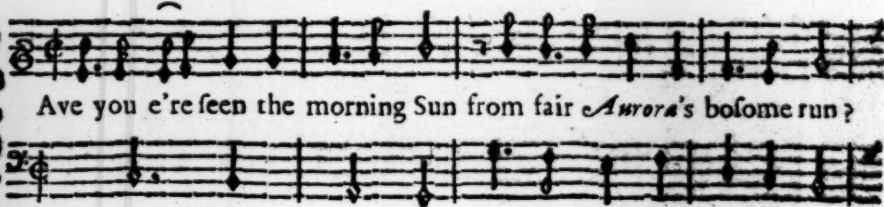
III.

My heart's no Coward, you shall see,
To yield, because you shot at mee ;
A man o're come so quickly may
Be taken pris'ner every day :
Then Lady boast not of your prize,
My heart still in his castle lyes.

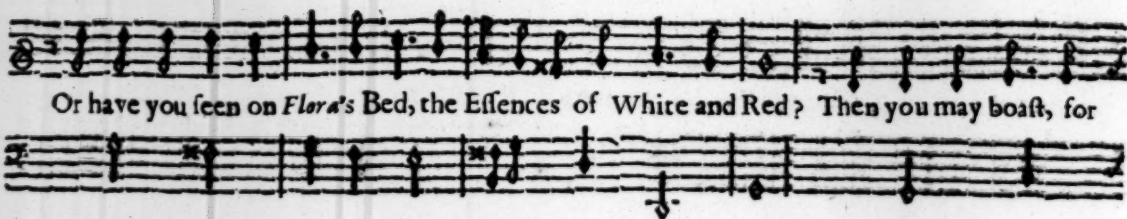
VI



A description of Chloris.



Ave you e're seen the morning Sun from fair *Aurora's* bosome run?



Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed, the Essences of White and Red? Then you may boast, for



you have seen my Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

II.

Have you e're pleas'd your skilful eares
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
Have you e're heard, the Syrens sing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hells black King?
If so, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou hast heard my *Chloris* voyce.

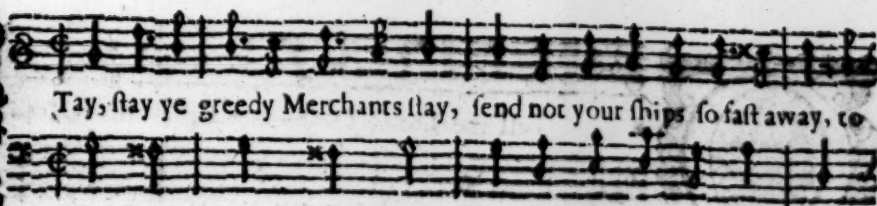
III.

Have you e're smelt what Chymick skill
From Rose or Amber doth distill?
Have you been near that sacrifice
The Phoenix makes before she dies?
Then you can tell (I do presume)
My *Chloris* is the worlds perfume.

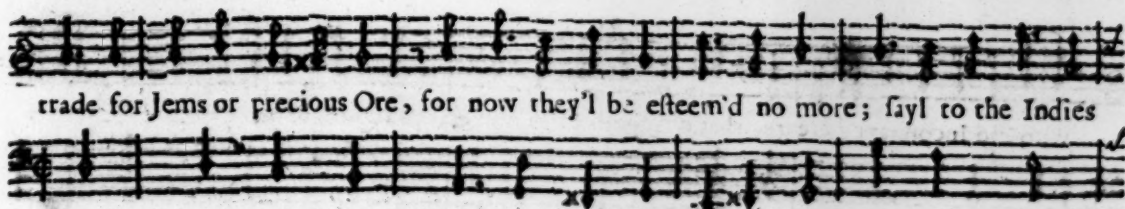
IV.

Have you e're tasted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
Or did you ever taste that meat
Which Poets say the Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

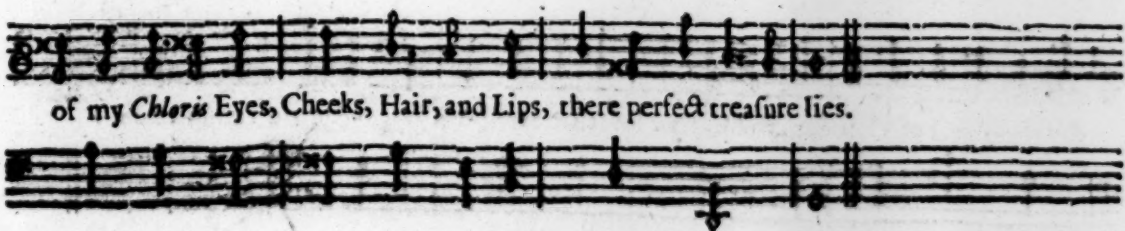
Chloris a constant comfort.



Tay, stay ye greedy Merchants stay, send not your ships so fast away, to



trade for Jems or precious Ore, for now they'l be esteem'd no more; sayl to the Indies



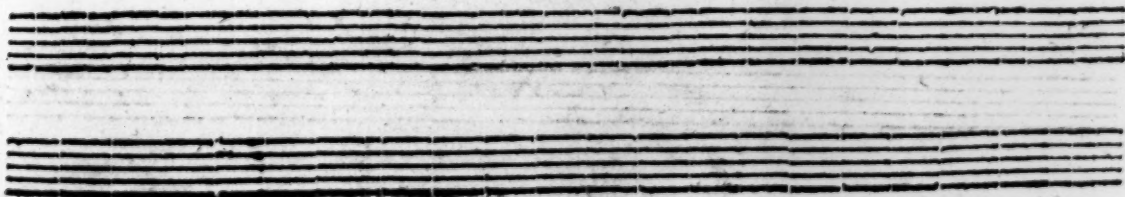
of my *Chloris* Eyes, Cheeks, Hair, and Lips, there perfect treasure lies.

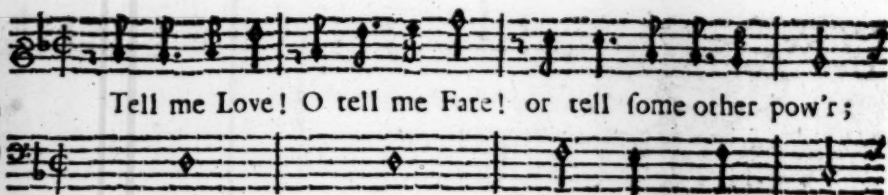
II.

Com here Loves Hereticks that can
 Beleive ther's no true joy for man,
 See what refined pleasure flies
 From ev'ry motion of her eyes;
 Gaze on my *Chloris* freely, then go tell
 To all the world where true Content dorth dwell.

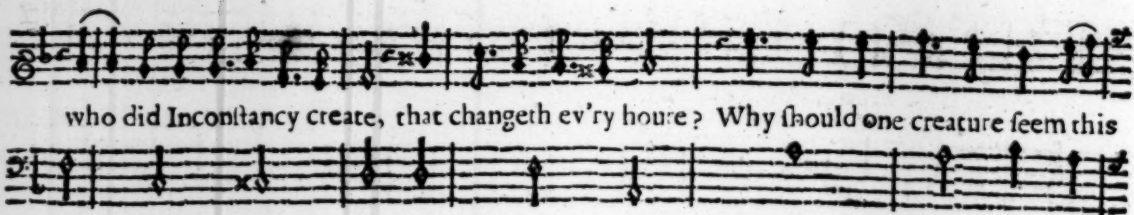
III.

Forgive me Heavens if I adore
 Your Sun, or Moon, or Stars; or more;
 Those often are eclips'd, and can
 As soon destroy as cherish man:
 But *Chloris* like a constant comfort shines,
 Not only to our Bodies but our Mindes.

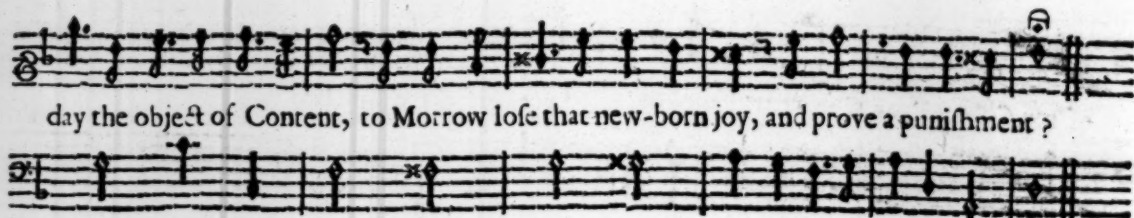


Inconstancy.

Tell me Love! O tell me Fare! or tell some other pow'r;



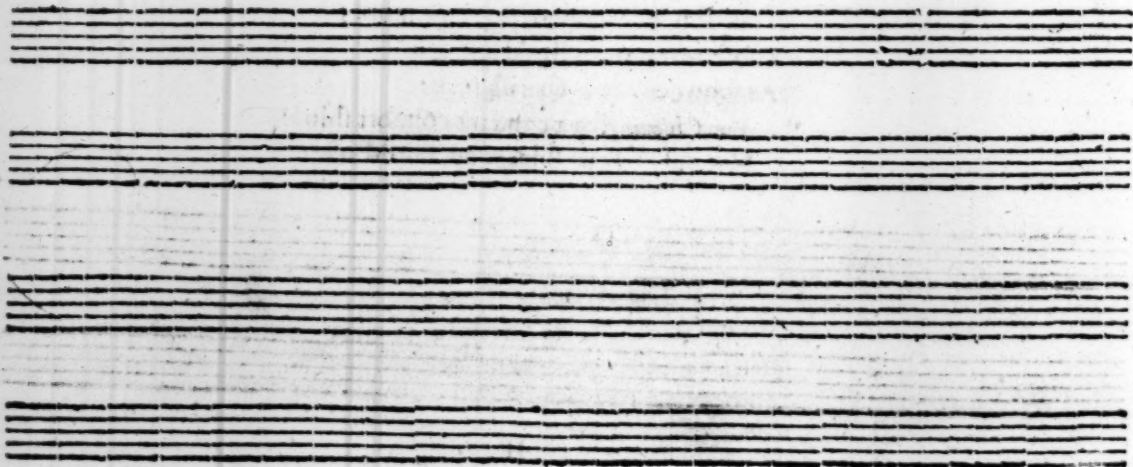
who did Inconstancy create, that changeth ev'ry houre? Why should one creature seem this



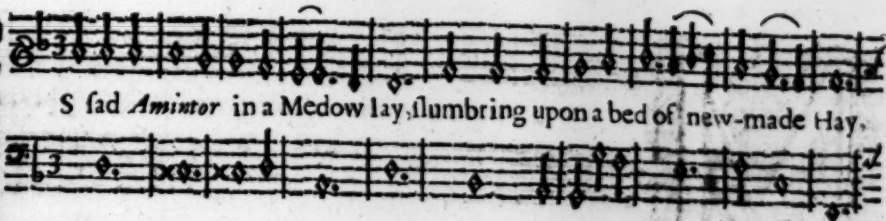
day the object of Content, to Morrow lose that new-born joy, and prove a punishment?

II.

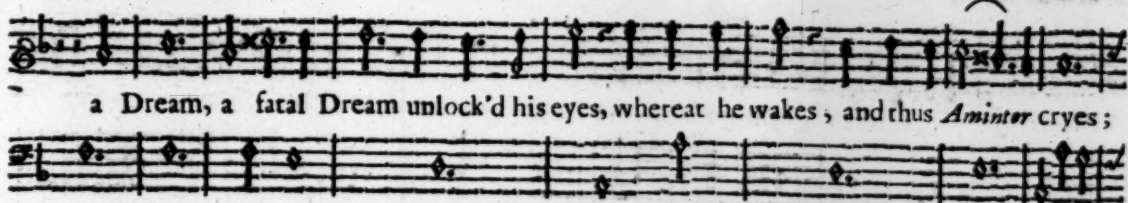
Fair Shapes and gilded Honours raise
 Rebellion in our hearts;
 Then blame not *Cupid* if he shoot
 Such sev'ral sorts of darts:
 Such sullen miseries as these
 Will wait on fickle Love;
 Be thou a Saint it is decreed
 She must inconstant prove.



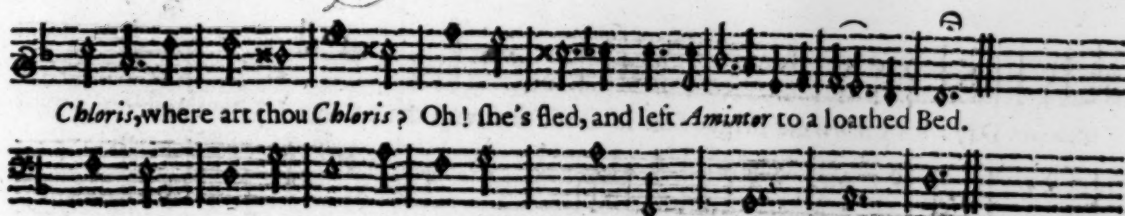
Amintor's Dream.



S sad *Amintor* in a Meadow lay, slumbring upon a bed of new-made Hay.



a Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his eyes, whereat he wakes, and thus *Amintor* cries;



Chloris, where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! she's fled, and left *Amintor* to a loathed Bed.

II.

Heark how the Winds conspire with storm and rain
To stop her course, and beat her back again:
Heark how the heavens chide her in her way
For robbing poor *Amintor* of his joy:
And yet she comes not. *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
And left *Amintor* to a loathed bed.

III.

Come *Chloris* come, see where *Amintor* lies,
Just as you left him, but with sadder Eyes;
Bring back that heart which thou hast stoln from me,
That Lovers may record thy Constancie:
O no she will not. *Chloris*, O she's fled!
And left *Amintor*, &c.

IV.

O lend me (Love) thy wings that I may flye
Into her bosome, take my leave, and dye:
What comfort have I now ith' world since she
That was my world of joy is gone from me,
My Love, my *Chloris*: *Chloris*, O she's fled
And left *Amintor* to, &c.

Here Endeth the Ayres for One Voice

V.

Awake *Amintor* from this dream, for she
Hath too much goodnesse to be false to thee!
Think on her Oathes, her Vows, her Sighes, her Tears,
And those will quickly satisfie thy fears.
No no, *Amintor*, *Chloris* is not fled,
But will return into thy longing Bed.

Chloris dead, lamented by Amintor.



Mourn, mourn with me, all true Enamour'd hearts, and Shepherds

throw your pipes away: *Cupid* go burn thy Arrows and thy Darts, let Night for e---ver

smother Day: for *Chloris* our bright Sun is dead, and with her all our joys are fled.

II.

Love is with grief congeal'd into a Stone,
And o're my *Chloris* grave she lies;
Where round about the Graces sit and moan,
Neglecting other Deities:
The valleys where her flocks she fed
Are drown'd with tears since she is fled.

III.

Then follow me, where comfort never shin'd;
Down, down into some darker Cell;
There see *Amintor* weep, till he grow blind
And comfortless for ever dwell:
The Gods I fear will soon repent
This universall punishment.

Here Endeth the AYRES for One Voyce
to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Bass-Viol*.

A Dialogue on a KISSE.

For two Trebles.



Question.

Mong thy Fancies tell me this, What is the thing we call a Kiss?

Resol.

I shall resolve you what it is: It is a creature born and bred betwixt the lips all cherry-red, by love and

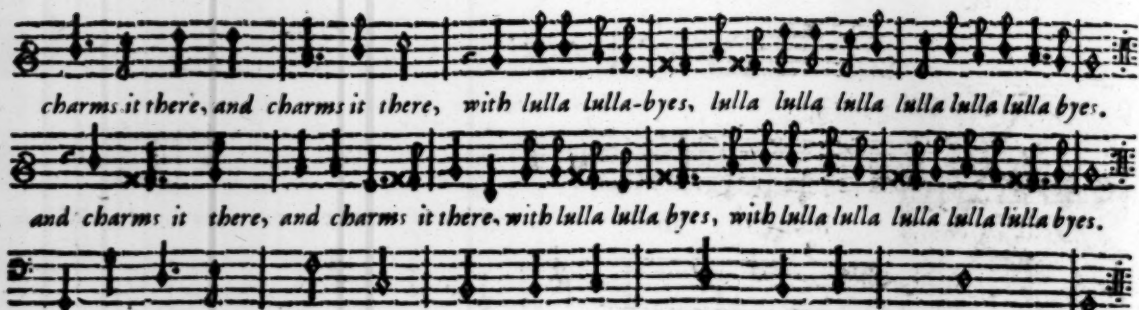
[Chorus both together.]

warm and warm desires fed; And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more

And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more

sweet the Bridal bed. It is an active flame that flies first to the Babies of the Eyes, and

sweet the Bridal bed.



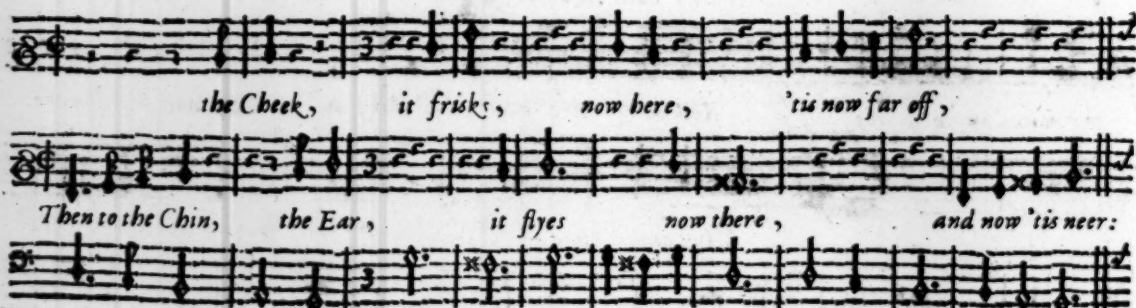
charms it there, and charms it there, with lulla lulla-byes, lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla byes.

and charms it there, and charms it there, with lulla lulla byes, with lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla byes.

Chorus.

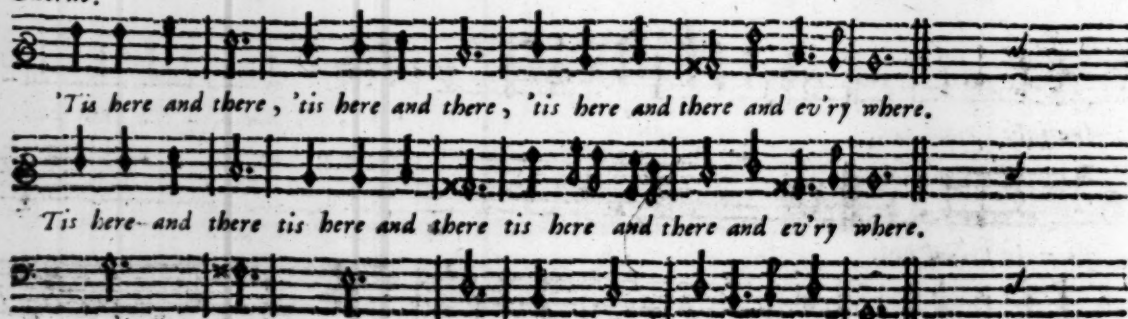

And stills the Bride, and stills the Bride, and stills the Bride too when she cries.

And stills the Bride, and stills the Bride, and stills the Bride too when she cries.




the Cheek, it frisks, now here, 'tis now far off,

Then to the Chin, the Ear, it flies now there, and now 'tis near:

Chorus.


'Tis here and there, 'tis here and there, 'tis here and there and ev'ry where.

'Tis here and there 'tis here and there 'tis here and there and ev'ry where.



Tes, *do you but this, part your joy'nd lips then speak the kifs:*

Has it a voycing vertue? How speaks it then?

Chorus.


And this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweet, and this Love sweetest language is.

And this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweetest language is.



I, and wings, with thousand various co-lourings, and as it flyes it sweetly sweetly sings,

Has it a Body? and as it flyes it sweetly sings,

Chorus.


Love hony yields but never stings! And as it flyes it sweetly sings, Love hony yields but never stings.

Love hony yields but never stings! And as it flyes it sweetly sings, Love hony yields but never stings.

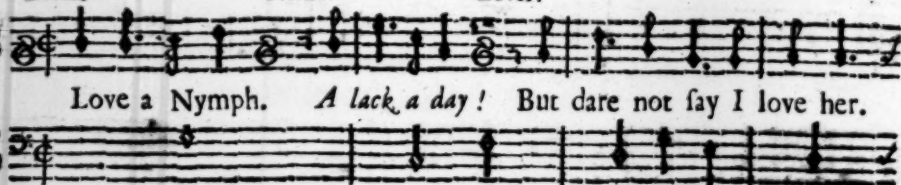
A Dialogue between a LOVER and his FRIEND.

For two Trebles.

Lover.

Friend.

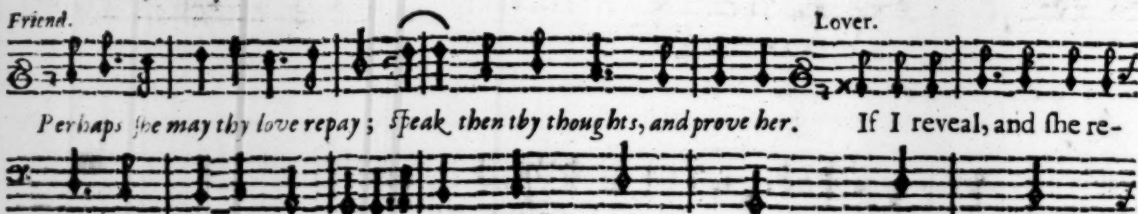
Lover.



Love a Nymph. A lack a day! But dare not say I love her.

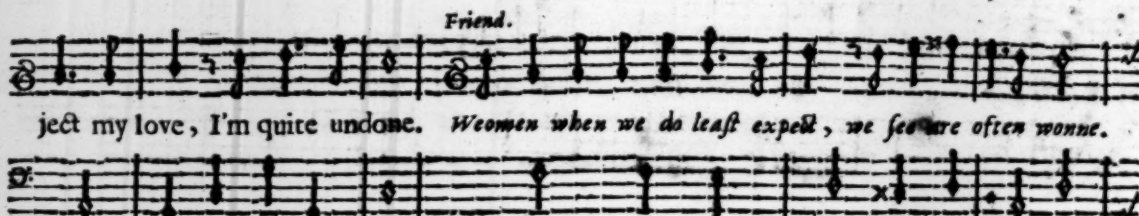
Friend.

Lover.



Perhaps she may thy love repay; speak then thy thoughts, and prove her. If I reveal, and she re-

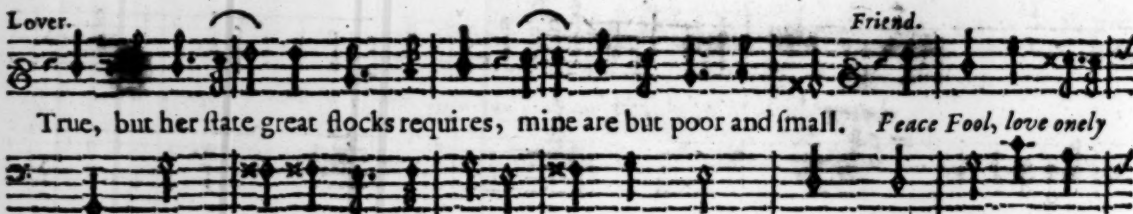
Friend.



ject my love, I'm quite undone. Weomen when we do least expect, we see are often wonne.

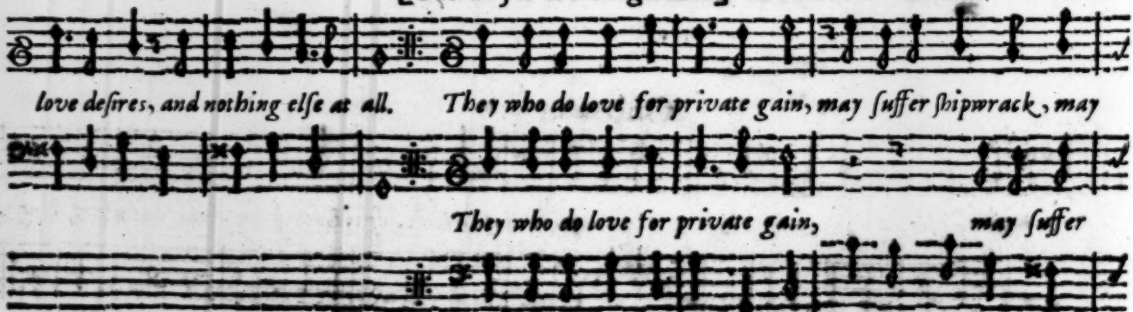
Lover.

Friend.



True, but her state great flocks requires, mine are but poor and small. Peace Fool, love onely

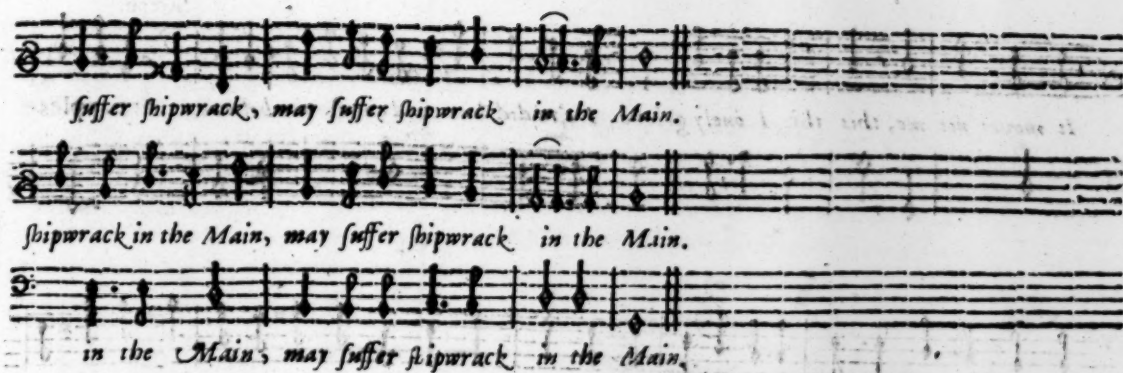
[Chorus for three together.]



love desires, and nothing else at all. They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwrack, may

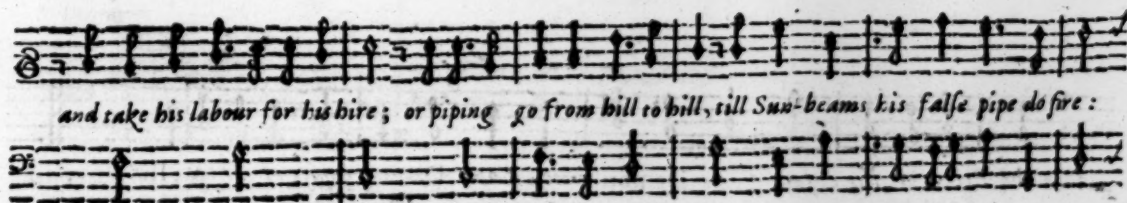
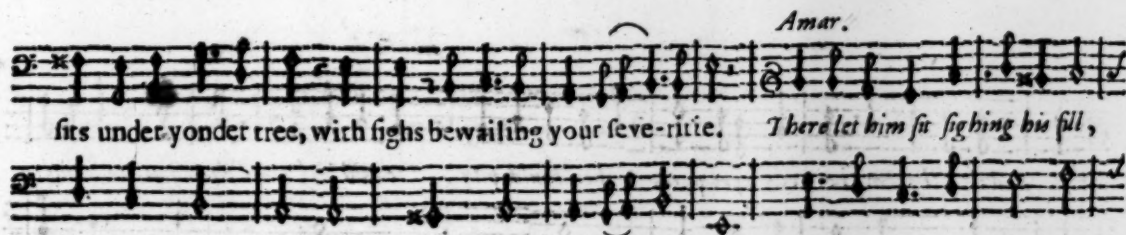
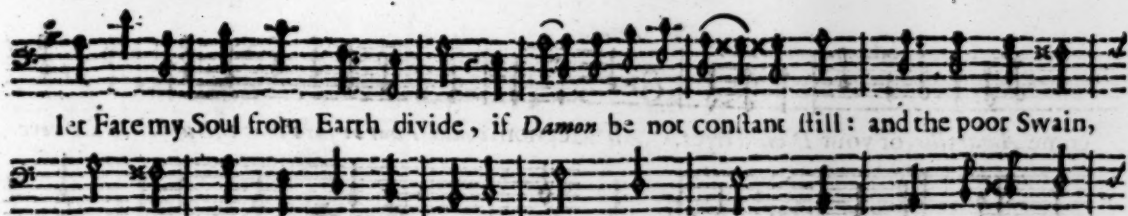
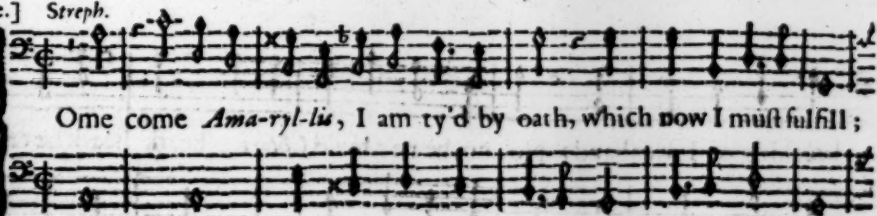
They who do love for private gain, may suffer

They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwrack.

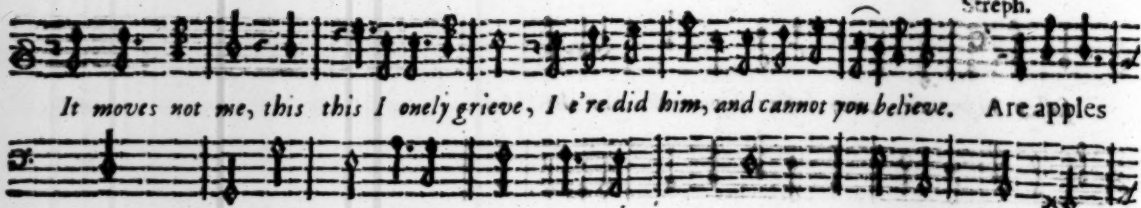


A Dialogue. STREPHON — AMARYLLIS.

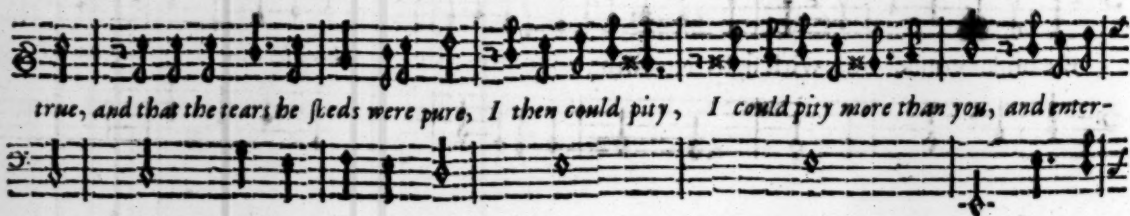
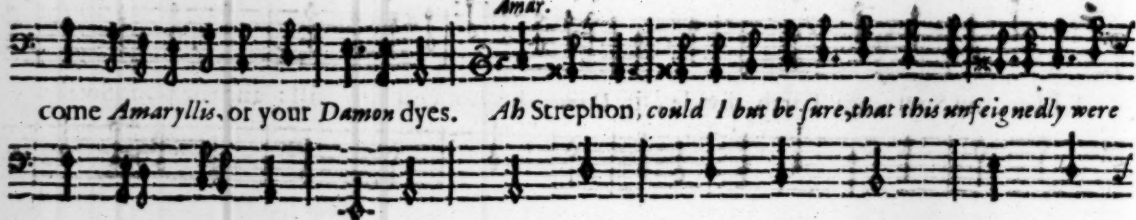
[For a Bass and Treble.] *Stroph.*



Stroph.



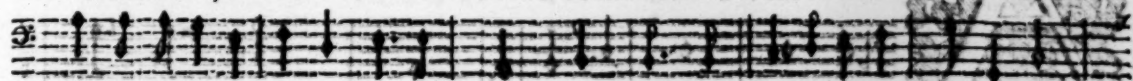
Amar.



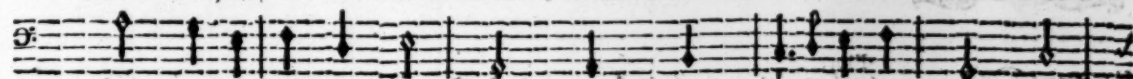
Chorus.



Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whose Life was almost into Cinders burn'd.



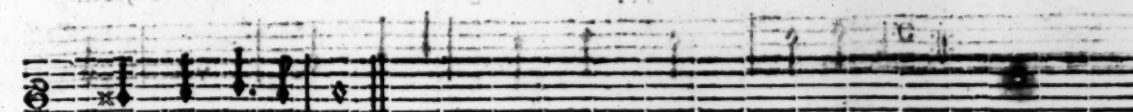
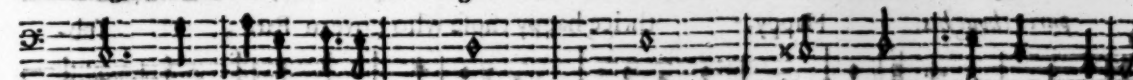
Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whose Life was almost into Cinders burn'd.



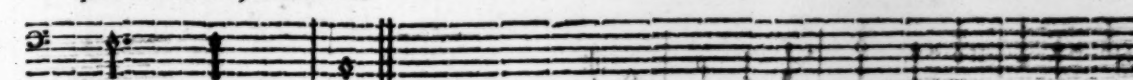
the gods will Lovers crown though sooner we can kindle love, can kindle love, than



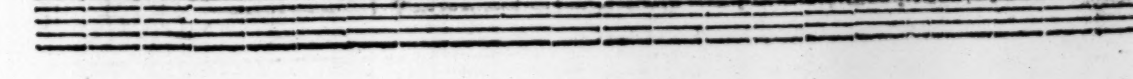
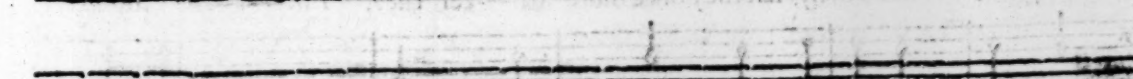
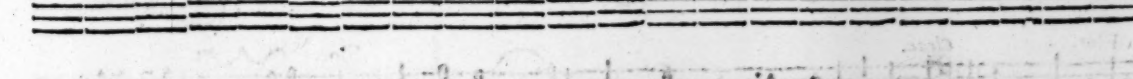
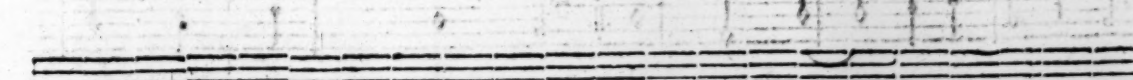
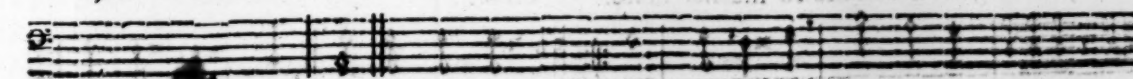
the gods will Lovers crown, though sooner we can kindle love, then quench love



quench loves jea-lou-sie.



jea — lou — sie.



A Dialogue. CLEANDER ——— FLORAMELL.

[For a Tenor and Treble.] *Clea.*

Flor.

Clea.



Wake, awake, fair *Floramell*. *I doe.* But who freed thee from

Flor.
this enchanted spell? 'Twas you, such heav'nly Chymistry you taught, from earth sublim'd my

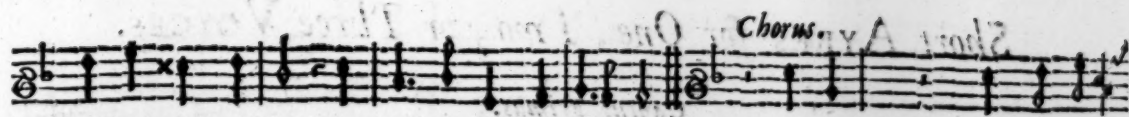
Chorus both together.

purser thoughts. Happy, thrice happy those who govern Fate, sub-
Happy, thrice happy those who govern who govern Fate, subjecting

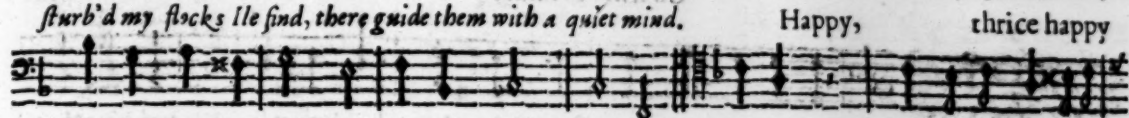
subjecting greater Mindes to meaner State. *Clea.*
jecting greater Mindes to meaner State. And how appears Earths glories now?

Flor. *Clea.* *Flor.*
They'r gone. Then on, fly, lest they once more da---zel thee. *I R* ——— *un and undi-*



Chorus.




sturb'd my flocks I find, there guide them with a quiet mind. Happy, thrice happy



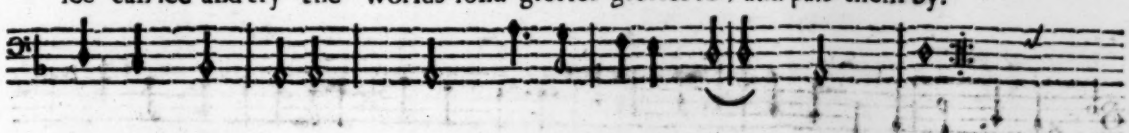
Happy, thrice happy those can

those can see and try the worlds fond glories so, and pass them by.




see can see and try the worlds fond glories glories so, and pass them by.



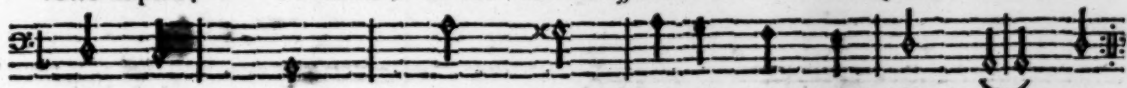
Clean. *Flor.* *Clean.*




But tell me, Canst thou thus retire? *I can.* But when? Will not those hasty

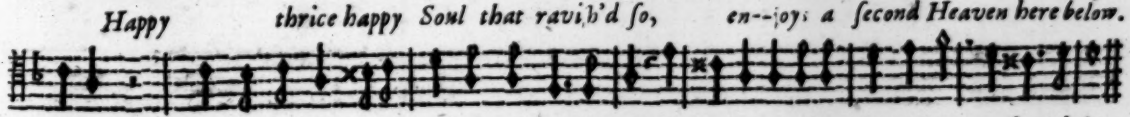
vows expire? Fond man, 'tis now the Souls affections more *Ethereal flames, diviner love.*




Chorus.



Happy thrice happy Soul that ravih'd so, en--joys a second Heaven here below.

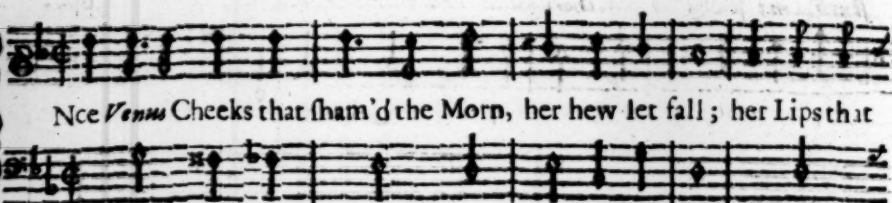


Happy thrice happy Soul that ravih'd that ravih'd so, enjoys a second a second Heaven here below.

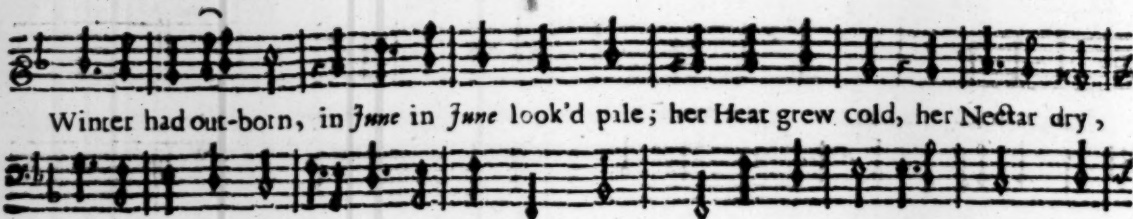


Short AYRES for One, Two, or Three VOYCES.

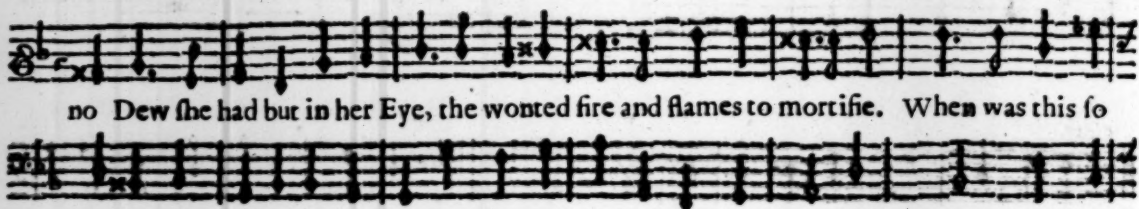
CANTUS PRIMUS.



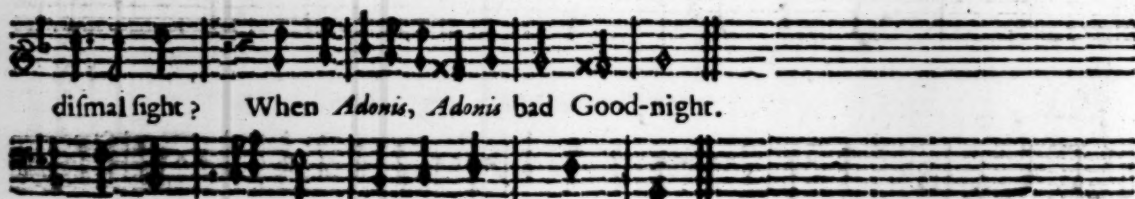
Nce *Venus* Cheeks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that



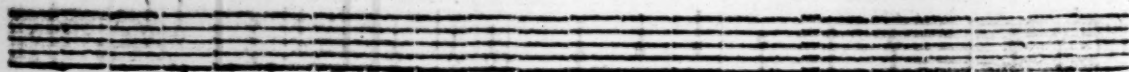
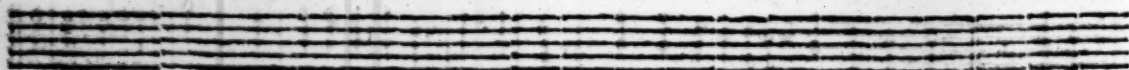
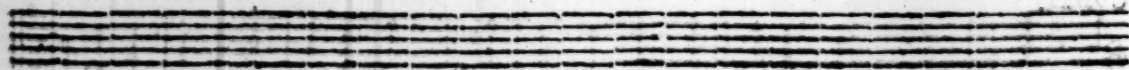
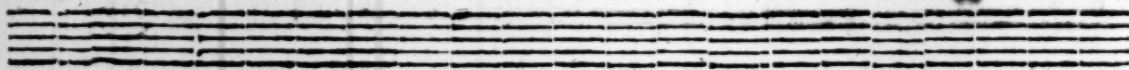
Winter had out-born, in *June* in *June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold, her Nectar dry,



no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie. When was this so



dismal sight? When *Adonis*, *Adonis* bad Good-night.



When was this so dismal sight? When *Adonis* *Adonis* bad Good-night.
 her Nectar dry, no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie.
 Winter had out-born, in *June* in *June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,
 Nce *Venus* Cheeks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that

CANTUS SECONDUS. 3. Voc.

3. Voc. Basses.

Nce *Venus* Cheeks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; Lips that
 Winter had out-born, in *June* in *June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,
 her Nectar dry, no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie,
 When was this so dismal sight? When *Adonis* *Adonis* bad Good-night.

*A 1. 2. or 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.*

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so

often, and yet do so still, that now each Swain can flout mee;

and with nimble taunts can say, Sure this is some Bird of May.

Sure this is some Bird of May.

Still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can say,

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so

often, and yet do so still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can say,

Sure this is some Bird of May.

Still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can say,

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so

often, and yet do so still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can say,

Sure this is some Bird of May.

Sure this is some Bird of May.

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so

still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can say,

Sure this is some Bird of May.

Sure this is some Bird of May.

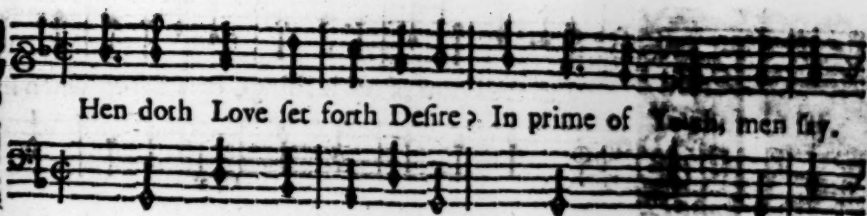
Sure this is some Bird of May.

Sure this is some Bird of May.

Sure this is some Bird of May.

Al. 2. or 3. Voc.

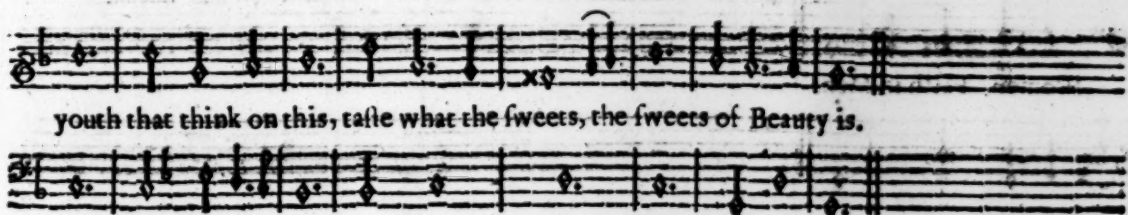
Cantus Primus.



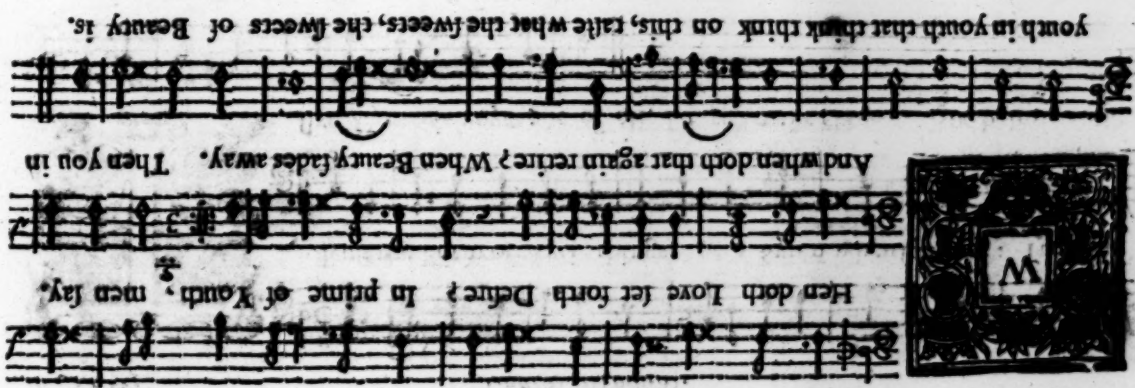
Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth, men say.



And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in



youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.



youth in youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away. Then you in

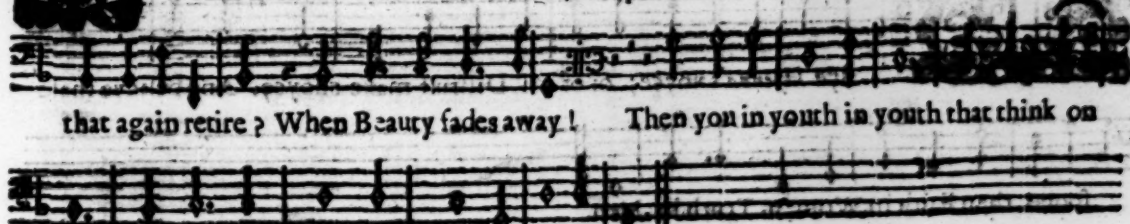
Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth, men say.

Cantus Secundus.

Al. 3. Voc.



Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth men, say. And when doth



that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in youth that think on

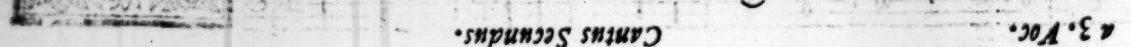
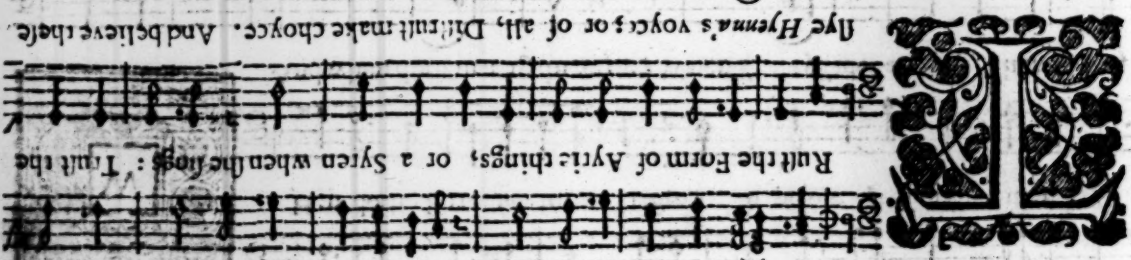
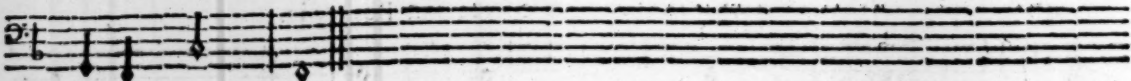
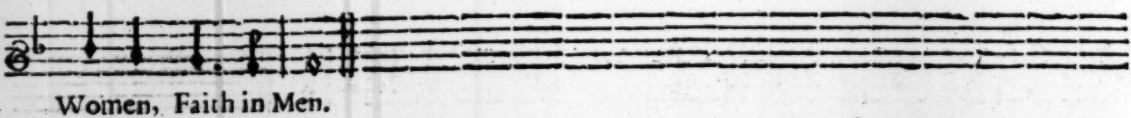
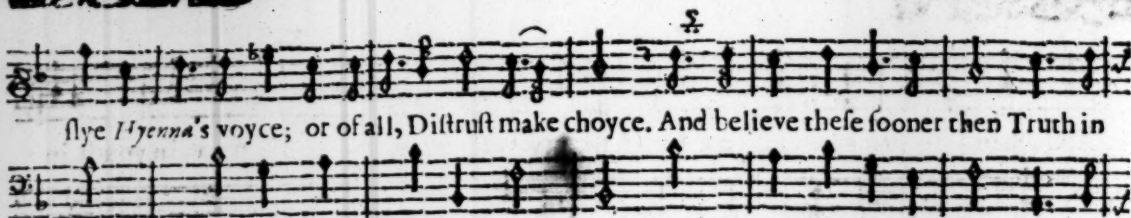


this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

M

Cantus primus.

Trust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the

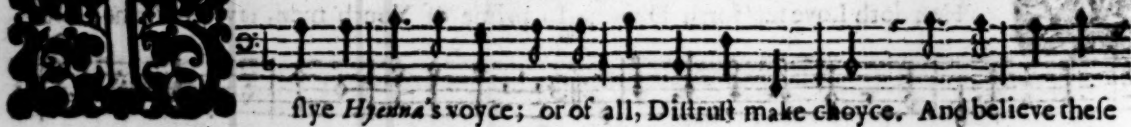
*Cantus Secundus.*

a 3. Voc.

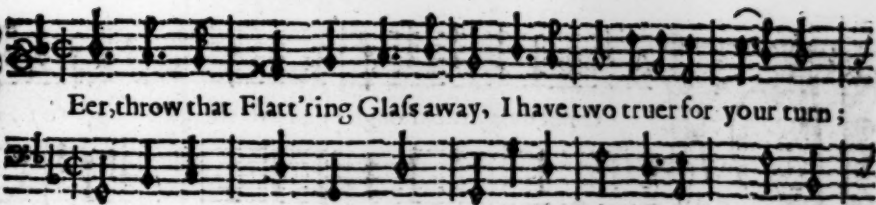
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Trust the Form of Ayrie things, or the Syren when she sings: Trust the



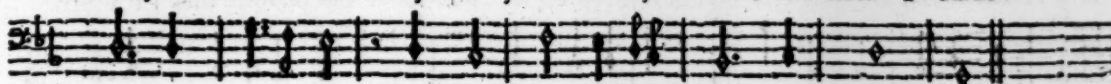
sooner then Faith in Women, Truth in Men.

Cantus Primus.

Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn;



these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

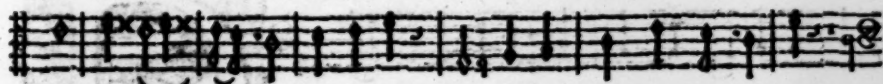


II.

Ah ! could you but as plainly there
My Faith as your owne Face descry,
You'd gaze your self no other where,
And burn (perhaps) as well as I:



these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how I blaze, and how you burn.



Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn;

*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc.

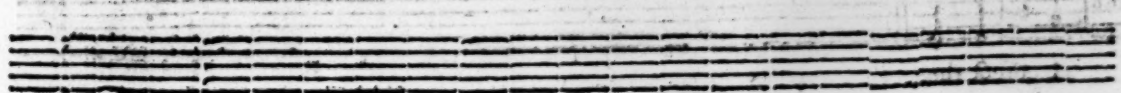
a. 3. Voc.

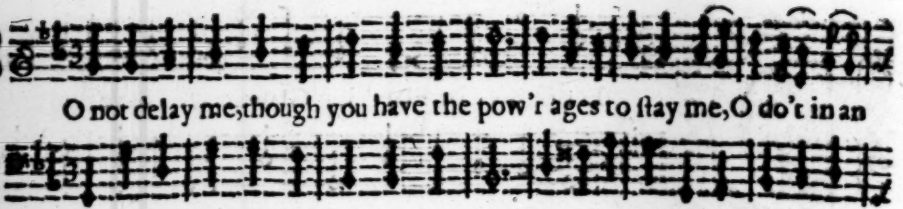
Bassus.

Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn; these

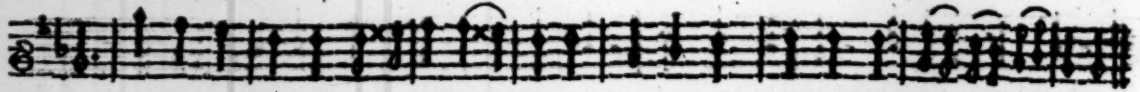


Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

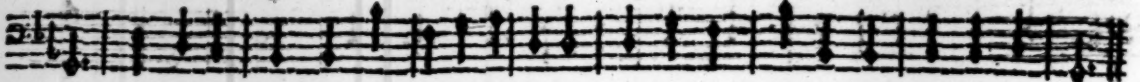


Cantus Primus.

O not delay me, though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in an



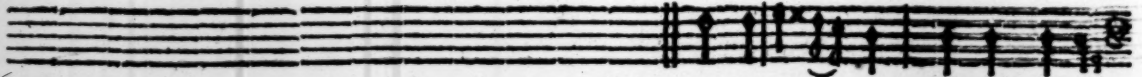
hour. Then do not slight me, O do not reject me! Say not what might be, since thus I affect thee.



II.

No bodies stirring, O none that can hear thee!
Then leave demurring, since I am so near thee.
This is the season each Bird is a building,
You that have reason, O be not unwilling!

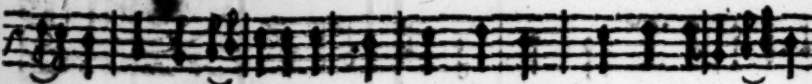
might be, since thus I affect thee.



an hour. Then do not slight me, O do not reject me! Say not what



O not delay me though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in

*Cantus Secundus.*

a 3. Voc.

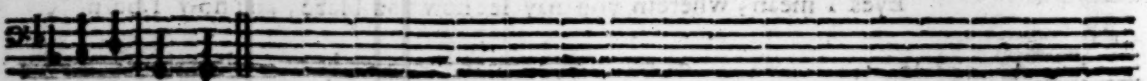
a 3. Voc.

Bassus.

O not delay me though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in an hour.



Then do not slight me, O do not reject me. Say not what might be, since thus



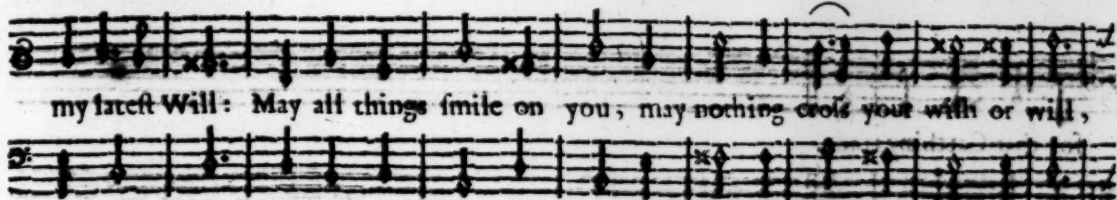
I affect thee.

A 1. 2. or 3. Voc.

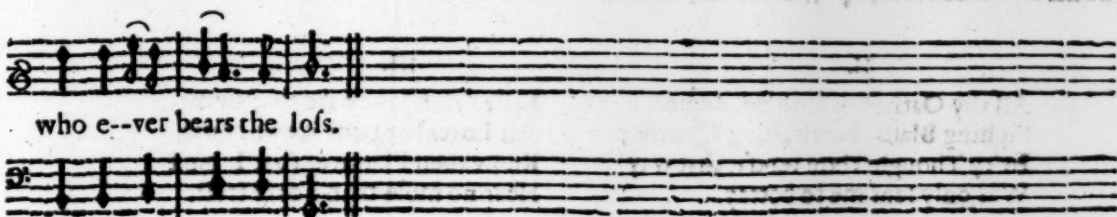
Cantus Primus.



If you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read



my latest Will: May all things smile on you; may nothing cross your wish or will,



who e--ver bears the loss.

II.

May Fortunes wheel be ever in your hand,
That you may never Sue, but still Command;
And to these blessings, may your Beauty still
Be fresh, and pow'rfull, both to save, and kill.

May all things smile on you, may nothing cross your wish or will, who ever bears the loss.



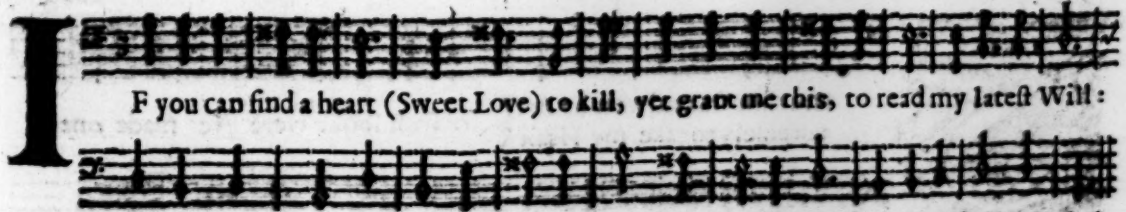
If you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read my latest Will:

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A 3. Voc.

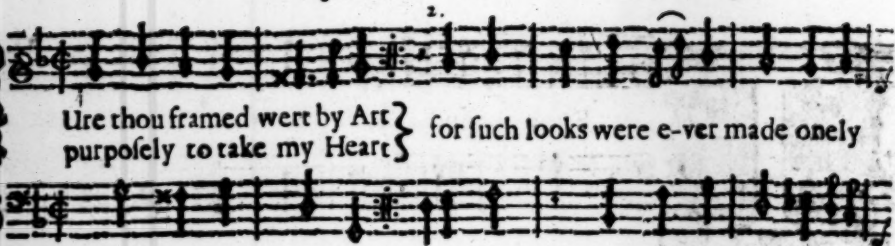
Bass.



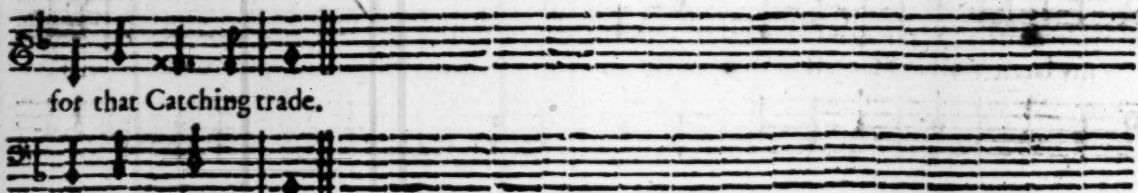
If you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read my latest Will:

May all things smile on you, may nothing cross your wish or will, who ever bears the loss,

N

Cantus primus.

Ure thou framed wert by Art } for such looks were e-ver made onely
purposely to take my Heart }



for that Catching trade.

II.

All thy Oathes and folded Armes,
Sighing Blatts, bewitching Charms;
Ev'ry Thought thou tend'it that way
Was only lent me to betray.

III.

Falſe (alaſs) they are that ſwear,
All Loves bargains are not dear.
Know then Flatterer that I muſt
Hear no more than I dare truſt.

IV.

You may promiſe, ſwear, and ſay,
What perhaps you mean to day;
But e're Morrows Sun be ſet,
You another Love will get.

V.

Had'ſt thou left me then untide
Thou had'ſt never been denide,
And I wiſh (for Maidens ſake)
None e're better bargain make.

for that Catching trade.



Ure thou framed wert by Art } for ſuch looks were ever made onely
purpoſely to take my Heart }

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

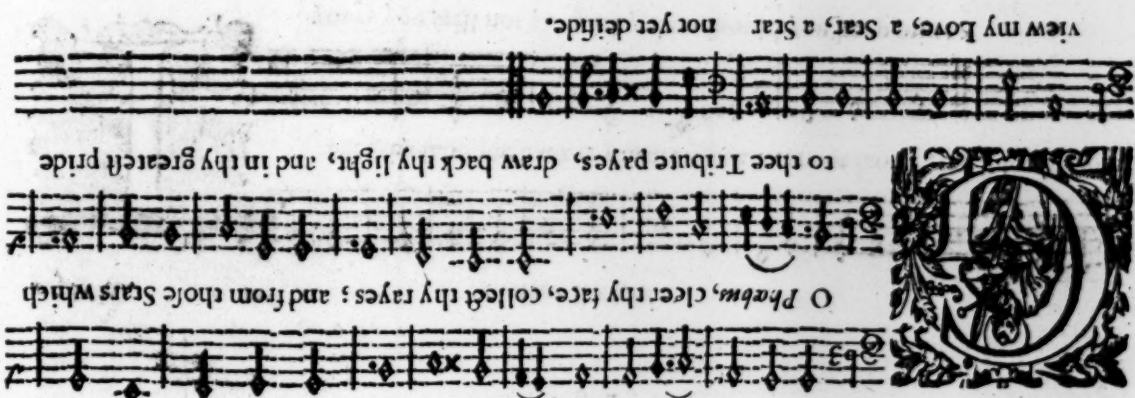
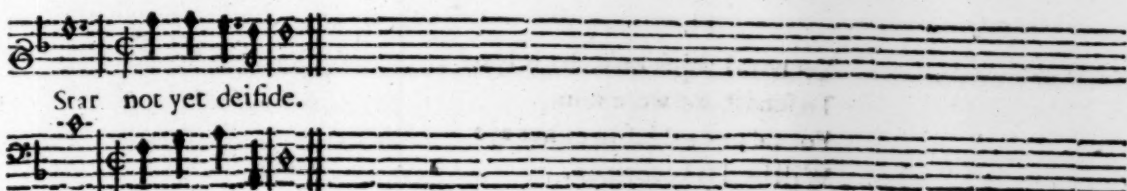
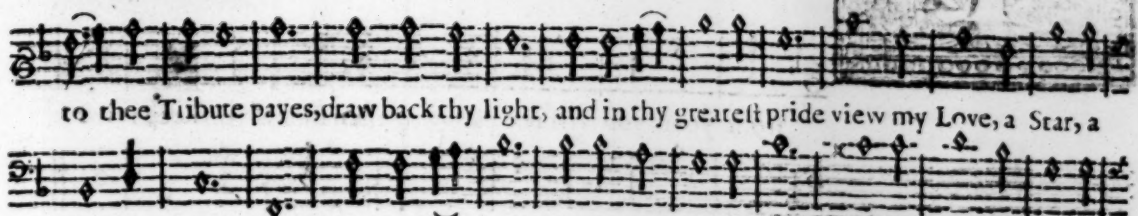
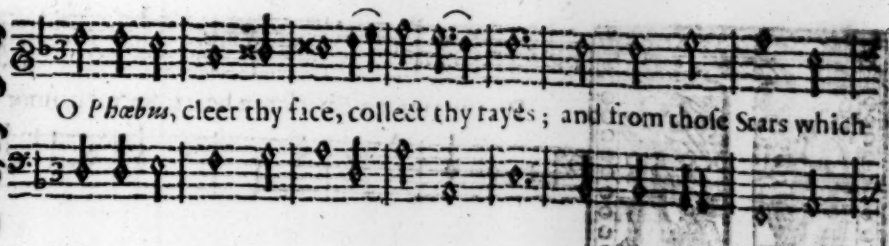
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ure thou framed wert by Art } for ſuch looks were ever made onely
purpoſely to take my Heart }

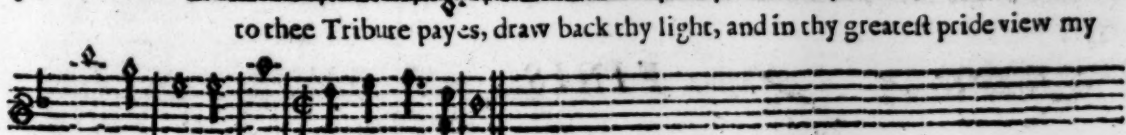
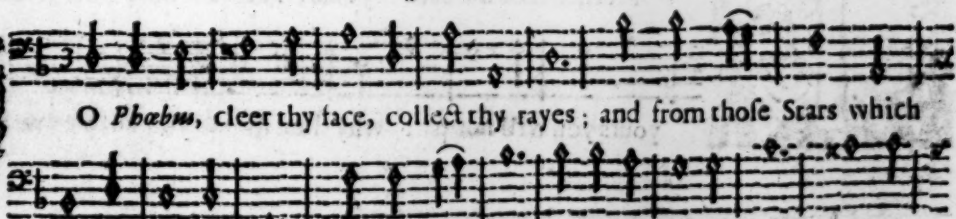
for that Catching trade.

Al. 2. or 3. Voc.

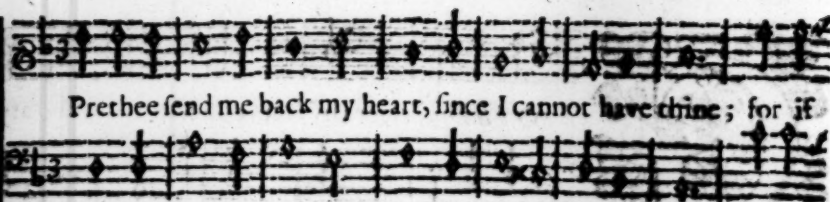
Cantus Primus.*Cantus Secundus.*

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

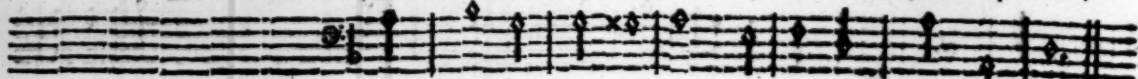
Love, a Star, a Star not yet deifide.

Cantus primus.

Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if



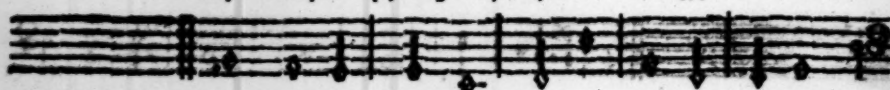
from yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?



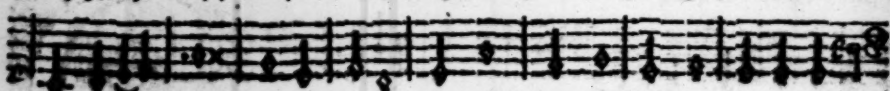
11.

Yet now I think on't, let it lye,
To send it me were vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Will steal it back again.

yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?



Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if from



Cantus secundus.

3. Voc.

3. Voc.

Bassus.



Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if from



yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

FINIS.

A Table of the *Ayres* and *Dialogues* contained in this Book: With the Names of the Authors of the Words.

A. A s sad Amintor in a Medow lay,	27	
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A Catalogue of Musick Books sold by John Playford at his Shop in the Temple.

Books for Vocal Musick.

1. *Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5, and 6 Voyces.*
2. *Orlando Gibon's Madrigals of 5 Voc.*
3. *Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voc.*
4. *Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute the Italian way, print. 1639.*
5. *Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo Lute: Printed 1657.*
6. *Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chapple at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.*
7. *Select Ayres & Dialogues by D. Wilton Dr. Coleman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Printed 1652.*
8. *Ayres & Dialogues by Mr Henry Lawes,*
viz. his { First Book fol. printed 1653.
 Second Book fol. printed 1655.
 Third Book fol. printed 1658.
9. *Mr. John Gamble his book of Ayres and Dialogues, printed 1657.*
10. *A Book of Catches collected and published by J. Hilton, 1651. and now with large additions by J. P. printed 1658.*
11. *An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocal & Instrumental, by J. Playford, the second Edition with additions printed 1658.*
12. *The Art of Descant or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr Christopher Symphon, pr. 1655*

Books for Instrumental Musick

1. *Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantazies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.*
2. *Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor; Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others printed: 1656.*
3. *Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins, printed 1657.*
4. *Musicks Retreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Ayres, Corants, and Sarabands, for the Lone Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners, printed 1656.*
5. *Cithren & Gittern Lessons, with Plain & easie Instructions for Beginners thereon.*
6. *The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice and Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the severall Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance very useful to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaid on the Treble Violin, printed 1657.*

All sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of severall Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Inke to prick Musick.

Other Books sold at the same place worth Buying.

King Charles his Tryal, with his speech on the Scaffold, to which is added severall other Speeches; viz. E. Straffords, Ep. Canterbury, Dr. Hamilton, E. Holland, Lord Capels, and severall others, in 8.

The Messiah already come, or proofs of Christianity, made good against all unbelieving Jews and Atheists, written in the year 1610. by Dr. Harrison in Barbery when he lived there among the Jews, and now newly reprinted 1657. by the last Edition thereof, printed at Amsterdam, 1636. in 12.

Drexelius His Right Use of Inventions, in Eng. 12.

Sir George Sands Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, 4.

